

P
L
E
R

BENS DORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA.

"EXCELSIOR" BAKING POWDER
IS THE BEST OBTAINABLE IN AUSTRALIA.

THE **REVIEW**
OF **REVIEWS**
FOR AUSTRALASIA **6^d**

SEPT., 1906.

6^d.

6^d.

.. The ..

COLLINGWOOD "TOTE,"

WITH 5 PHOTOS.
OF THE INTERIOR,
Taken While the
Place was Held by
the Police.

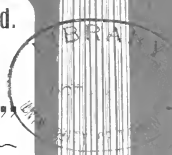
6^d.

6^d.

THE "COLLINGWOOD "TOTE,"
THE VICTORIAN LICENSING BILL,
MICHAEL DAVITT,
JAVA,
ARCHBISHOP CLARKE ON GAMBLING.

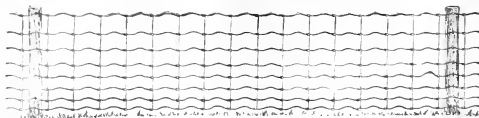
THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS FOR AUSTRALASIA, Equitable Building, Melbourne.

GLEN'S, for PIANOS, MUSIC and All Musical Instruments. See Agents for
272 Collins Street,
MELBOURNE.
STIMWAY, WILKINER and "FAIR" Pianos. Cash, or from 20/- per Month.
If you require a Song, Waltz, or Piece of Music, call or write to W. H. GLEN & Co.



Australia's New Fence:

THE CYCLONE Spring Coil Fence.



"THE CYCLONE SPRING COIL FENCE IS A GOOD FENCE."

HORIZONTAL lines are crimped; this gives elasticity. Cross ties are one foot apart, and bind the fence stoutly. Resisting power is immense; any strain is distributed over the whole fence.

A breach does not affect the whole fence, and can be quickly repaired.

A reliable stock holder for any stock, large or small. Easily and quickly erected. Sent out in 5-chain rolls.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.




A PERFECT HOG-STOPPER.

THE CYCLONE WOVEN WIRE FENCE & GATE CO.,

SWANSTON STREET (Corner of Franklin Street), MELBOURNE, VICTORIA.

BENS DORP'S ROYAL DUTCH **COCOA**
AMSTERDAM



Highly nutritious and easily digested.
Can safely be taken by the most delicate children & invalids.
A healthy stimulant for brain workers.

Specially recommended by medical men for the nervous system in preference to tea & coffee. Its excellent quality makes it economical
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful being sufficient for a breakfast cup.

Is the Queen of all Cocos
for **aroma, strength & purity.**

TRY **BENS DORP'S**  **CHOICE HOCOLATES & CONFECTONERY**



Minneapolis Journal.]

Some Kind of a Bath Nee ed.

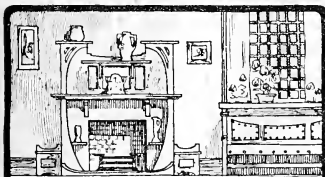
THE PUBLIC: "What you need is another immunity bath."

Hypol

FOR CHEST COMPLAINTS AND Wasting Disorders

Pleasant to the Taste.

CHEMISTS **2/**
LARGE BOTTLE



All designs copyright.

R. H. Stockfeld

You may make or mar a Room by the MANTEL.

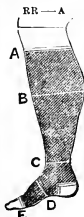
To see the Mantels that MAKE a Room, visit the **STOCKFELD STUDIO**

Citizens' Chambers, ^{Second Floor,} 285 Collins St. Melbourne. Tel 3227

Original & Exclusive Designs submitted, Free of cost, for Furniture, Fittings, Curtains &c

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS

Permanently cured at patient's own home in 3 to 7 weeks, by the recognised TURVEY TREATMENT, without inconvenience. Been assured. Success testified by officials of the Church of England Temperance Society Diocesan Branches, etc. Report of Public Test sent free. Mr. THOMAS HOLMES, the famous Church of England Temperance Society Missionary, says: "Indispensable in my work." *The Chronicle* says: "A remarkable success." THE ONLY SYSTEM UNDER ENGLISH MEDICAL DIRECTION. Write in confidence (or call 10 to 5 Secretary Turvey Treatment Co. Ltd., 19 Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London.



VARICOSE VEINS

BAILEY'S Elastic Stockings,

For the Colonies.

SILK, Post Free 8s. 6d.
COTTON " 6s.

With Free Pamphlet "Varice". All about Elastic Stockings: How to Wear Clean & Repair Them. DIRECTIONS FOR MEASUREMENT.—Circumference at A, B, C, D, E; Length, A to D.

W. H. BAILEY SON,
38 OXFORD STREET, LONDON W.



HAVE YOU

TRIED



SHOPPING BY POST?

If you have not, study our advertisements, and write to our advertisers, and see whether they will not serve you as satisfactorily as if you shopped in person.

Whether it be Machinery or Tea, Buggies or Hair Restorer, Gates or Biscuits, Patent Medicines or Books, that you require, write our Advertisers and test their goods.

It is our wish that the advertisements in this magazine be read by its readers. "The Review of Reviews" is a high-class production, the best magazine of its class in Australasia, and we refuse to take advertisements from all and sundry. We discriminate between firms to whom we apply for advertisements. The appearance of an advertisement in "The Review of Reviews" is a proof that the firm advertising is a reputable one, and that its representations are genuine. We want readers of "The Review of Reviews" to have confidence in its advertisers.

Write them, and try them!

BUY WELL-ADVERTISED GOODS.

In recent years methods of shopping and purchasing have changed. Purchasers do not buy goods on chance, but they rely on the reputation of well-known, well-advertised brands. In this extensive advertising customers find security, for the merit of an article is soon found out, and the thing not up to description goes down. Constant advertising of an article is therefore an excellent guarantee of that article's worth.

Misrepresent a line of goods in advertising and it is as good as dead. The public will not be imposed upon.

In a good-class magazine like "The Review of Reviews," advertisements can be relied on. The management exercises great care that none but reliable advertisements are accepted.

Don't take chances in buying. Buy well-known goods advertised in our columns by our clients.

"THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS FOR AUSTRALASIA."



[Minneapolis Journal.]

Distance Lends Enchantment:

BEYAN: "The dear old party; she wouldn't have missed me if I stayed at home."

Householders Never Complain

Of SMOKE or SMELL

Provided their Grocer supplies

**American
"White Rose"
Kerosene.**

THE BEST OIL FOR USE

IN

**Lamps, Oil Heaters and Cooking
Stoves.**

HUDSON'S EUMENTHOL
JUBUBES

SUITABLE FOR OLD & YOUNG

The Australasian Medical Gazette says:—
of Great Service in Affections of the VOICE & THROAT.

Unlike Conch Medicines, "EUMENTHOL JUBUBES" do not interfere with the Digestion. On the contrary they have a beneficial effect, as their antiseptic properties prevent abnormal fermentation of the food.

"EUMENTHOL JUBUBES" are an Ideal Remedy,

Containing no Cocaine or other Poisonous Drugs. The "Australasian Medical Gazette" says:—
Of great service in affections of the voice and throat.

Their daily use preserves the teeth and keeps the mouth in a sweet healthy condition.

INVALUABLE AS A PROPHYLACTIC AGAINST INFLUENZA.

The Lancet says: "Their purpose is to act as a bactericide in the mouth."

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. TINS, 1s. 6d

FELTON, GRIMWADE & Co., Melbourne Agents.

For COUGHS,
COLDS,
SORE THROAT,
LOSS OF VOICE,
ETC.



- A. The Larynx, or organ of Voice.
- B. The Trachea or Windpipe.
- C. The Bronchial Tubes of a Dissected Lung.
- D. A Lobe of one of the Lungs.

To

TOURISTS AND TRAVELLERS IN SYDNEY.

You should shop with the following Firms. You can depend on getting the Best Goods at the Most Reasonable Prices. Make a note of the Firms in your Pocket-Book:—

 **WILLIAM FARMER & CO.,**
Diamond Merchants, Goldsmiths, Silversmiths.
Are making a Magnificent Exhibit of Beautiful JEWELLERY from
England, America, and Paris, at their show-rooms.
30 HUNTER ST., SYDNEY.
which is well worthy of inspection. Diamond and Jewelled Orna-
ments Silver and Silver-plated Ware Gem Rings, Necklets, Bangles.
NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

FURS AND CURIOS.

Cost & Ruhu,

Faxidermists, Furriers, Tanners & Curio Dealers,
6-10 & 12 MOORE ST. (near S.P.O.), SYDNEY.
Largest Collection in Australia. Museum and Show-rooms.
Inspection invited. Phone 2196.

"MANHATTAN"

Tea and Luncheon Rooms,
EQUITABLE BUILDINGS, GEORGE ST., SYDNEY.
Lunches. Afternoon Tea. Lounge and Smoke Rooms.
Phone 3365. Hours from 10 a.m.
Proprietress: MRS. I. L. HARTE.

DAVID JONES & CO.,

Opposite G.P.O., SYDNEY.
DRAPERS, CLOTHIERS, FURNISHERS.

CHARLES GIBB & Co.,

Ophthalmic Opticians,

SPECIALITIES 6 HUNTER STREET,
SCIENTIFIC SIGHT TESTING. SYDNEY.
EXPERT SPECTACLE MAKING.

After Travelling . . .

Did you ever try having your Clothes CLEANED or DYED?
It will save you a good amount of cash in your tailor's or
dressmaker's account.

ROGERS BROS., Steam & French Cleaners and Dyers.
181 Oxford St. & 775 George St. (opp. Christ Church)
Ring up Telephone 1954 SYDNEY.

A. A. MARKS,

TOBACCONIST,

376 George Street,
310 George Street,
28 Hunter Street,
177 Oxford Street,
And Mark's Corner—
King and Pitt-sts., SYDNEY.

UNDER VICE-REGAL  PATRONAGE.

MISS VAN BRAKKEL,

Ladies' Hairdresser and Dermatologist,
Only Address: 20, THE STRAND, SYDNEY.
Tails, Fringes, Transformations. NATURAL HAIR PADS from One
Guinea. Hair Dyeing a Speciality. All Tourists' Requisites Stocked.

INFORMATION & GENERAL AGENCY CO. OF AUSTRALASIA.

General Commission and Service Agents to the Public.
Information Supplied on Any Subject. Correspondence Invited.

W. S. JACOB, Manager, Bull Chambers,
14 Moore Street, Sydney.

4th July, 1906.

"THE SETTLER,"

The Leading Organ of the Closer Settlement Movement.
Bright, Descriptive, Splendidly Illustrated.

The Journal for the "Man who Wants Land," "The Man on the
Land," and "The Man who thinks of going on the Land."

Address—4 Post Office Chambers, Pitt-st., Sydney.

T. T. JONES & SONS Ltd.,

JEWELLERS,

316 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

Telephone 939.

HOLIDAY MAKERS!

READ PAGE xvi.

See Announcement on Page 316.

WINTER IS HERE . . .

Lay in Your Stock of Reading.

Nothing Better and Cheaper can be got than Our Novels and Poets.

SEND FOR THEM AT ONCE.

A GOOD NOVEL IS A NECESSITY FOR HARD WORKERS.

You Can't be Working Day and Night.

You Need Some Relaxation.

Nothing Gives Relaxation Like a Good Novel.

1. **CHARLES O'MALLEY**: Charles Lever's stirring romance, telling of the adventures of an Irish officer in the Napoleonic Wars.
2. **CONINGSBY**: one of the most famous works of the statesman novelist, Lord Beaconsfield.
3. **BEN HUR**: perhaps the most realistic story of the time of Christ. A stirring tale of fighting and love by General Lew Wallace.
4. **THE SCARLET LETTER**: Nathaniel Hawthorne's masterpiece. Tells of the stern, early Puritan doings in America.
5. **ALDERSYDE**: a charming story of the Scottish border, written most graphically by Annie S. Swan.
6. **NEOMI: THE BRIGANDS' DAUGHTER**; the title explains itself. The novel is one of the most popular of that popular writer, S. Baring-Gould.
7. **UNCLE TOM'S CABIN**. An epoch-making book, by Mrs. H. Beecher-Stowe. A tale of the slave days in America.
8. **THE FIFTH FORM OF ST. DOMINICS**; one of the best stories of school days in England. Bright, having plenty of incident. By T. Barnes Reed.
9. **ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS**; by Jules Verne. This is one of the few stories which give some idea of the world as a whole.
10. **THE TRUE HISTORY OF JOSHUA DAVIDSON**; by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.
11. **LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS**. A thrilling tale of the four great European Wars, 1870-1, by Baroness Suttner.
12. **FRANKENSTEIN, or THE MODERN PROMETHEUS**; by Mrs. Shelley.
1. **THE EARTHLY PARADISE**; by William Morris. Stories from this great masterpiece of one of the greatest of present-day poets, told in prose, with copious extracts in verse, by special permission of the author.
2. **THE POEMS OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT**, the Wordsworth of America. This edition contains specimens of all his various styles.
3. **CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE**. The book contains the second portion of Lord Byron's greatest masterpiece. It is more popular than the first, as it deals with the poet's wandering in better known lands.
4. **POEMS OF LIBERTY, PROGRESS & LABOUR**, by John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker Poet of America. He has been called the Poet Laureate of the Suffrage.
5. **WHITTIER'S POEMS**, contains his autobiographical poems and selections from the verses he wrote against slavery.
6. **OWPEEP'S POEMS**, including a collection of all his poems relating to animals.
7. **LEGENDS AND BALLADS**. A Selection of the best known legends and ballads in the English tongue.
8. **ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON**. That portion of Spenser's Faerie Queene which tells of the adventures of the Red Cross Knight.
9. **THE CANTERBURY TALES**, in which Geoffrey Chaucer tells of a pilgrimage from London to Canterbury five centuries ago.
10. **THE PLEASURES OF HOPE**, and other poems, by Thomas Campbell. The Scottish poet is chiefly known by his battle poems. The Battle of the Baltic, Hohenlinden.
11. **THE POEMS OF JOHN KEATS**. This "Poet of Beauty" lived but 25 years, and yet he was one of the greatest poets of the 19th century. All his best masterpiece are included in the volume.
12. **IRISH MELODIES**, and other poems, by the greatest of Irish poets, Thomas Moore.

TWELVE NOVELS for 1s. 4d. (1s. 5d in Stamps).

TWELVE POETS for 1s. 4d. (1s. 5d. in Stamps.)

ALL EXCELLENT READING.

Send only 1s. 4d. (1s. 5d. if stamps), and the twelve novels or the twelve poets will be sent you by return. For 2s. 6d. the whole library of twenty-four volumes will be sent, post free.

THE MANAGER "The Review of Reviews," Equitable Building, Melbourne.

TOURISTS, TRAVELLERS AND HOLIDAY MAKERS IN OR PASSING THROUGH MELBOURNE.

You should shop with the following Firms. You can depend on getting the Best Goods at the Most Reasonable Prices. Make a note of the Firms in your Pocket-Book:—

FRANCIS LONGMORE & CO.,

Melbourne's Popular CHEMISTS.

Prescription Drug Stores.

Best Stocked Emporium of Rare Medicines in Australasia.

185 & 187 BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE.

...ARTISTIC PORTRAITURE...

THE BURLINGTON STUDIOS,

294 BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE

(Opposite Cole's Book Arcade).

☎ Phone 3361. Appointments Booked. Popular Prices.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Can have their Pictures Carefully Developed and Printed, and obtain all Photo. Supplies and Accessories from

BAKER & ROUSE Propy. Ltd..

Sole Australian Agents for KODAK Limited,

"The Block," 284 Collins Street, Melbourne.

VALAZE, the Wonderful Producer and Preserver of Lovely Complexions. Acts quickly, naturally and effectively. It is invaluable to all who suffer from wrinkles, blackheads, tan, and freckles, and all other skin blemishes. It will completely remove them, leaving the skin soft and transparent. 3s. 6d. and 6s. All Chemists, or H. RUBINSTEIN & CO., 274 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

THE IDEAL

... TEA and LUNCHEON ROOMS,
BASEMENT,

Corner of Bourke and Swanston Sts., Melbourne.
Next Bank of Victoria.

Luncheons and Afternoon Tea. Lounge and Smoke Rooms.
J. ECKER, Proprietor.

HOLIDAY MAKERS.

Look at Page v.
of this issue.

The Review of Reviews for Australasia

is far and away the best Monthly Paper published in Australasia. It is not only the busy man's and woman's paper, but the best paper that the man or woman of leisure can buy. As no other paper does, it gives, month by month, a resume of the world's doings, and the best thoughts of its best writers.

To the Manager.

*The Review of Reviews for Australasia,
Equitable Building, Melbourne.*

Please send me the Review of Reviews for Australasia for twelve months,
beginning _____ for which I enclose £ 6

Name { Mr. } _____
 { Mrs. } _____
 { Miss } _____

Address _____

Date _____



Minneapolis Journal.]

The Type of Canal.

What we want is a canal with water in it.

GOOD HAIR FOR ALL.



HOLLAND'S
MARVELLOUS HAIR RESTORER

Has gained a world-wide reputation for arresting the premature decay, promoting the growth, and giving lustre to the hair. If your hair is falling off, try it. If it is thin, try it.

Price 3s., 4s., 5s. Postage 9d. extra.

HOLLAND'S PARASENE,

For Eczema, Ringworm, and all Parasitical Diseases of the Head, and for making Hair grow on Bald Patches.

Price 5s. Postage 9d. extra.

HOLLAND'S NATURALINE, for restoring Gray Hair to its original colour.

Acts quickly, naturally, and effectively. Price 5/6. Postage 9d. extra.

Consult E. HOLLAND for all Diseases of the Hair.

Sold by all Chemists and by Washington Soul & Co., Pitt-st., Sydney.

E. HOLLAND, Hair Specialist,

195 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

BENGER'S
FOOD
For INFANTS,
INVALIDS, and
THE AGED.

BENGER'S FOOD is mixed with fresh new milk when used, is dainty and delicious, highly nutritive and most easily digested. Infants thrive on it, and delicate or aged persons enjoy it.

THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL says: "Benger's Food has by its excellence established a reputation of its own."

BENGER'S FOOD is sold in Tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.



TROUP'S
VAPOUR AND HOT AIR
Folding
Bath Cabinets.

A Turkish Bath in your own home. Guaranteed to cure the very worst cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago.

Recommended by Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, Australasia's Leading Surgeon.

Send for Descriptive Circulars, Free.

Price, 25s. COMPLETE, Delivered in Melbourne.

Depot: 18 ROYAL ARCADE, MELBOURNE.

You Have a Bad Cough
And a Good Shilling.

"HONEY BALSAM"

Will Relieve you of both. Posted to any part of the Commonwealth, 1s. 5d. GRAY, Chemist, Bondi, Sydney.

CLEMENT H. DAVIS,

Incorporated Accountant.

Licensed Auditor.

Sworn Valuator.

ROYAL BANK CHAMBERS, MELBOURNE.



Have You a Clear Understanding of the Many Uses to Which the Comptometer is Being Put?

FOR PAY-ROLL AND COST-KEEPING accounts, the Comptometer, once used, becomes indispensable. It has no substitute. But that is only a part of it. On trial balances, or any other kind of adding, it turns out the work with absolute accuracy and so easily and rapidly as to pay for itself several times a year. Then there is the multiplying and dividing. To those who have used the Comptometer on multiplication or division, from the simplest bill extensions and checking to the large computations involved in railroad accounting, the mental process by comparison seems absurd and foolish. They wonder why anyone would waste time and useless pain by pursuing the old, slow, uncertain, and nerve-racking methods.

You could use the Comptometer and though not a mere toy it does not cost too much. Light to carry, small and convenient to set on a book or desk.

WITH MULTIPLICATION OF ANY KIND it cuts the time of the most expert mental computer two thirds; makes hard work a pleasure, and insures accuracy beyond the possibilities of any other known method. So simple and easy that a child can learn to multiply accurately and rapidly in ten minutes. From extending or checking bills of any kind—fractions and all—to computing railroad tonnage, there is absolutely nothing that can compare with it.

It will save you money; also worry. It really does the work. All you have to do is simply touch the keys and read the answer; and you touch them in bunches; two, three, four at a stroke, and the answer will be correct just the same. Nothing else like it in all the world. It will do all your adding, multiplying and dividing in a mere fraction of the time it takes to do it mentally, and so easily and surely that you will wonder why you did not look into it before. The only machine that is rapid on all classes of adding and calculating, and it is more rapid than any other on any class of work. Thousands of our customers started with one machine who to-day use from 2 to 100. **WHY DID THEY BUY MORE?**

A GOOD CALCULATING MACHINE gives better satisfaction and saves more money than almost any other modern invention. Saves overtime and headaches, too. The best is not necessarily the most expensive, neither is it a toy.

The Western Electric Co., New York, writes:—"We have over 20 Comptometers in use in our different houses. We have experimented with most all the adding and multiplying machines on the market, and have come to the conclusion that for all-around work the Comptometer is the best."

The Hartford Fire Insurance Co., which uses six Comptometers, writes:—"Most of our work requires results only, and for this purpose we find no other machine as reliable and rapid as the Comptometer. We use in our banking department a 375.00 dollar adding and listing machine. We make use of this only where a list is required."

Meyer Bros.' Drug Co., St. Louis, Mo., writes:—"We use the Comptometer exclusively in our billing department; whilst we have other adding machines in different departments, ninety per cent. of our additions are made on the Comptometer. A great time saver, executing work accurately and promptly."

WHY NOT INVESTIGATE?

FELT & TARRANT MANUFACTURING CO., 55 Orleans St., CHICAGO, U.S.A.



The Prohibitionist]

Interested Devotion.

"That were a present far too small."

"BRUSH"

Electrical Installations.

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS.

Power Plants—
STEAM, OIL, PETROL, GAS.

The "Watt" GAS PRODUCERS.

GWYNNE'S Pumping Plants.

EVERY'S Weighbridges and Weighing
Machines.

WM. CHAS. ROWE,
32 MARKET ST., MELBOURNE.

THE NORMYL DRINK & DRUG CURE.

The Normyl Treatment Absolutely
Cures.

Write to or Consult FREE—

A. R. SIMS, Manager,

NORMYL TREATMENT
ASSOCIATION.

Head Office—62 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Renewed
Happiness, or
Continued
Misery—
WHICH?

THE WORST
CASE NEED
NOT NOW
DESPAIR.

THE ENGLISH MANAGEMENT
COMMITTEE consist, amongst
others, of the following:—

Archbishop of Armagh, Arch-
bishop of Westminster, Bishop
of Southwark, Bishop of Chiche-
ster, Rev. Canon Scott Holland,
Right Hon. Lord Armstrong,
Right Hon. Lord Harmsworth,
Right Hon. Sir Allan Watson,
K.C.I.E., Major Knox (Governor
of Wandsworth Prison), and
many others.

LONDON SECRETARY:
REV. HUGH B. CHAPMAN,
Vicar of St Luke's, Camberwell.



By Appointment to
H.M. The King and H.R.H.
The Prince of Wales.



CEREBOS SALT

A pinch of salt gives flavour,
but a pinch of CEREBOS SALT
gives Strength and Health as
well: because it contains the
best phosphates which make
the difference between White
Bread and Whole Meal Bread.

Agents—Peterson & Co., Melbourne.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR

Has the Largest Sale of any Chest Medicine in Australia.

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become Chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

BEWARE OF COUGHS!

Remember that every disease has its commencement, and Consumption is no exception to this rule.

ASTHMA.

A FIVE YEARS' CASE.

AT TIMES VERY BAD INDEED.

QUICKLY AND COMPLETELY CURED BY HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA CURE.

Mr. Hearne. Dear Sir,—For five or six years I was troubled with asthma, at times very bad indeed. I was very ill just after Christmas, so sent to the local chemist for a bottle of your Bronchitis and Asthma Cure. I took the first dose on going to bed, and was not troubled that night. I finished the medicine, and have not had a touch of the asthma since. I tell everyone about it.

M. MURRAY.

Postmistress, Pampoolah, Manning River, N.S.W.

BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.

A SYDNEY RESIDENT SUFFERED FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS.

SO BAD HE DARED NOT STIR

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES BY HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

WOULD GIVE £50 FOR THE SAME BENEFIT RATHER THAN SUPPER.

Mr. W. G. Hearne.

Dear Friend,—Chronic Bronchitis I had from birth, and I am now 66 years old. Some time back I contracted Asthma, and for months I was so bad that any remedy that had previously relieved smothering was of no use to me. I was so bad that I dared not stir, and spent the worst night I ever had. When in a conversation, Mr. March, J.P. of Balmain, Sydney, kindly told me that a friend of his was using your Bronchitis Cure, and that it was good. So my sister bought me a bottle of it, and in a few minutes after taking the first dose I could breathe a little. The next day I was better, and kept getting better every day. To-day I am better than I have been for the last seven years. I took the medicine as directed, six bottles, and it cost me less than £1. I would give £50 for the same benefit rather than suffer as I did. Please make what use of this letter you think fit. If by so doing it would only cause one to get rid of this fearful complaint.—Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM CANHAM.

106 Curtis Road, Balmain, Sydney.

Mr. Hearne, Chemist.

Sir,—I am thankful to say that the medicine you sent for Asthma has had a wonderful effect. I have not taken all the Bronchitis Cure, as I did not need it; therefore I send you my hearty good wishes for your future success. I myself will, for the benefit of others, make it known to all I know. I am 73 years of age.—Yours truly,

JOHN BRAY.

Alliance-street, Clunes, Victoria.

HAY ASTHMA.

A SEVERE ATTACK RELIEVED IN TEN MINUTES BY HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

THE EFFECT WAS WONDERFUL.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—About three weeks ago, while in the vicinity of mousy chaff, I gradually felt a difficulty to breathe. My nose began to run, and to all appearances I was developing a severe attack of Bronchitis or Asthma. At last I could stand it no longer. I then tried your Bronchitis Cure, and its effect was wonderful. In less than ten minutes I was all right again. Such a result, and so quick, astounded me. This is no exaggeration, I am pleased to say.—Yours truly,

S. H. MAYO,
Moreth, Victoria.

I was a bronchial subject for nearly 40 years, but have found Hearne's Bronchitis Cure a perfect remedy."

H. EDHOUSE, J.P.,

Stawell Brewery,

Stawell, Victoria.

"Your Bronchitis Cure is a splendid medicine. It is the best medicine I have ever used for Coughs, Colds on the Chest, and Sore Throat."

(Mrs.) JOHN MCKENZIE,

Werooa, Victoria.

"I suffered very much from Asthma for four years and tried lots of so-called cures without deriving any benefit. I got a bottle of your Bronchitis Cure, No. 1a, last Friday, and a bottle of your No. 2 Medicine, for obstinate Asthma, on Saturday. Since the first dose of your No. 2 Medicine, I have not had the wheezing at all."

V CAMERON,

"Leongatha," Riversdale Road,
Bawthorn, Melbourne.

"Your Bronchitis Cure really acts like magic."

(Mrs.) E. L. SYMES,

Narracoorte Hotel, Narracoorte,
South Australia.

"As my purchases show, your remedies are increasing in sale. From time to time I hear people speaking about the good results obtained from them. Wishing you a very much enlarged sale, and great prosperity."

JOHN KING,

Chemist, Ballarat.

"I have purchased a small bottle of your Bronchitis Cure, and have only taken four doses, and am glad to tell you that I am cured."

J. WRIGHT,

c/o Mr. D. McLean,
Camperdown, Victoria.

"I was laid up for twelve months with Bronchitis, during which I tried many remedies, without success. I used two bottles of your Bronchitis Cure, and am now completely cured."

JAMES WILLIAMS,

Huntly Street, Elsternwick, Melbourne

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE—SMALL SIZE, 2/6; LARGE SIZE, 4/6.

Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor,

W. G. HEARNE, CHEMIST, GEELONG, VICTORIA.

Forwarded by Post to any Address when not obtainable locally



[Minneapolis Journal.]

With John D. headed for Europe.

EMPEROR WILLIAM: "That's right, Uncle; this is where we must guard our most valuable possessions!"

"THE KALIZOIC,"

THE LEADING HOUSE

FOR

HOUSE FURNISHINGS—

CARPETS,
LINOLEUMS,
CURTAINS,
BEDSTEADS,
and BEDDING.

.. FURNITURE ..

Of every Description.

Newest and most UP-TO-DATE DESIGNS are now arriving by Mail Steamers. Inspection of Our Showrooms Invited.

CHURCH BROS. PROPY. LTD.,

143-145 Elizabeth-st., Melbourne.

Warehouse and Factory—FLEMING PLACE, CITY.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED

Marvellous as it may seem after the centuries of failure, a cure for consumption has at last been found. After twenty years of almost ceaseless research and experiment in his laboratory, the now renowned specialist, Derk P. Yonkerman, has discovered a specific which has cured the deadly consumption even in its far advanced stages. In many cases, though all other remedies tried had failed and changes of climate were unable to check the progress of the disease, this wonderful specific has conclusively proved its power to cure.

Whatever your position in life may be, if you are in consumption, or suffer from asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, or any throat or lung trouble, this cure is within your reach,



Dr. Derk P. Yonkerman, whose discovery of a Cure for Consumption has startled the World.

for it is a home treatment and need not interfere in any way with your daily occupation. Prove for yourself its healing power,

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Simply send your name and address to the Derk P. Yonkerman Co. Ltd., 95th Dixon Buildings, Sydney, and they will post to you a free trial treatment of this remarkable remedy.

Don't hesitate or delay if you have any of the symptoms of consumption. If you have chronic catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, pains in your chest, a cold on your lungs, or any throat or lung trouble, write to-day for the free trial treatment and full instructions, and cure yourself before it is too late.

"Good Housekeeping."

THE BEST WOMAN'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHED.

It contains 128 pages of interesting and useful reading matter, and is splendidly illustrated throughout. We cannot here give any idea of its contents, but it is all that its name implies.

Annual Subscription, 8s., Post Free.

THE MANAGER "THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS,"
EQUITABLE BUILDING, MELBOURNE.

EVERY HOUSEHOLD AND TRAVELLING TRUNK OUGHT TO CONTAIN A BOTTLE OF
ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'



A SIMPLE REMEDY FOR PREVENTING AND CURING
 BY NATURAL MEANS

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Bolls, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections and Fevers of all kinds.

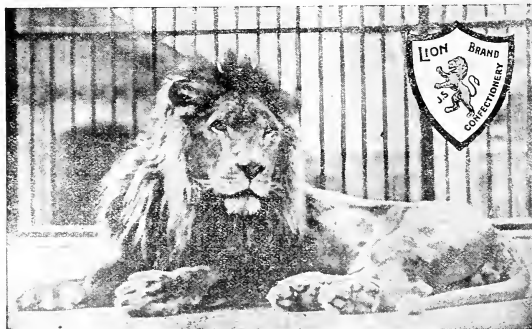
INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS, &c.—"I have often thought of writing to tell you what 'FRUIT SALT' has done for me. I used to be a perfect martyr to indigestion and Biliousness. About six or seven years back my husband suggested I should try 'FRUIT SALT.' I did so, and the result has been marvellous. I never have the terrible pains and sickness I used to have; I can eat almost anything now. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my friends, as it is such an invaluable pick-me-up if you have a headache, or don't feel just right. Yours truly — (August 8, 1906)"

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on a Disordered Sleepless and Feverish Condition is simply marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—See Capsule marked Eno's 'Fruit Salt.' Without it you have a Worthless Imitation. Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., at the 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, by J. C. ENO'S Patent

Are You Fond of Delicacies?
BUTTER CREAM CRACKERS,
 A New Sweetmeat of Extraordinary Delicacy and Flavour.

"LION BRAND" CONFECTIONERY.

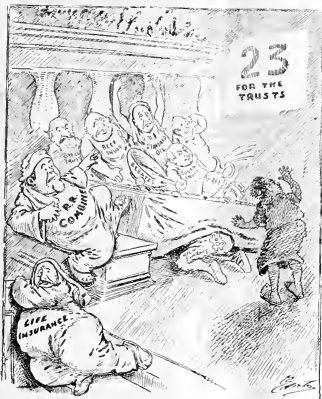


JAMES STEDMAN Ltd., Sydney.

Confectioners and Country Storekeepers, write us for our NEW Wholesale CATALOGUE. We can fill all your requirements. Fresh Stocks of CONTINENTAL and AMERICAN NOVELTIES by every mail.

For mutual advantage, when you write to an advertiser, please mention the Review of Reviews

ALSO OUR **HONEY CRACKERS.**
 They are Unexcelled for Purity, Annular Molasses on every Cracker.
Ask for our EXSIE PECKSIE Butter Scotch. It's Brawlie!



Minneapolis Journal.]

The Handwriting on the Wall,
The Trusts Seeing Things.

DASPYL
BRAND.

of Brasswork for
Engineers' and
Plumbers' made by
us in Australia compares
with anything of its class
IN THE WORLD

LET US SHOW YOU ITS GOOD POINTS
THEN — SPECIFY — IT ON
YOUR JOBS

JOHN DANKS & SON Prop^LYD
BOURKE ST. MELB. PITT ST. SYDNEY.

Van Houten's Cocoa

The Pure Cocoa
which is more digestible and possesses
a finer flavour than any other.

"Perfect in Flavour, Pure and well
prepared."—*British Medical Journal*.

"A PERFECT BEVERAGE."

— *Medical Annual*.



A. PEARSON,
Secretary for Mining Companies.
Flotation of Approved Properties Undertaken.
34 QUEEN-ST., MELBOURNE.

CHAMPION'S
PERFECT

LIVER PILLS.

The Most Valuable and Effective Remedy for Liver Troubles, Giddiness, Wind in the Stomach, and all Disorders arising from non-assimilation of food.

Being mild in their action, they may be taken at any time without discomfort, and as they are prepared from well-known and tried ingredients, may be taken with safety by both sexes. Price, 1s. Bottle; including postage, 1s. 1d.

JOHN CHAMPION, PHARMACIST,
100 BRIDGE ROAD, RICHMOND.

Thompson Moore & Sons,
... Mining Agents,
EQUITABLE BUILDING,
MELBOURNE.

D. J. LUXTON,
STOCK AND SHARE BROKER,
Member of Stock Exchange, Melbourne.
369 COLLING STREET, OLD EXCHANGE.
First Floor. Telephone 2627.

E. D. CRELLIN,
Licensed Auditor,
31 QUEEN STREET,
MELBOURNE.

A. J. DAVIS,
3 Post Office Chambers, Pitt Street, Sydney.
SECRETARY OF MINING COMPANIES.

Flotation of Approved Properties in New South
Wales Undertaken. Tel. 2157.

For Newest and Latest Designs In ...
... **ART FRAMING,**
Call and inspect our Stock. We are always pleased
to show our workmanship.

ART FRAMING DEPOT, ROYAL ARCADE,
JOHN L. AIKMAN, Proprietor. MELBOURNE.

J. EARLE HERMANN,
Secretary for Mining Companies.
Flotation of Approved Properties Undertaken either in
Commonwealth or London.
Vickers' Chambers, 84B Pitt Street, Sydney
Cables - "Earleman."

A LIGHT NOURISHMENT FOR GENERAL USE

The **Allenburys'**
DIET

A complete Food, made from pure rich milk, and whole wheat, both ingredients being largely pre-digested during manufacture. It forms an ideal diet for Invalids, Dyspeptics and the Aged, and can be made in a minute, by the addition of boiling water only.

The "Allenburys" DIET is a food for ADULTS and is quite distinct from the "Allenburys" Foods for Infants.

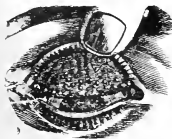
FULL PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION TO

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., BRIDGE and LOFTUS STREETS, SYDNEY.

Granular Lids.

CURED WITHOUT OPERATION.

Ectropion.

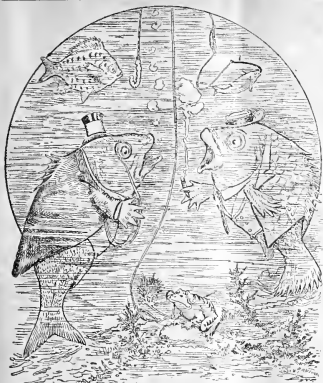


T. R. PROCTER, OCULIST
476 Albert Street, MELBOURNE.
A SPECIALIST IN ALL EYE COMPLAINTS



T. R. PROCTER would remind his Patients throughout Australia that, having once measured their eyes, he can calculate with exactitude the alteration produced by increasing age, and adjust spectacles required during life without further measurement.

PROCTER'S UNIVERSAL EYE OINTMENT as a family Salve has no equal; cures Blight, sore and inflamed Eyes, Granular Eyelids, Ulceration of the Eyeball, and restores Eyelashes. 2s. 6d. post free to any part of the States. No careful housewife should be without **PROCTER'S EYE LOTION**, more especially in the country places, as inflammation is generally the forerunner of all diseases of the Eye. An early application would cure and prevent any further trouble with the Eyes.
Bottles, 2s. and 3s. 6d. post free to any part of the colonies. Eye Baths, 6d. Interstate Stamps add 10 per cent.



Minneapolis Journal.]

A Pure Food Bill Needed.

THE BASS: "It's a blamed shame Congress don't pass that Pure Food Bill. You can't get a frog nowadays without fishhooks in him."

THE CRAPPY: "And minnows are just as bad."

Your Infant Will Thrive on

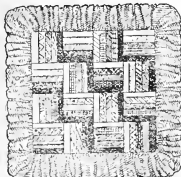
Neave's Food

"AN EXCELLENT FOOD, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants."

Sir CHARLES A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.,
*Professor of Chemistry, R.S.C.I.,
Medical Officer of Health for Dublin,
City and County Analyst.*

Purveyors by Special Appointment to
H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

**DAINTY WORK FOR PRETTY FINGERS
THE PURITAN MAID
SILK PATCHWORK PILLOW**



Makes a Handsome Cushion 21 inches square, exclusive of Ruffie.

Artistic Design & Colors VERY EASILY PUT TOGETHER

A Pleasing Creation for Needle Workers

About 250 Rich Quality Silk Pieces in Beautiful shades of Blue, Green, Brown, Crimson, Cream &c., and Fancy Stripes, Checks, Tartans, &c.

This Cushion was the Prize at Shows and Bazaars whenever exhibited.

Only 3/6, Carriage Paid

THE complete outfit consists of about 250 pieces of silk, accurately cut to size and shape and of effectively contrasting colors and patterns. There is not the slightest trouble or difficulty about the way of making up the Pillow, for simple and clear printed directions are given, and one completed pattern square is sent with the outfit. Forty nine of these squares make a Pillow measuring 21 inches both ways, exclusive of the ruffie. The engraving serves merely to give you some faint idea of the general effect of the contrasting patches and the method of arrangement, but it is not possible to display the richness of the appearance, the wonderful riot of color, yet the exquisite harmony of the shadings and the symmetrical combination of the completed design. Of course, the pattern may be varied to make a larger or smaller cushion or a bed-spread or quilt. The price of the complete outfit is only 3/6, including carriage, three outfits for 10/-. These Pillows when finished sell readily at 12/6 or 15/6 each, and at church bazaars realise double those figures. A Needle Threading and Thread-Cutting Thimble will be given with each of the first 100 outfits sold if you mention this paper when ordering.

**THE UNION MANUFACTURING & AGENCY COMPANY,
299 ELIZABETH STREET, MELBOURNE**

**The Union Manufacturing & Agency Co.,
299 ELIZABETH STREET, MELBOURNE,**

Do not DELAY! Write now

WONDERFUL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

at over 200 Pages, containing a Marvellous Stock of
TALKING MACHINES, MUNICIPAL INSTRUMENTS, TOYS,
UNCOMMON WATCHES, GUNS, RIFLES, PUZZLES,
LADIES, CURIOSITIES and NOVELTIES

that cannot be purchased elsewhere. Every page is interesting.

Send your name and address and we will post it to you without charge, and if you mention this paper we will send you a very clever puzzle, a Regular Ticket, including free and carriage paid.

If you can solve the Puzzle, you may secure another one of our Catalogues

**PROSPECTING, ASSAYING
GOLD, SILVER, COAL MINING.**

Instructor: Member Inst. Mining Engrs England. Write for Free Prospectus.

**SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
10 PRINCES ST., AUCKLAND N.Z**

Read Page 316.

BOOKS

FOR THE

BAIRNS.

ONLY
7/6

This Handsome Present

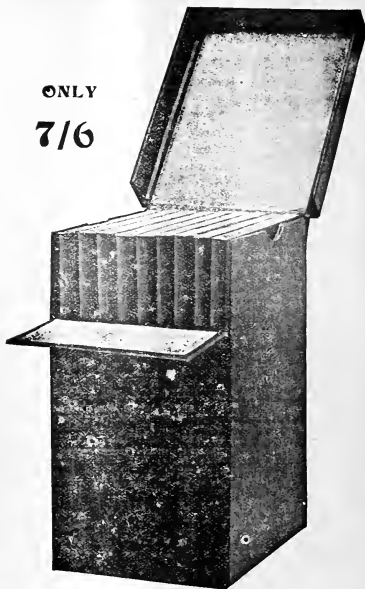
Is one that will be acceptable to either very young or older children. The Books are cloth bound, pleasing in appearance, and put together strongly.

They are full of . . .

NURSERY RHYMES,
FAIRY TALES,
FABLES,
STORIES OF TRAVEL,
Etc., Etc.

Everyone who buys the Books is delighted with them. Numbers of people repeat orders for friends.

You Could Not Buy a Better
BIRTHDAY GIFT
For Your Child.



CONTENTS :

- VOL. I.—Æsop's Fables.
VOL. II.—Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Tales.
VOL. III.—The Adventures of Reynard the Fox and The Adventures of Old Bier Rabbit.
VOL. IV.—Cinderella and Other Fairy Tales, and Grimm's Fairy Tales.
VOL. V.—Pilgrim's Progress.
VOL. VI.—The Story of the Robins and the Story of a Donkey.
VOL. VII.—The Christmas Stocking and Hans Andersen's Fairy Stories.
VOL. VIII.—Gulliver's Travels. 1.—Among the Little People of Liliput. 2.—Among the Giants.
VOL. IX.—Baron Munchausen and Sinbad the Sailor.

Write, enclosing 7s. 6d., to

The Manager

"REVIEW OF REVIEWS,"

EQUITABLE BUILDING, MELBOURNE.

And it will be sent to you, post free.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OFFERED FOR ONE SHILLING.



"BLOSSOMS."

OUR beautiful Collotype Pictures, when framed and hung, add to the charm and attractiveness of any home. They are supplied at the extremely low price of 2/6 each. Many experts have valued them at 10/6, so none can excuse themselves for having bare, unsightly walls on the ground of expense.

We do not, however, want you to buy the pictures without knowing more about them, so we are offering to send Albert Moore's lovely picture "Blossoms," for the nominal price of 1/-, post free. Do not trouble to buy a postal note—enclose twelve penny stamps in your letter, containing order coupon, and mail **to-day**.

LIST OF COLLOTYPES.

2/6 each.

1. **BLOSSOMS.** By Albert Moore, R.A. (Size, 6½ x 22 in.) Mailed to anyone sending Coupon for 1/-.
2. **THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE.** By J. W. Turner, R.A. (18 x 13½ in.)
3. **JUNE IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL.** By J. C. McWhirter, R.A. (18½ x 12½ in.)
4. **A SUMMER SHOWER.** By C. E. Perugini. (12½ x 19 in.)
5. **THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN.** By Sir Edwin Landseer. (14½ x 14½ in.)
6. **BEATA BEATRIX.** By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. (14 x 18 in.)
7. **THE CORNFIELD.** By Constable. (14½ x 16½ in.)
8. **THE VALLEY FARM.** By Constable. (14½ x 16½ in.)
9. **CUPID'S SPELL.** By J. A. Wood, R.A. (11½ x 18½ in.)
9. **PROSERPINE.** By D. G. Rossetti. (9 x 19 in.)

(The sizes given are of the actual Pictures, and do not include the white mounts.)

These famous pictures look best in a green or brown frame, with gold edging. The Collotype process excels all others. The Director of the National Gallery, Melbourne, says they surpass photographs or steel engravings.

COUPON.

Please send me "BLOSSOMS," for which I enclose 1/-

Name _____

To "The Review of Reviews,"

Equitable Building, Melbourne.

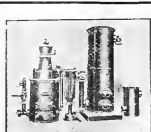
HORNSBY**GAS
ENGINES.****SUCTION
GAS
PLANTS.**

Saving of 50 to 80 per cent. over Steam or Electricity.

11,000
IN DAILY USE.

**OIL
ENGINES**

Are Still Unequaled.



R. HORNSBY & SONS LTD., 655-667 Bourke-st., Melbourne,
Cor. Hay & Sussex-sts., Sydney.

IF YOU have difficulty in obtaining a suitable "SWAN" please write to us and we will put you in communication with the nearest stationer carrying a well assorted stock.

"SWAN"**FOUNTAIN
PENS**

Wholesale only

MABIE, TODD & BARD,
J. A. BURKE)

London, Manchester, Paris, Brussels,
New York and Chicago.

27 Jamieson-st., SYDNEY.

Write for Catalogue.
Post Free.

To

**Esperanto
Students.**

Esperanto Manual, Indispensable to Students, 2s.
Motteau's Esperanto-English Dictionary,
2s. 6d. (2s. 8d. posted).

O'Connor's English-Esperanto Dictionary,
2s. 6d. (2s. 8d. posted).

Dickens' Christmas Carol in Esperanto,
1s. 4d. (1s. 6d. posted).

La Sercado por la Ora Saflano (The Golden
Fleece), 7d. (9d. posted).

Pocket Vocabulary (English Esperanto), 3d.

LIMITED SUPPLY. SEND AT ONCE.

Learn the coming Universal World Language, used at
the recent Boulogne Congress by people of 22 nationalities.

Send to

"REVIEW OF REVIEWS,"

Equitable Building, Melbourne.

ESPERANTO—TUITION.

We are able to make arrangements
for Tuition in Esperanto by post or
Personal Interview. The Fee will be
ONE GUINEA per course of Ten Lessons.

Special Terms can be made for
Classes.

Apply to

"ESPERANTO."

"REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

EQUITABLE BUILDING,
MELBOURNE.



[Minneapolis Journal.]

An American Story Applied to the Russian Situation.

THE CAB: "Somebody stop us, goldern our fool souls; we're running away."

"A GOOD PIANO is a Good Asset."

The Waldemar

Is recognised all over the world as being in the first flight of Pianos. Its Purity of Tone, its Delicacy of Touch, its Quality and Durability, its Artistic Appearance and its Moderate Price make it a welcome adjunct to any home.

Call or Write for Catalogue.

Sole Agents . . .

John Blackburn & Son,
343 Flinders Lane

(Between Elizabeth and Queen Streets),

- - Melbourne.

Established 54 Years.

All Standard Makes Kept in Stock.

FREE Make Big Money

We give away Talking Machines, Gold Watches, Jewellery, &c., to those who help us introduce our remedies. This Talking Machine reproduces Songs, Speeches, Band Music, &c., and can be used at all entertainments, in any size hall or room. It has a 14-inch Metal Amplifying Horn, with Concert Base. Many of our agents are making big money by giving concerts with this machine, which we give away Free. Send us your name and address, and we will send you 8 boxes of our New Life Vegetable Pills (Formulae printed on each box). Sell them at 1/- a box, then remit us the % received and we will promptly forward you, without extra expense or work, the valuable premiums as listed. This is the biggest offer ever made, and you will be delighted. We are an old, reliable firm, and will present £10 in cash to anyone who can prove we do not do as we say. Our Pills are good sellers, and we are anxious to introduce them no matter what it costs us. Send at once. Don't delay, it costs you nothing to try. We take all risk.

ELECTINE MEDICINE CO. 21 Ash Street, Sydney



MADE IN A MINUTE

SYMINGTON'S

DELIGHTFUL, FRAGRANT DRINK

PURE AND REFRESHING

COFFEE ESSENCE



THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Twenty-Nine Magnificent COLOURED POST-CARDS

For 2s. Post Free.

These Post-Cards have been specially produced for us by the New COLOURTYPE PROCESS.

They are reproductions of Original Oil and Water Colour Paintings in all their Natural Colours.

Now that the postal restriction, which prohibited writing on the address side has been removed, Picture Post-Cards will be much more used, especially as the Post Office officials take great pains not to damage the picture.

SERIES No. 1. (15 Cards.)

The Harbour at Venice
Purity
The Shepherd's Star
The Wedding Party
A Neighbourly Chat
Land of the Midnight Sun
Sunset on Long Island
Berkshire Brook in Autumn
A Passing Storm
Landscape (Color)
In a Bad Fix
Judgment of Paris
Autumn
Three Boatmen of Barcelona
The Fishermen's Return



HIGHLAND SHEEP

SERIES No. 2. (14 Cards.)

The Chess Players
Youth
A Summer Day in Holland
Waters
The Fortune Teller (Delfts)
Venice (Canal)
The Evening Meal
Highland Sheep
The Old Homestead
The Puritan Girl
Preparing the Fete
Sunset on Mount Hood
The Young Mother
Street Scene in Venice
An Old Salt

Picture Post-Cards are becoming more and more popular, but the best should be used; that is why you should write for our series at once.

It will be seen from the particulars given that the two series embrace a variety of land and seascapes, heads, domestic subjects, animal life, etc. They exceed in beauty and finish, richness and variety of design, anything on the market.

It is of these pictures, which are now for the first time reproduced as Post-Cards, that Sir PHILIP BURKE JONES writes:—"I have the greatest pleasure in expressing my admiration for the high standard of excellence obtained in the coloured reproductions of paintings, which I had the opportunity of seeing the other day, and I wish them all the success they so undoubtedly deserve."

The Two Series (29 Cards) 2s. post free.

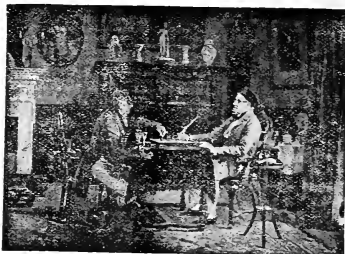
Series No. 1 (15 Cards) 1s. 1d. post free.

Series No. 2 (14 Cards), 1s. post free.

THE MANAGER

"THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS,"

Equitable Building, Melbourne.



THE CHESS PLAYERS.

BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.



NOVELS.

POETS.

All Strongly Bound in Cloth.

MOST SUITABLE FOR USE IN SCHOOLS.

BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.

Nursery Rhymes, and Nursery Tales	4d.	The Christmas Stocking, and Hans Andersen's Fairy Stories	4d.
The Ugly Duckling, and Eyes and No Eyes	4d.	Gulliver's Travels—1. Among the Little People of Lilliput. 2. Among the Giants	4d.
The Adventures of Reynard the Fox, and the Adventures of Old Brer Rabbit	4d.	Baron Munchausen, and Sinbad the Sailor	4d.
Oinderella, and Other Fairy Tales, and Grimm's Fairy Tales	4d.	Æsop's Fables	2d.
The Story of the Robins, and the Story of a Donkey	4d.		

NOVELS, 4d. Each.

Charles O'Malley, and Coningsby.
Ben Hur, and The Scarlet Letter.
Aldersyde, and Noemi the Brigand's Daughter.
Uncle Tom's Cabin, and The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's.
Frankenstein, and Stories of Sevastopol.

Round the World in Eighty Days, and The True History of Joshua Davidson.
Guy Fawkes, and The Tower of London.
Lay Down Your Arms, and Five Weeks in a Balloon
The Conscript, and Tartarin of Tarascon.

POETS, 4d. EACH.

The Earthly Paradise, and The Poems of W. Cullen Bryant
Ulilde Harold's Pilgrimage (Pt. II.), and Walt Whitman.
Whittier's Poems of Liberty, Progress and Labour, and Whittier's Poems.
Cowper's Poems and Legends and Ballads.

St. George and the Dragon, and The Canterbury Tales
The Pleasures of Hope, and The Poems of John Keats
Irish Melodies, and Paradise Lost (Pt. II).
Robert Browning.

ADD ONE SHILLING PER DOZEN FOR POSTAGE.

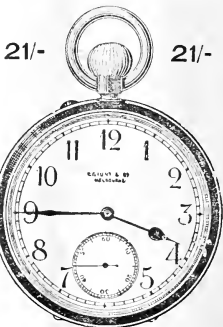
Send to the **MANAGER**

“The Review of Reviews,” Equitable Building, Melbourne.

GAUNT'S WATCHES.

"CORRECT TO THE SECOND"

ACCURATE
TIME
KEEPERS



QUALITY
UNSURPASSED

21/-

21/-

GAUNT'S "CHAMPION" WATCHES.
 Geometrical Keyless Lever Watch jewelled with 10 jewels, only 21s.
 Gaunt's "Standard" Silver English Lever. £6 10s. £7 10s.
 Every Watch bears our Guarantee. Visitors are invited to inspect our
 Showrooms, which contains the latest and most complete stock of
 Jewellery, Electroplate, Silver Churchplate. Eyesight Tested Gratis
T. GAUNT & CO., WATCHMAKERS,
 OPTICIANS, JEWELLERS.
 337-339 BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE.

Why wait
 Grey Hair, Falling
 Hair, and Baldness.

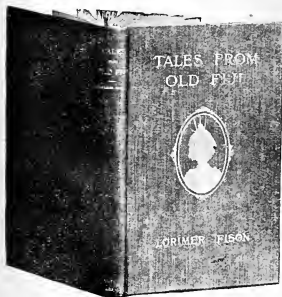
No one remedy can cure all diseases of the hair. What is efficacious in one instance, is harmful or ineffective, in another. Send, with stamped envelope for reply, particulars, enclosing a few fallen hairs, and we will tell you, free of cost, the cause of trouble, and the possibilities of a **cure.**

for Address. this?

Mrs Ralph Ward,
 274 Collins St.
 Melbourne..

TALES FROM OLD FIJI.

BY REV. LORIMER FISON, M.A., D.D.



This book should be upon the bookshelves of every reader of "The Review of Reviews." Its 175 pages are filled with matter which, from first to last, is entrancing. It is a series of word pictures, taking the reader back into the old dark days of heathendom. Some of the legends are exceedingly beautiful. The book is splendidly illustrated. To anyone interested in the folk-lore of the people of our own Southern Seas, it would prove a source of great literary delight.

The chapter on "How the Samoans First Got Pigs" is amusing, and that on "The Beginning of Death" is tenderly magnetic in its setting of grey.

The Book is Handsomely Bound in Cloth. It is 6in. x 6 1/2 in.

Send 6/- only in Stamps, Postal Note, or Money Order to—

"THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS,"

Equitable Building, Melbourne,

And it will be sent, securely packed, post free.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS FOR AUSTRALASIA.

(ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 6/6.)

W. T. STEAD,

Editor English "Review of Reviews."

WILLIAM H. JUDKINS,

Editor "Review of Reviews" for Australasia.

DR. ALBERT SHAW,

Editor American Monthly "Review of Reviews."

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1906.

	PAGE		PAGE
The German Editors' Visit to England— Frontispiece	—	Esperanto	260
Progress of the World	215	Leading Articles in the Reviews—	
The Collingwood "Tote"	231	To Millionaires: Look Out!	262
How General Booth Makes Emigrants	235	The Secret of Empire	263
The Temple Ruins of Java—By Senator the Hon. Stanforth Smith	239	Municipal Farming: Can It Pay?	263
Mr. J. C. Watson on Socialism	244	Dr. Emil Reich and Miss Gertrude Kingston on Woman	263
Archbishop Clarke on Gambling	245	Chamberlain Town	264
The Victorian Government Licensing Bill—By John Vale	247	Four Acres and Twelve Pigs	264
On Anglo-American Friendship—By the Govern- General of Canada	251	Psychic Locomotion at 250 Miles an Hour	265
Character Sketch—		Dying to Live Again	265
Michael Davitt. By W. T. Stead	254	A Symposium on the British Climate	266
		The Mind of a Dog	266
		"A Ghost That Was of Use"	266
		Laying Waste Pleasant Places	267
		The Wagnerian Drama	267
		Practical Technical Education	267
		The Founder of the Swedish System of Gym- nastics	268
		Roman Art	268
		Sir N. Anson on Feeding School Children	268

(Continued on next page.)

N.D.L. IMPERIAL GERMAN MAIL STEAMERS.

Direct Steamers to **ENGLAND** and the **CONTINENT**, calling at Adelaide, Fremantle, Colombo, Aden, Suez Canal, Naples, Genoa, Southampton (London), Antwerp and Bremen, will be despatched as under:—

Steamer.	Tons.	Commander.	Melbourne.
*Scharnhorst	8131	L. Maass	Sept. 18
Gera	5005	F. Prosch	Oct. 10
*Zieten	8043	F. v Binzer	Nov. 13
*Grosser } Kurfuerst }	13,182	E. Prehn	Dec. 11

*Twin Screw Steamers.

Steamers leave ADELAIDE following Saturday.

FARES TO LONDON:

	Single.	Return
First Saloon	£65 to £75	£112
Second Saloon	£38 to £42	£63
Third Class	£15 to £17	£27

Saloon Return Tickets available for Two Years.

FREMANTLE.

Saloon, £7 to £9; Return, £11 to £13 10s.

Round the World, £130, with £20 Atlantic Berth.

To CHINA and JAPAN.

Regular Four-Weekly Service, calling at Brisbane, New Britain, New Guinea and Manila, for Hong Kong, Kobe and Yokohama, connecting at Hong Kong with the Fortnightly Express Mail Service of the N.D.L. from Japan and China to Europe—

Steamer.	Tons.	Melbourne.	Sydney.
*Prinz Sigismund	3300	Aug.	Sept. 1
*Willehad	4761	Sept.	Sept. 29
*Prinz Waldemar	3300	Oct.	Oct. 27

*Twin Screw Steamers.

FARES FROM SYDNEY TO HONG KONG:—I, £33; II, £23; III, £15.

Linen Washed on board at Moderate Prices.
English spoken on board.

For further particulars, apply to

OSTERMEYER, DEWEZ & VAN ROMPAEY,
AGENTS,
480 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

CONTENTS—(Continued from page xxiii.)

	PAGE		PAGE
Leading Articles in the Reviews (Continued)—		Current History in Caricature... 286	
What Makes the Successful Lawyer	269	The Reviews Reviewed—	
Woman's Real Rights	269	The American Review of Reviews	291
The Congo Horrors	270	The Pall Mall Magazine	291
How to Deal with the Anarchist	276	The Fortnightly Review	292
An Academic Co-operative Factory	271	The Occult Review	297
Why Glasgow is a Model Municipality	271	The Contemporary Review	293
The King Edward VII. Sanatorium	272	The National Review	293
The Press and Charitable Funds	273	The Engineering Magazine	293
Indentured Labour in Trinidad	273	Men and Women of India	294
Electrical Music Supply	274	C. B. Fry's Magazine	294
Are We Under a Civilised Savagery?	274	The English Illustrated Magazine	294
The Cornette Tercentenary	275	The Atlantic Monthly	295
The Problem of Afforestation	275	The Century Magazine	295
How to Dish the Radicals	276	Chambers's Journal	295
The Education Bill	276	The Quiver	295
The Native Question in South Africa	277	La Revue	295
The Japan of Europe	278	The Revue De Paris	296
Something For Our Taxes	278	The Nouvelle Revue	296
A Plea for Regimental Officers	279	The Dutch Reviews	296
Henrik Ibsen	279	The Scandinavian Magazine	297
The First Month of the Duma	280	"In the Days of the Comet"—By H. G. Wells ... 298	
What to Do With the House of Lords	281	The Rise and Progress of the Stripper Harvester 306	
Professor Ramsay on the Eastern Question	282	A Wonderful Australian Invention 311	
Religious Education in Public Schools	283	Leading Books of the Month 313	
"The Fall of Woman"	283	Insurance Notes 314	
Camping Out	284		
"Muck-raking" as a Profession	284		
Millions Wasted in City Churches	285		
From the Occult Review	285		

DRUG HABIT

HAVE YOU FAILED THROUGH

DRUNKENNESS DON'T DESPAIR.

DR. LANGSTON'S VEGETABLE CURE.

A Home Cure which never fails.

It is safe, sure, absolutely certain, and inexpensive. A few doses produce a wonderful change. The craving for all intoxicants will be destroyed, the nerves become steady, the appetite for food will return, refreshing sleep ensues. This cure will surprise and delight you. May be

GIVEN SECRETLY.

Thousands of Cures; here is one:—

Ravensthorpe, W.A., 23-9-04.

Have finished the half course, which has effected a cure. I have no desire for drink, in fact, have a repugnance to the very idea of it.

Yours faithfully,

Write for Treatise No. 5. Posted Free.

The Dr. Langston Institute,
129A COLLINS STREET,
MELBOURNE.

W. JNO. BAKER, CUTLER.

3 HUNTER ST.,

Sydney, N.S.W.



Posted Free throughout the Commonwealth and New Zealand. New Illustrated Catalogue post free on application.





Photograph by

THE GERMAN EDITORS' VISIT TO ENGLAND.
The Opening Banquet in London.

[Fratelli and Young]

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

FOR AUSTRALASIA.

EQUITABLE BUILDING, MELBOURNE.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

MELBOURNE, August 9th.

A Return to the Barbaric.

On the night of July 14th the whole community held its breath, appalled. An act of fiendish atrocity was committed by a gang of human wolves, in the broad light of day, on the flat at Flemington. A young fellow named McLeod, who had been making a book on the races, but who, evidently not up to his work, had made it carelessly and wrongly, found himself unable to pay his debts. He, however, returned the money which had been "laid" with him by the "backers," endorsing the tickets with a promise to pay the rest later. But menacing words induced him to beat a retreat, which developed into a run. He was followed by a pack of men who swarmed over him, and when the police arrived, McLeod was dead. The coroner's verdict was:—"That on the 14th July, 1906, at the Flemington Racecourse, Donald Jno. McLeod died from suffocation due to pressure upon, or laceration of the spinal cord, due to dislocation of the neck close to the head, following upon a fall upon the ground. There is no evidence to determine how the dislocation was caused, or whether the fall was due to the act of any other person." The mother of McLeod was so overcome that in three or four days after the tragedy she became an inmate of an insane asylum.

An Inconclusive Verdict.

The verdict seems woefully inconclusive in face of the awful tragedy. The man was slaughtered, brutally and cruelly, without a doubt. His own part in it cannot be justified, but even that does not warrant the awful crime that followed it. It ought to sting the Government into stern action. Its plain duty at this juncture is to pass legislation which will make a repetition of this gruesome thing an impossibility. The people cannot pass laws; but the Government, in the present condition of public opinion, can put through legislation of the most drastic character. But if it does not, there is one thing the people can do, and that is, refuse to reelect the men who show themselves to be so care-



[Melbourne Punch.]

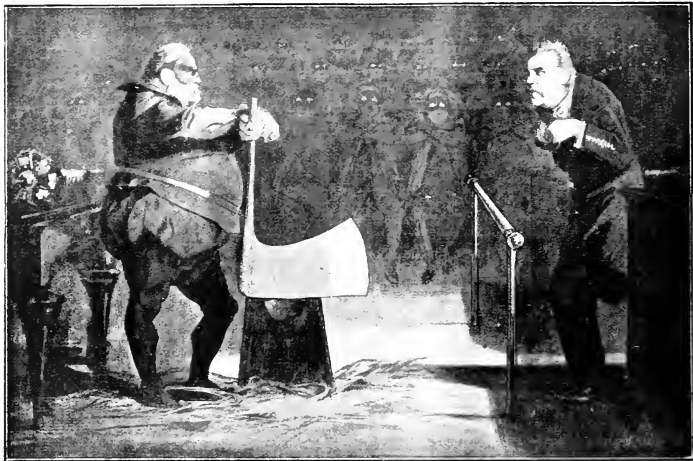
The Fiend Has Another Victim.

AUSTRALIA: "This is my Frankenstein monster; and now the time has come for the use of the gun."

less of the best interests of the community. The tragedy shows in a lurid light the kind of inhuman that the present conditions of society produce, conditions that will never be altered so long as our laws give such facilities for the growth of vice. The duty of Parliament is clear. Let it curtail the facilities, and make it difficult for men to do wrong.

A Huge Blunder.

The tragedy was responsible for one of the most stupendous farces ever enacted in any Parliament. It was carried through in the Victorian Legislative Assembly on the night of July 31st.



Melbourne Punch.

The Parliamentary Tragedy That Did Not Come Off.

The Rev. Henry Worrall, of Bendigo, had a week or so previously condemned Sir Samuel Gillott and the Parliament as responsible for the death of McLeod. The condemnation was expressed in lurid language, but was not beyond any citizen's right. Anyone with average perception knew that it was never intended that it should be understood that any member of Parliament was in the mob which murdered McLeod, but that by neglect to bring in legislation to deal with these matters, it was responsible for the results that followed the neglect. That was comprehensible to everybody but Parliament, which unanimously called him to the Bar to explain his conduct.

The Right of Free Speech.

But Parliament re-ekoned without its host. The uproar raised was tremendous. Victoria leaped to the side of free speech. The actual principle of the man was secondary. An important principle was involved. Meetings were electric, newspapers full of the matter. The community discovered an attempt at suppression of criticism, an attempt which was indignantly opposed as being as autocratic or bureaucratic as Russia's novel and effective methods to stop free speech. Even those

who, under ordinary circumstances, would have smiled contemptuously at the expression, or openly condemned it, forcibly expressed the hope that the "victim" would stand to every word he had said. It came to be a fight between Parliament and the people, and even before the trial Parliament stood condemned.

A House Divided.

When the trial came on, excitement was intense. The Government was uneasy. Mr. Worrall manfully stood his ground. He retracted nothing. Parliament was in a grave difficulty. It made some holes in the fence for the "victim" to walk through, but he made it evident that he would go openly through the gate or stay inside. Never has any State Parliament provided such a humiliating spectacle. Sir Samuel Gillott looked miserable, and, if looks went for anything, might have been the man at the Bar. No word of defence did he speak. One would have expected that at this juncture, at any rate, he would attempt to justify himself. Each section of the House girded and snarled at the other section for bringing the accused to the Bar. The "dignity of Parliament" was a term, the suggestion

of which provoked contempt. The language used by some of the members savoured more of the public-house than Parliament House. The exhibition was a pitiable one. It was incongruous to hear a man who was summoned to the Bar for using forcible language criticised in terms that could be described as forcible only because they savoured of the worst traditions of Billingsgate.

**A
Party
Vote.**

It became very soon evident that justice was not to be done. The Premier moved that the reverend gentleman should be censured, and the Opposition and the Third Party opposed it. The whole community stands solidly with these two sections in its endeavours to secure justice in this struggle for free speech. But anyone could prophesy ten minutes after the motion was launched, that if it were carried it would not be by the convictions of members, but by a party vote. What a travesty of justice, this! Even Sir Samuel Gillott acted as his own judge in the matter, when ordinary good taste would have suggested leaving it to others. One Government member, convinced of the folly and wrong of the whole proceeding, walked out of the Chamber rather than vote with the Opposition. "What is the right, and where is justice in a (House) like this?"

**A Win
for
Free Speech.**

The motion was carried. The Speaker censured the reverend gentleman, and the House adjourned, sick and ashamed of itself. If a general election had taken place during the next week, the Government would have been sneered out of existence. The censure is nothing in the way of disgrace. Indeed, it is an honour. Neither the charge of Sir Samuel Gillott's lax administration nor the past negligence and delay of Parliament in introducing reform were defended, or proved to be unfounded. Indeed, they were rather substantiated. It was a sorry spectacle. The State shares in the woeful exhibition. But the right of criticism is established. Never again will the Victorian Parliament make such a blunder, and never will it resort to such questionable forms of speech in condemnation of free speech.

**"Inasmuch As
Ye Did It
Not."**

Whatever may be the intention of the Government with regard to future legislation—and it is too early yet to know what its intention really is—it deserves the severest castigation for past inactivity. Last year there was abundance of time to put through the Lower House the Bill to suppress gambling which originated in the Upper House; but the Government made no attempt whatever to put it through. Social evils have been the last thing to be thought of, and valuable time has been spent over matters of minor importance, or else wasted in empty talk. On the charge of "Inasmuch



The Bulletin.]

Tarred and Feathered.

The Victorian assembly carried the third reading of the Bill to abolish ex-Premier Ierberg Irvine's Separate Representation of Civil Servants without one dissenting vote. This practically abolishes the last of Irvine's legislation.

BENT: "In fact, I might say, we are removing our old friend Irvine off the premises for good."

Both Houses of the Victorian Parliament have passed the Separate Representation Repeal Bill.

as ye did it not," the Victorian Parliament stands hopelessly condemned, while Sir Samuel Gillott, as the head of the Department concerned with the liquor traffic and gambling evil, the man who should have taken these things in hand, and whose business it is to initiate legislation to properly control public concerns, is the arch political culprit. "The titled bit of administrative incapacity," a term used by the Rev. R. Dittreich at one of the indignation meetings, is so peculiarly apt and correct that it deserves to have permanent record.

**An
Ethical
Revival.**

Rarely has any community been shaken to its foundations as Victoria has been during the last three months. Social reform has become the burning question. Meetings which surpass in numbers those of the celebrated Torrey-Alexander Mission are the order of the day. The whole community has been aroused, and the thrill has been felt even in the remotest and tiniest centres of the State, and, indeed, all over Australasia. There is no doubt that the introduction of the Licensing Bill and the proposed Anti-Gambling Bill are the result of popular clamour. It is just an illustration of the power of King Demos when he takes the trouble to

clean things up in his dominions. It is certain that the present movement is not a temporary one, but that some lessons have been so thoroughly learned by the people, that the agitation will be likely to continue. Upon the attitude of Mr. Bent's Government towards the Bills will depend a great deal what kind of support will be given to him at the next general election. If he shows a thorough determination to get them through both Houses, it will strengthen his position in a most remarkable way; but if he shows any indications of having merely introduced the Bills to satisfy popular demand, and then lets them slide in the face of opposition, it is not improbable that it will mean the ultimate ruin of his Government. The New South Wales Government is dealing drastically with the gambling evil, and indeed all over Australia the social reform movement is gripping the people.

The duel between Messrs. Holman and Norton, of the New South Wales Parliament, has ended badly for the latter. It will be remembered that Mr. Norton had cast aspersions of a highly-flavoured character against Mr. Holman, and had offered him the alternative of an electoral struggle or a demand for a commission of enquiry. Mr. Holman accepted the former, possibly because it was the more likely to produce dramatic situations, with a result that has probably made Mr. Norton very sorry that he took the matter up at all. Both members, of course, resigned, and Mr. Norton was badly beaten in his own electorate. In order to try to save his political skin, he had nominated for Mr. Holman's electorate (Cootamundra) as well, but the defeat at Surry Hills evidently convinced him of the futility of fighting Mr. Holman in that gentleman's own electorate, and induced him to retire. Mr. Holman, however, had another opponent in the shape of Mr. John Fitzpatrick, who came into the field only about a fortnight before the election. In spite of that fact, however, he polled some 1600 votes as against some 2300 polled by Mr. Holman. Mr. Holman fought his battle purely on personal grounds, and eschewed politics. Mr. Fitzpatrick took exactly the opposite position. Had he had a longer run, and a better organisation behind him, he would probably have defeated Mr. Holman. It will be a great relief to a large majority of people that Mr. Norton did not secure re-election. He is not the kind of man to raise the tone of any Parliament. Mr. A. Bruntnell, who takes his place, is a reformer of the finest type. He will prove a valuable addition to the forces in the New South Wales Parliament that are fighting for general reform.

The Canteens' Bill.

Mr. Manger, M.H.R., deserves the thanks of the community for moving in the Federal House in the direction of having canteens abolished from military depôts. It is rather a remarkable

thing, and certainly a great compliment to him, that the Bill passed through all its stages in the House of Representatives, at one sitting, without debate, and with no dissentient voice. It has, however, met with a considerable amount of opposition in the Senate. Senator Neild is leading a determined charge against it, to the detriment, if he succeeds, of our permanent forces. If the military want liquor, they can get it outside with the ordinary facilities, but there is neither rhyme nor reason in providing canteens in the depôts. America has recognised the wisdom of keeping the camps clear of liquor, and it is time Australia stepped into line. If the Senate blocks this Bill, it will be a standing bad mark against its name. Hitherto, the Senate has not shown any wildly conservative tendencies in the matter of general reform such as is involved in this canteen question, and it had better continue marching to the tune of the times. A note of warning will need to be struck if there are any indications of the Senate developing into a support of vested interest, as opposed to flesh and blood, such as is the case in America; and although it may be urged that its attitude so far over the Canteens' Bill can scarcely be taken as an indication of a move in this direction, still it is a straw which shows the existence of a tendency to legislate for the benefit of a few, rather than the good of the whole community.

"Sweating."

The Trades and Labour Councils of some of the States are taking up the question of Sweating, and if some of the allegations be true, we deserve as much blame as some of the older countries of the world. What is needed in every State is a good, strong, active Anti-Sweating League, like that in operation in Victoria, which has done, and is doing, incalculable good in getting injustices removed, and a fairer state of affairs, as far as wages is concerned, brought in. The proposal of Mr. Manger to equalise industrial conditions all through the Commonwealth might very well be considered at this juncture. There is no reason why it should not be. Indeed, there is every reason why conditions should be so equalised as to render it impossible for one State, by the under-cutting of wages, to gain an advantage over another State, swamp it with cheaply-made goods and destroy the local demand for industry. Here, again, is another illustration of the wisdom of getting a matter of this kind under control before industrial conditions become unwieldy. Such a proposition as that mentioned will be sure to meet with a great deal of opposition from vested interest, but it ought to be pushed through as far as possible, with the idea of taking it up at the earliest possible date in the future. Indeed, it is only by some concerted action like this that the reproach of sweating can be put away from Australia. It is encouraging to note that the ques-

tion of ill-paid work is being generally taken up. Hitherto the Anti-Sweating League has worked hard in the general interest without the support and recognition that it ought to have had, and this movement will greatly strengthen its hands.

The Victorian Licensing Bill.

Mr. Bent has introduced his Licensing Bill into the Victorian Parliament. It cannot, in every detail, be considered satisfactory from a reformer's point of view, but it is certainly a step in the right direction, and will, generally, have the support of reformers. Briefly, his proposal is to allow the present Local Option provisions with compensation to remain for a period of ten years (compensation during that time to be on the sliding scale), Local Option only referring to districts with hotels in excess of the statutory number, and being limited to a reduction to the statutory number. After the ten years have elapsed, complete Local Option will come into force, without compensation. The Bill is exciting a tremendous amount of interest. There are some blemishes upon it. For instance, three years' time limit is quite sufficient. Ten years is ridiculous. The proposal to establish No-license by a three-fifths majority is also a severe handicap. Why should reform be burdened in this way, when every other question that is debated within His Majesty's dominions is decided by a majority, no matter how bare that majority may be? Another proposal in the Bill that will have to be fought is that which makes provision for the establishment of roadside licenses at distances of five miles, in country districts. These licenses would not be subject to Local Option; so that if this clause goes through, the Government will be taking away with one hand something that it grants with the other. Seeing that the whole tenor of the Bill is in favour of giving the people a voice in the settlement of the question of the number of liquor licenses, it is ridiculous to introduce a new clause which provides for the granting of licenses, irrespective of the desires of the people. Another clause that will need amendment is that which provides for the lapse of licenses three years after a district declares in favour of No-license. The decisions of the people should be carried into effect as soon as the annual license lapses.

A Necessary Campaign.

The Wellington division of the New Zealand section of the British Medical Association has taken an action which might be followed with very great advantage by every division of the Medical Association throughout Australasia. It has expressed its sympathy with Mr. R. H. W. Bligh in his crusade against impurity. One of Mr. Bligh's chief objects of attack is some medical agencies professing to deal with secret diseases, and proof is not wanting of incalculable harm which has been worked to the community through the operations of some

of these agencies. Australasia may just as well, in the beginning of her career, lay her hand upon some of the evils that are going to throttle her if left undisturbed. It will make work easier for reformers in days to come. With this question is closely associated that of indecent post-cards, huge quantities of which are circulated throughout Australasia in spite of the postal prohibition. These are matters which must be grappled with if Australia is going to keep on a high level. It will never do for the morals of the indecent part of the community to swamp those of the better class.

New Zealand's Last 10 Years.

There is romance in figures. What labours, and hopes, and fears, and disappointments, and success lie within the ten years (1895-1905) of New Zealand's history, which is sketched by the New Zealand Registrar-General. To deal with it extensively requires a year book. In that ten years, the population has increased by nearly 200,000. The value of postal money orders has increased by three-quarters of a million. The railways have lengthened by very few miles, barely 400, but the receipts are greater by a million pounds. Wool export has increased by one and three-quarter millions. Grain export is just about equal. Frozen meat has increased by one and a-quarter millions. The total exports of New Zealand produce have increased by £7,000,000, the value of the imports by £6,000,000. The amount to credit of depositors in Savings Banks is nine and three-quarter millions in 1905, as against four and a-half millions in 1895. Truly this is a remarkable growth, and the progressiveness during the next ten years will probably be in greater proportion to that of the last ten. Twenty, and even ten, years ago matters were comparatively stagnant in New Zealand, but now they are swinging along at a fast pace.

Mr. Crick's Suspension.

The New South Wales Parliament has taken the extreme measure of suspending Mr. Crick pending his clearing of himself in the Law Courts of the charges made against him. In this Parliament has acted wisely without the slightest doubt, although at the same time there is no reason why Parliament should not have dealt with the scandals. Whilst so much rumour is in the air, and while he is fighting his battle out in the Law Courts, it is most desirable that Parliament should be kept clear of constant allusions to it. It will be all the better able to deal with the matter in any way that may be necessary after the Law Courts have disposed of it. Now that it has made a start, it is sincerely to be hoped that this miserable Lands Department business will be thoroughly probed. The temper of the people to-day is all in favour of clean administration. To our credit be it said that it is the rule, and not the exception; but that is all

the more reason why, if there should be exceptions, they should not become the rule. It is a sorry business cleaning up public morals; but nevertheless it is absolutely necessary in the interests of the present and the future generations. The New South Wales Parliament is being watched very narrowly over the Lands Department scandals, not simply by New South Welshmen, but by Australasians, and there will be some real grief if it does not grasp the question and deal with it very drastically, no matter what disgrace it may bring to any guilty parties.

Electoral Reform.

Mr. Deakin is responsible for a very pleasant surprise. For quite a considerable time we had been hoping that some attempt would be made to rectify the anomalies in connection with Parliamentary elections. In so many cases it happens that the elected member represents only a minority of the electors. Even in the case of the return of Mr. A. Bruntnell for Surrey Hills, last month, this is so, large as his majority was. The votes cast for his opponents totalled more than the votes cast for him. No more desirable candidate could be found anywhere in the world, but nevertheless the fact remains that the votes recorded for him were a minority of the electors. Now it is extremely probable that under an exhaustive ballot Mr. Bruntnell would still have been elected, but it would have been infinitely more satisfactory to him and to the electors if both he and they knew that a majority of the electors had voted for him. But in that direction the sky of political reform in all the States has been clouded. No Parliament has seemed willing to undertake the business, although the reasons for reluctance were hard to find. Sitting members would not be likely to have their chances jeopardised any more than anybody else. Consequently the statement of Mr. Deakin comes as a very pleasant surprise indeed. In whatever way the law is amended, either by the preferential vote or the second ballot, it is to be hoped that Mr. Deakin will adopt the suggestion made by us a few weeks ago, and try to get the co-operation of the State Premiers to have the method of voting taught in the State schools. If in some quarters it should be urged that this might be made an instrument for influencing local elections, that could be easily avoided by giving instructions to teachers that the names of no local candidates should be used in teaching children how to vote.

Another Election Date.

Another matter which Mr. Deakin proposes to deal with, altering the date of the elections, will meet with general approval. The end of the year is very inconvenient for holding an election, for everybody outside towns is busy with harvesting operations, or something con-



Melbourn Punch.] A Tough Contract.

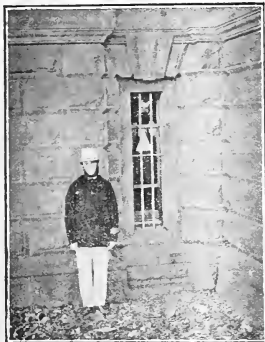
The Prime Minister is wearying the Protectionists by his tardiness in entering upon Tariff Reform.

SIR EDMUND BARTON (who has tried it himself): "You've got to knock that into shape, Alf. You'll like the job. I don't think."

Mr. Deakin is expected to have some tiresome and tedious work in front of him over the Tariff Amendment Bill.

nected with them, and it is small wonder that the proportion of electors who vote is so small. The present dates are not fair to farmers. Almost any other time in the year would be better than the last two months. It is quite certain that with the alteration of the date a much heavier poll would take place, and seeing that the question of compulsory voting is in the air, facilities should be made as easy as possible.

The expected has happened. Sir Joseph Ward has returned to New Zealand, and Mr. Hall-Jones has retired in his favour. Sir Joseph Ward has evidently taken the bull by the horns, and reconstructed the Cabinet, a course which has been desirable for a very long time. It is better that he should have done it in the beginning of his reign, for things possible now would be impossible afterwards without bringing political ruin clattering about his ears. The new Ministry will be made up as follows:—Sir Joseph Ward, Prime Minister, Colonial Treasurer, Postmaster-General, Commissioner of Telegraphs, Minister



LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN VICTORIA, 1866,
as illustrated in the incarceration of
HUGH GEORGE, Esq., Publisher of "The Argus."
Dedicated to the Hon. Jas. McCulloch.

An old photo, reminiscent of a Parliamentary
farce of many years ago, when a representative of
"The Argus" was called to the Bar.

for Industries and Commerce, and Minister in
Charge of the International Exhibition. Mr.
W. Hall-Jones, Minister for Railways and Min-
ister for Public Works. Mr. James Carroll, Native
Minister and Commissioner for Stamps and Deeds.
Mr. J. McGowan, Minister for Justice, Mines and
Immigration. Mr. A. Pitt, Attorney-General and
Colonial Secretary and Minister for Defence. Mr.
J. F. Millar, Commissioner for Customs, Minister
for Labour and Marine. Mr. R. McNab, Minister
for Lands and Agriculture. Mr. George Fowlds,

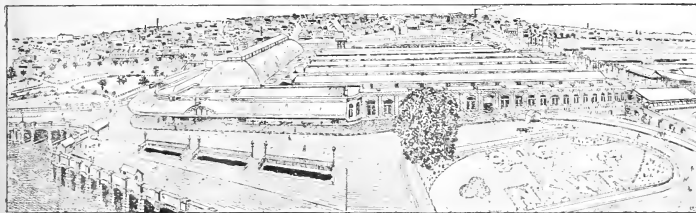


N.Z. Free Lance.] Getting Them Ready.

YOUNG NEW ZEALAND: "You're doing all right with those
boots, old man, and won't you 'look the shine' when they're
on?"

THE PREMIER: "Oh, I'm only going to wear them for a bit.
I'm putting on this extra shine for my friend Joe."

Minister for Education and Public Health. This
means that two members of Mr. Seddon's Cabinet,
Mr. Duncan and Mr. Mills, Ministers of Lands and
Customs respectively, retire. The three new men
are Mr. Millar of Dunedin, Mr. McNab of South-
land, and Mr. Fowlds of Auckland. Undoubtedly,
the new Ministry will be strong. Sir Joseph Ward
has made a wise selection. Mr. Hall-Jones resumes
his old portfolio, taking in addition that of Rail-
ways. Temperance sentiment is very strongly re-
presented in the Cabinet by Mr. Hall-Jones, Mr.
McNab, and Mr. Fowlds. One of the most strik-
ing additions to the Cabinet is that of Mr. Millar.
Some years ago he became known as the organiser
of the maritime strike. He was elected as member
for Dunedin in 1891, and his inclusion in the Min-
istry as a prominent Labour man, and as Minister for
Labour, is exceedingly significant at this juncture.
Sir Joseph Ward has been astute enough to close
up a hole which might have widened into a breach
big enough to have let in a flood which would have



The New Central Railway Station, Sydney. Opened Officially on Saturday, August 4th, by the Hon. J. H. Carruthers.
Bird's-Eye View from the roof of Messrs. Marcus Clark & Co.'s Establishment, on the opposite side of Pitt Street.

From Sydney Daily Telegraph.]



[Photo.]

The Late Bishop Langley, of Bendigo.

[Melba.]



[Photo.]

Mr. R. Fairbairn, Fremantle.

[Niyosa.]

A Recipient of the Imperial Service Order.

given him a great deal of trouble, even if it did not overwhelm him. It will be remembered that Labour Unions in New Zealand have been somewhat restive of late, and there has been some talk of the formation of a distinct Labour Party. It would have been an unwise thing to do in Labour's interest, for the simple reason that the tendency of the late Government was so greatly in favour of liberal legislation. Had Mr. Millar not been included in the Cabinet, it is very possible that a Labour Party would have been formed, and although it would have been unwise in the interests of Labour, it would nevertheless have caused the Ministry a good deal of trouble. Now there will be no possible reason for the formation of such a party. Undoubtedly, the weakest men of the Cabinet have gone. The appointment of Mr. Duncan was never regarded with favour, nor was that of Mr. Mills. Mr. Seddon, junior, has been elected in his father's stead for Westland. Needless to say, the vote was an entirely sympathetic one, and under the circumstances possibly nothing else could have been expected.

An Australasian Educational Trip.

The Sydney suggestion that a number of English editors or their representatives should visit Australia in order to remove false impressions and create new and good ones, has, unfortunately, not

borne fruit. It is hardly to be expected that busy Editors would find time to travel to the other side of the world, but a sight of the country and people through the eyes of representatives might go far towards removing some prejudices. Never mind. The only thing to do after you fail to get a thing is to keep on pegging at it till you do get it, and a visit from English Editors is so desirable a thing that it is worth pegging away at. Indeed, we would like to see the late Continental visits repeated to Australasia to give some of our folk wider sympathies, as well as to open the eyes of the European Editors.

In Search of a Federal Capital.

After much invitation on the part of the New South Wales Government, and much baiting of the hook, a section of Federal members have set forth in search of a new Federal site. Up to the time of writing, the trip has not been a success. The depth of winter is hardly the time to go sight-seeing, and literal putting of shoulders to actual wheels to get very material drags out of very real and very sticky mud, is not likely to put the owners of the shoulders into love with the site where it happened. It is to be feared that as far as practical results are concerned, the benefit to New South Wales will be nil, while the jaunt will cost the State, which is bearing all the expenses, a pretty penny.

LONDON, July.

The Growth of Brotherhood.

The great event which made last month notable in the history of human progress was the visit of the editors of the leading papers

of Germany to England. It passed off with a success far greater than any of its promoters ventured to hope. Here again, as in the case of the visit of the burgomasters, Mr. Haldane proved a friend in need. All difficulties were overcome; and, when our journalistic guests left our shores, they looked back upon eight days of almost ideal enjoyment. "Everything," exclaimed one worthy editor, lapsing into English in the exuberance of his enthusiasm—"Alles ist tip-top!" Heaven smiled upon the visit, for weather more brilliant and delightful never gladdened an English midsummer. From the King, who ordered them to be entertained as Royal guests at Windsor Castle, down to the audience at the Plymouth Music Hall, which stood up and cheered the German National Anthem, they were received with a warm-hearted welcome which was worthy of British hospitality. The results of eight days of sight-seeing and of festivity were summed up by the editor of the *Germania* in a simple but memorable phrase: "We came as guests, we depart as friends." From first to last not one discordant note was heard, and a desperate effort made to exaggerate and misrepresent the significance of three lines telegraphed by a London correspondent to the *Cologne Gazette* was made the occasion for a felicitous declaration by the editor of that paper in favour of an international *cuncte cordiale*, including France. The German editors' visit has not, of course, established the millennium, but it has helped thitherward.

The International Picnic.

The visit of the German editors was preceded by a visit of French precepteurs, who were also Royally received and entertained as honoured guests, more especially by the learned institutions and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. There seems to be some hope that these ancient foundations may renew their youth in a somewhat unexpected way by becoming the banquetting halls in which the nation will entertain distinguished guests from other lands. The Lord Mayor of London has been visiting the Milan Exhibition and hobnobbing with the Syndic of Rome. The indefatigable Dr. Lunn's band of municipal students have last month been entertained with lavish hospitality in Austria and Hungary. A travelling company of English journalists have been entertained by the King of Sweden. Paris has again been invaded by friendly visitors, representing Lancashire Co-operators, who were received by the President, and the Municipality of Keighley who were entertained at the Hôtel de Ville. There has been a friendly descent on Hastings by 800 French in-

vaders, invited by the *cuncte cordiale* to visit the scene of England's conquest by French invaders of another sort, and the cry is "Still they come." It is natural under these circumstances that the agitation in favour of the Channel Tunnel should be revived. The arguments in its favour would be irresistible if it were not for the liability on the part of our people to go crazy under the adroitly applied lash of the alarmist. Hitherto the scare of impending invasion has always been allayed after a time by the comforting reflection that sea-sickness guards the silver streak as loathly dragons used to defend a castle moat in the romances of chivalry. But if once there was a roadway undersea, the alarmist would have it all his own way, nor would he be happy until he had built one new "Dreadnought" for every mile of the length of the tunnel.

The Anglo-Russian Entente.

When it was announced a month ago that the British fleet would visit Cronstadt on September 3rd everyone was delighted at such an outward and visible sign of the *rapprochement* between the two partners who between them dominate Asia. But since then the report of the Duma upon the massacres of the Jews at Bialystok has been published. This report bluntly declares that the outrages were ordered, organised, directed, and executed by the police authorities, who are of course under the direct control of the Minister of the Interior at St. Petersburg. As a result a great many people are declaring that the naval visit to Cronstadt must be countermanded. It is admitted that we cannot interfere in the internal affairs of Russia, but it is asked why should we make haste to clasp hands till dripping with blood of massacred innocents. It is true that the Kaiser had no such scruples, but when he clasped the Sultan to his breast on the very morrow of the Armenian massacres, civilised man everywhere felt sick and ashamed. But if we were to countermand the visit of the British fleet to Cronstadt as an expression of our indignation at the massacre of the Jews at Bialystok, it would be so ostentatious a condemnation of the Russian Government as to provoke the strongest resentment among the rulers of Russia. To send the Russian Government to Coventry may be very magnificent, but it is not very diplomatic. What would we think and say if the United States sent us to Coventry for the flogging and hanging of fellaheen in Egypt?

Is It the Beginning of the End?

The state of things in Russia shows no signs of improvement. If it is ever the darkest hour before the dawn, then assuredly the dawn cannot be far off. For the general disaffection which has pervaded all classes of the civil population begins at last to make its appearance in the army. The mutiny in the guards of the Preobrashensky Regiment at Peterhof was a potent not to be mis-

understood. It is not the only regiment of the Guards that is disaffected. Military mutinies are reported from many quarters in the provinces. The artillery has long been known to be unreliable, and now even the ever faithful Cossacks are said to be murmuring against being used as the scourge of the peasant. As might be expected under such circumstances, agrarian disorders are breaking out everywhere. When the soldiers refuse to shoot and the Cossack to use his nagaika, the simple peasant naturally concludes that the hour has come for him to possess himself of his landlord's goods. The readiness of the soldiery to shoot under all circumstances has been the bedrock of Russian autocracy. If this has shifted the game is up, and we are face to face with the break up of Russia and an attempt to found a Muscovite Republic.

If so—
What?

It is well never to forget that old Empires are tough, and that, like Fuzzy-Wuzzy of the Soudan, the Russian monarchy is "generally shamming when he's dead." But if the dynasty should perish, and Russia should be given over to the Revolution, certain consequences will follow which cannot be regarded with complacency. In the first case, the present office-holders, all the armed and angry officials whom such a revolution would threaten with instant starvation, will not perish without a struggle, and in that struggle the Jews will suffer as they have never suffered yet since the Middle Ages. Secondly, Russia will no longer be able to pay interest on her bonds, and therefore will be unable to borrow any more money. The stoppage of the payment of the Russian coupon may mean a financial panic on every bourse in Europe. Thirdly, the landlords and nobles in most of the Russian provinces will be hunted out like wild beasts. No rent will be paid, and over vast districts civilisation will perish. Fourthly, the triumph of the Red Republic, the Socialistic Republic at St. Petersburg and Moscow, might have the same infective consequences as the triumph of the Republic in Paris had in 1848. A bankrupt Russia bent upon realising the millennium by a policy of socialistic confiscation, with the inevitable sequel of a series of bloody civil wars, would not be a comfortable neighbour either for the Kaiser or the Emperor-King. But at present Central Europe seems as undisturbed as was California on the eve of the earthquake that destroyed San Francisco.

The
Triple
Alliance.

The German Emperor last month visited his ally the Emperor-King at Vienna, and the two of them sent a telegram as follows:—"We two, united, send to our third true ally the expression of our unchangeable friendship." In reply to which the King of Italy sent: "The assurance of my true and unalterable friendship." This was

probably necessary, on the same principle that tradesmen advertise that business is still carried on at the old stand. But the circumstances which led to the formation of the Triple Alliance have changed so much that the Alliance is already an anachronism. If the Russian volcano should burst into full eruption, it will need stronger bonds than those of the Triple Alliance to prevent its lava scorching neighbouring lands. None can say what effect the triumph of the Revolution might have upon the Social Democrats of Germany, how far the proclamation of a Republic in Poland would excite Posen and Galicia, or to what extent the wholesale massacre of Jews would inflame the Anti-Semites of Austria, who have already been demonstrating in very ugly fashion against the "Judæo-Maygars." In Italy the new Cabinet of Signor Giolitti has a nominal majority of 164 in the Chamber. But Italy certainly could not be relied upon to render any effective aid against the Russian Revolution. It is never well to meet trouble half-way, but it is well, while hoping for the best, to prepare for the worst, and that, at present, seems to be just what those most concerned are not doing.

"Old Age
Pensions
Next Year."

The resolution which the House of Commons carried with undivided vote last March in favour of pensions for all His Majesty's aged subjects in this country is not to remain the academic expression of a pious opinion. A representative meeting of Labour and Liberal members was called in April. Mr. Thomas Burt presiding, to consider the best way of giving effect to this resolution; and with the unanimity which has become characteristic of the movement it was decided to lose no time in pressing for Old Age Pensions next year. The chairman, Mr. George Barnes, and Mr. Chiozza Money were deputed to wait on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and to urge on him the adoption of this resolve. Last month the result of the interview was reported to the deputation members, and was regarded by them as highly favourable. It was understood that Mr. Asquith was in entire sympathy with the adoption of no partial or contributory scheme. The cost of the general scheme which he favoured he estimated at something like £15,000,000 a year. Much depended for its early adoption on the report of the Committee on the Graduation of the Income Tax. It is expected that this report will be forthcoming before the end of the Session, and will strongly commend as practicable and advisable the derivation of large additional revenue from the suggested readjustment of taxation. With a united House of Commons at his back, with new and epoch-making sources of revenue before him, Mr. Asquith has a great opportunity. It will not be the fault of circumstances if his name does not go down to posterity as the statesman who at one and the same stroke inaugurated Old Age Pensions and a

new era of fruitful democratic finance. Mr. John Burns in March advised the promoters of pensions to bring to bear on the Government "reasonable, systematic, well-disciplined pressure." His advice has been taken. Organised Labour has adopted as its rallying cry for the remainder of 1906 "Old Age Pensions next year."

The War-Curse of Mankind.

It is to be feared, however, that the pious aspirations of Mr. Asquith in England, and M. Clemenceau in France, with regard to Old Age Pensions, will be doomed to indefinite postponement unless something definite and effective can be done to cut down military expenditure. That is the Alpha and Omega of all social reform. Hence the demand of M. Jaurès and the French Socialists for an International Conference of the Peoples to demand the simultaneous reduction of armaments and the establishment of Free Trade. If the French Socialists summon such a Conference, it will be hailed with enthusiasm by every Liberal and Radical Briton. The Old Governments of the world will find themselves weighed in the scales and found wanting if they cannot contrive to insure their peoples against war at a lower rate of insurance than the premium which they are paying to-day in the shape of their army and navy estimates. Unless a halt is called from below there will be no rest of armaments from above. If only we had accepted the Tsar's stand-still proposition in 1899, we would have had money enough and to spare for Old Age Pensions to-day. If the Socialists would join forces with us in a new Peace Crusade we might force the Governments to do something practical at the Hague next April. But if there is no international agitation there will be no international arrest of the continual armaments.

The Crowning of King Haakon.

The crowning of the new King of Norway took place last month amid great popular rejoicings. There is now an English Princess on the throne of Spain and on the throne of Norway, and some wiseacres see in this fact a great extension of the influence of the British Crown. They forget that although the Kaiser is the son of a British Princess, he is not exactly within the sphere of the influence of the British Sovereign. No one in his senses can deny that royal alliances play a certain subordinate part in the affairs of nations. But neither Queen Ena nor Queen Maud will ever exercise as much direct influence upon Spanish and Norwegian politics as is wielded to-day by unknown and unnamed newspaper editors in Christiania and Madrid. The significance of the coronation of King Haakon lies in the evidence it affords of the appearance of the tendency which threatens to dominate the new century—a tendency to break up artificial combinations and to re-establish smaller national king-



Trondheim Cathedral, where King Haakon and Queen Maud were crowned on June 22nd.

Trondheim, the third commercial port in Norway, is the traditional scene of the Coronation of the Norwegian Kings. The Cathedral, where the ceremony of June 22nd took place, was founded in 1093.

doms. It ought to carry with it an extension of the authority of the Hague Tribunal, so that the growth of the International World State should keep pace with the decentralisation of nationalities.

The Education Bill in Committee.

The House of Commons has been busily engaged in discussing the Education Bill. The Government by the aid of the Closure has carried Clause 4, after making the concession that there shall be an appeal to the Board of Education in cases where the local authorities refused to take over a voluntary school, and that, in special circumstances it should appear expedient, voluntary schools should continue to receive the Parliamentary grant on their deciding to do without rate aid. No rent is to be paid for schools which are to have extended facilities for denominational education. An amendment making Clause 4 mandatory on all local authorities was rejected by a majority of 103. The clause itself was carried by a majority of 170, a similar majority being recorded against a proposal to allow extended facilities in single school areas. The question whether the parents of four-

fifths of the children desire denominational education is to be decided by ballot, parents having as many votes as they have children, and all who do not vote are to be reckoned as having voted against extended facilities. The real struggle will not begin until the autumn Session, when the Bill will be sent down from the Lords with amendments avowedly intended to defeat the object of its authors. The more militant Nonconformists are already restive at the concessions made by the Government. But it is doubtful whether they will carry their opposition so far as to force a system of purely secular education upon the nation. The Anglicans, who appear to be determined to fight regardless of consequences, have adopted the novel plan of holding a Lancashire indignation meeting in the Albert Hall, London. A cheap trip to London is always popular, and the idea is one worthy of the political genius that invented the Primrose League.

Of much more importance than the wrangle between denominationalists and their opponents is the provision which has been made in the new Code for giving moral instruction in the schools. Mr. Birrell informs the local authorities that moral instruction

should form an important part of every elementary school curriculum. The instruction may be either incidental or systematic, but in either case it must include lessons on such points as courage, truthfulness, cleanliness of mind, body and speech, the love of fair-play, gentleness to the weaker, humanity to animals, temperance, self-denial, love of one's country, and respect for beauty in nature and in art. The teaching is to be brought home to the children by reference to their actual surroundings in town or country, and teachers are instructed that it should be illustrated as vividly as possible by stories, poems, quotations, proverbs and examples drawn from history and biography. Discussing this new requirement, the Board say that it is important that the teaching should not develop into a "hum-drum repetition of ancient saws," but should be a forcible and spirited application of the teacher's own moral sense.

Good, very good. If these instructions are acted upon much of the objection to purely secular instruction will disappear.

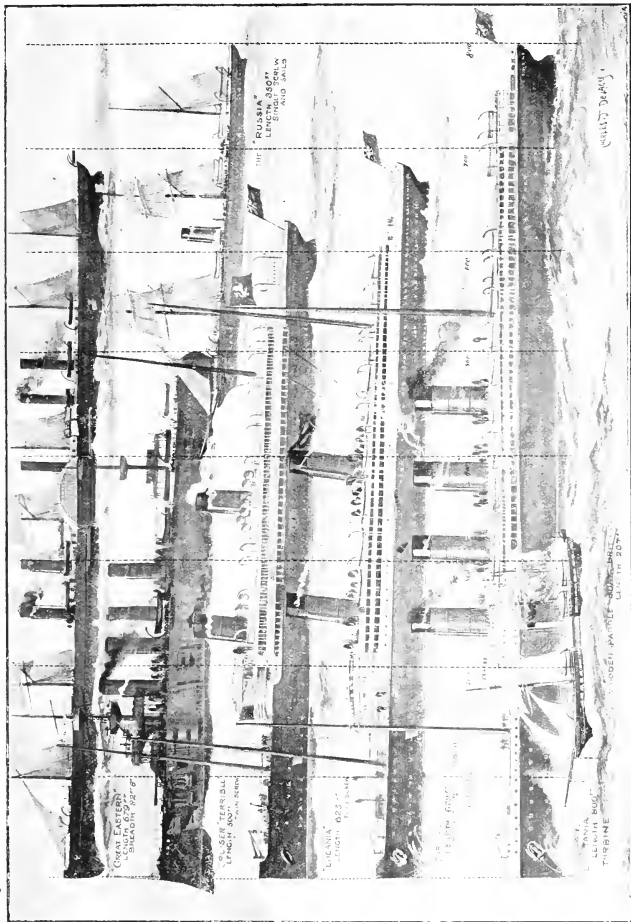
The Fight for Woman's Suffrage

The active campaign in favour of Woman's Suffrage has excited considerable attention on the subject this month. Mr. Asquith is believed to be the strongest opponent of the claims of women for full enfranchisement, and he has been made the mark for concerted attack. His meeting at Northampton was interrupted, and a subsequent attempt to force an interview at his residence led to the arrest and subsequent imprisonment of Miss Billington. The earnest women who are carrying on this campaign take their chances of ill-usage, and do not complain if equal rights in the way of imprisonment are meted out to them by the administrators of the law. Women ask for no privilege. They only claim equality of rights at the ballot

box, in the dock, and at the gallows. Those who condemn the suffragettes should remember that their protest is justified by the persistent cunning by which they have been jockeyed out of every attempt to obtain a full debate and a clear division in the House of Commons. Let Mr. Asquith or the Prime Minister or any other responsible Minister—whether he be for or against woman's suffrage makes no difference—frankly declare his views and promise to have the question brought up promptly for settlement before the House of Commons, and there will be a speedy end to these tactics of exasperation. Women are in one respect singularly like men. They like fair play, and they dislike being cheated out of a fair stand-up discussion and a straight out-and-out division. So long as these evasive tactics are pursued in the House so long will the suffragettes be justified in their campaign in the country. If they fail to force the question to an issue on their present line, they may find it necessary to organise a general strike. If all the mills of Lancashire were laid idle by the refusal of the mill-girls to work until Parliament had an opportunity of pronouncing an opinion on woman's suffrage, even the most cynical would admit that "something must be done."

Progress of the Movement.

Lady Aberdeen presided last month over the meeting of the International Council of Women at Paris, where satisfactory progress was reported and fresh vigour infused into what is one of the most promising international movements of our time. The claim of the women graduates of Scottish Universities to the franchise has been heard by the Scottish courts, judgment as to whether a woman is a person being reserved. Miss Pankhurst has taken her degree with honours in law at Manchester University, and will now devote her whole energy to the active prosecution of the campaign in this country. In New Brunswick the Legislature has just passed a law admitting women to practise law. The Dutch women are taking advantage of the coming revision of the Dutch Constitution in order to demand full civic rights and equal eligibility for State employment. They claim that if women are forbidden to work before or after confinement they should receive compensation, as in Denmark, for this confiscation of their right to earn wages, working power being equivalent to property, of which no citizen should be deprived without compensation. By way of meeting the cry that women render no service to the State similar to the military service exacted from men, the Dutch women offer to give one or two years of their life to the community, if it be required, for the purpose of insuring the independence of the country and the defence of its frontiers. A conference for the protection of women is shortly to be held in Vienna. "Austrian women may not be guardians



THE BIGGEST SHIP AFLOAT. THE BRITISH STEAMSHIP "LUSITANIA."

In this interesting diagram the "Lusitania" is compared with the great ships of the last forty years.

of their own children, nor may they earn anything without the consent of their husbands, nor have girls any of the facilities for higher education that are freely given by the Government to boys." So it is stated.

Much irritation exists in the Chinese Question Liberal ranks at the way in which the promise made to the House of Commons as to the repatriation of the Chinese has been rendered null and void by

passage home at once there was a portentous amount of rignarole ending with this extraordinary sentence:—

Those who really wish to return home, but who find themselves unable to do so on account of their insufficient possession of money, will now be allowed to send an application. The superintendent, then, after thorough investigation of the applicant's circumstances, will, after the Government's approval, decide the case, and if it does so favourably, he will give the whole sum of travelling expenses according to the contract. If the statement be considered worthy of belief, then the application will be granted, after which the applicants still would have to work in the mines, and the money thus saved would be added to the sum of returning fares.



Stereoscopic view.

Underwood and Underwood, London, New York and Melbourne.
The International Women's Council in Paris, with Lady Aberdeen enthroned as President.

the terms of the proclamation in which this decision has been made known to the Chinese. Rightly or wrongly, the Government promised, and the House accepted that promise in all good faith, that any Chinese labourer who was dissatisfied at the conditions of his labour in the mines should be sent home at the expense. Instead of making this known to the Chinese in the compounds, a long and ambiguous proclamation was issued, in which instead of a plain unambiguous promise of a free

passage home at once there was a portentous amount of rignarole ending with this extraordinary sentence:— Those who really wish to return home, but who find themselves unable to do so on account of their insufficient possession of money, will now be allowed to send an application. The superintendent, then, after thorough investigation of the applicant's circumstances, will, after the Government's approval, decide the case, and if it does so favourably, he will give the whole sum of travelling expenses according to the contract. If the statement be considered worthy of belief, then the application will be granted, after which the applicants still would have to work in the mines, and the money thus saved would be added to the sum of returning fares.

The net effect of this is to nullify the Ministerial promise. It may not have been wise to promise to send the coolies back. But the promise was given, and it ought to have been kept. There is nothing the House of Commons resents more bitterly than being jockeyed. It will go hard with Lord Selbourne if he cannot produce some satisfactory explanation of how he dared to keep the word of promise to the ear and 'break it to the hope.

**Trouble in
Egypt.**

The Khedive has gone on a visit to Constantinople, Lord Cromer has become a member of the Order of Merit, but the chief

interest excited in Egyptian affairs has been the gruesome horror of the punishment inflicted upon the Egyptian villagers who killed Captain Bull and attacked some other officers who had been invited to their village to shoot pigeons. The officers who gave up their guns peaceably when the villagers complained were then dragged from their carriages and made the victims of a murderous attack. The murder appears to have been unprovoked, and it was avenged by the hanging of four and the flogging of six others. What grates on the English imagination was the sandwiching of the flogging and hanging. To hang two and then flog three before hanging the other two in the presence of three awaiting their flogging seems needlessly brutal. The incident will not be useless if it reminds us of our neglected duty to the people of Egypt. When we smashed Arabi and suppressed the germ of parliamentary institutions in Egypt we swore before high heaven that we only did it in order to give the natives genuine parliamentary government. Twenty-five years have passed since then, and we have done nothing. Is it not time we made a beginning? If the new member of the Order of Merit wishes to merit his order, let him re-read Lord Dufferin's despatch and see what can be done.

**Sir
Wilfrid Lawson.**

The death of Sir Wilfrid Lawson deprives the House of Commons of one of its most respected members and English public life of one of its most familiar figures. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, although capable of turning everything into a jest, was one of the most seriously earnest of politicians. He was a stalwart of the stalwarts in the war against war. He hated Jingoes worse than he hated strong drink, against which he warred all his life long. He was a capital speaker with a ringing voice, and if it had not been for his inveterate love of a jest and his fanatical hatred of alcohol he would have held high office in more than one Liberal Cabinet. In the very last conversation I had with him he gloated over the success with which he and his emissaries had discomfited the Public Trust Company in the Channel Islands. He would not hold a candle to the devil, he said, nor would he have any partnership with strong drink. But although he denounced you as if you were the accredited agent of Beelzebub, he always made you feel that he loved you none the less as a man and a brother. Now that he has gone we shall miss him sorely, for no one combined so well as he the genial jocosity of the humorist with the earnest severity of the Radical Reformer.



Photo.]

The Late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P.

[Lafayette.

**Chivalrous Man
and
Female Education.**

One of the most extraordinary instances of the persistence of a delusion in the popular mind is that Englishmen are chivalrous in their treatment of women. An appeal which has recently been issued for a paltry £3000 for the endowment of one research fellowship at Newnham College affords us an opportune reminder of the hollowness of this imposture. We male creatures revel in the fattest of endowments. We have scholarships, fellowships, and all the good things of this life. But for our sisters at Newnham there has hitherto been maintained with difficulty by annual subscriptions three research fellowships of £100 each. Greatly daring, and encouraged by the generous offer of Mrs. Herringham to contribute one-third of the three thousand required, the College authorities ventured to appeal for this trifling sum to aid and encourage women to follow scholarly and scientific pursuits. In bygone times women founded colleges for men. Clare, Pembroke, Queen's, and Sidney were all endowed by women for men. It will be time to talk of male chivalry when anything corresponding to these benefactions are forthcoming from men for women. With the exception of Mr. Hollaway, what have our male founders done for the cause of female education? It is about time our wealthy women bestirred themselves in this matter. Men, like heaven, help those who help themselves.



Mrs Herbert Gladstone.
[Photograph by Thomson.]



Lady Wimborne.
[Photograph by Lafayette.]



Mrs Asquith.
[Photograph by Beresford.]

THREE POPULAR LIBERAL HOSTESSES



Photo.]

The German Editors on the Terrace of the House of Commons, London

[Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P.]

THE COLLINGWOOD "TOTE."

MELBOURNE'S "DEAREST FOLLY."

By _____ ?

[The photographs of the Collingwood "Tote" in this article are quite unique. They were taken during the time the police "held the fort" after the historic raid. See article in July "Review of Reviews," in conjunction with which this article should be read. Copies can be obtained from the office, Equitable Building, Melbourne.—EDITOR.]

"No, there is no thoroughfare here," remarked a fat, bloated, but rather genial-looking individual, in reply to the too well-dressed stranger's somewhat ingenious query, "Can't I go through the yard?" The stranger seemed to get flurried. He was about to blurt out something, but with an effort he asked for a short cut to the Collingwood Town Hall. "First on the right," said the fat man politely, adding with a self-satisfied twinkle, "But you can't pass through here. This is not an arcade; this is a row of cottages."

This is the kind of answer usually given to enquiring strangers who wish to pass the carefully-guarded gates of a certain dwelling known to fame as Wren's Collingwood "Tote." The proprietor and his satellites betray no anxiety to attract general business. They don't want too many promiscuous customers; they prefer to keep their shop strictly select. They have no enquiry office. No legends announce, "Trams stop here for Wren's Tote." They take it for granted that their clients know that "We do business while others sleep." They have no conventional lures for the man or woman in the street, no afternoon tea and cake, no bargains, no winter gifts; they don't give away two cups with every half-pound of tea purchased, though at a pinch they might sell tea and lay a "double" on the two Cups; and their "shop-walkers" would hardly attract anybody except, perhaps, the police. Wren's "Tote" Shop is guarded as carefully as the strong room of a bank or the meeting place of a Mafia Society.

* * *

"THE SUBURB OF CHAMPIONS."

For many years Collingwood has taken a leading position in the world of sport. The "Magpies" have reduced football almost to an exact science. Its cricket team, "La Mascotte," won the junior pennant last year. And in all kinds of sport, from pedestrianism and hockey down to such innocent pastimes as bowls and draughts, "Woodites" have upheld their reputation as the "suburb of champions." Such success proves at any rate that there is abundant energy and perseverance among the inhabitants, qualities, which, if directed into worthy channels, might make for civic reform and national righteousness. But unfortunately for its people, one of the deadliest plague spots in Australia exists and thrives in this sport-loving suburb. At its very heart Wren's



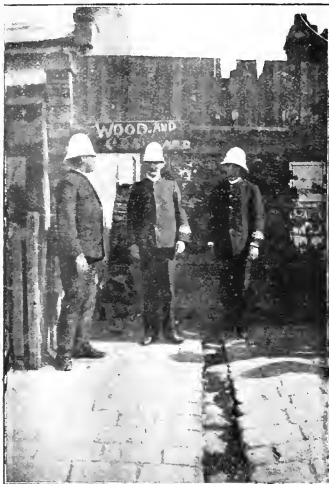
View of the "Tote," looking towards the back of the yard. The heavily shaded nature of the place is manifest from the fact that we formerly had to be suspicious looking wood to get a glimpse of these places, called by "lollies" to keep out the sun, so known as "Tote" habitations.

"Tote" Shop has its headquarters, corrupting the community, corrupting the youth, leading to destruction the weak and foolish, and scattering broadcast among the hard-working, clean living, energetic people the seeds of crime, idleness and miserable poverty. "Jock" Wren is the chief genius of Collingwood.

* * *

THE BETTING SHOP

On any race day the Collingwood tram unloads at Gold Street a constant stream of so called "sports," who make their way to Wren's notorious betting shop. This shop is only the headquarters



Another view, showing how the 'Tote' fort is protected by high walls.

of the Cullingwood Napoleon's gambling operations, which extend into every section of the city. Every suburb contains his agents, usually found in hotels and tobacconists's shops, with whom a foolish public transacts illegal business almost in the same way in which it "marks tickets" in a large number of outwardly respectable Chinese shops in Little Bourke-street. Wren's system is not unlike that of the Chinese lottery. There are branches everywhere, so that gamblers are afforded every facility to lose their money, and almost anybody can do business with these agents; but the headquarters of the organisation, the "bank," is kept as secretive as possible, and open only to "friends."

Wren's "shop" is usually approached by the back way, which, for practical purposes, is the entrance. Opposite the Baptist Tabernacle, in Sackville-street, runs a row of wooden, single-fronted cottages, with

their verandahs stretching out to the pavement. There are no gardens, and they look as mean and sordid as possible. A dozen or so of as evil-looking ruffians as could be found in the city of Melbourne patrol the avenues of approach, some at the corners and others at the gates of the cottages. The trusted client nods to the "Push" and enters to a wood-yard. Here he is confronted by a 10 ft. smoke-blackened fence, surmounted by barbed wire, to prevent any possibility of adventurous scaling. There is one gate carefully guarded by a dangerous-looking Cerberus, who scrutinises all comers, and blocks out anyone who appears at all suspicious. But our client is known, so he passes into the asphalt yard, where he meets his friends and studies the race card before putting on his money. Round this inner yard runs a dingy, rambling wooden building, fronted by a verandah. Beyond this verandah no client passes. He has no means of obtaining entrance to the building itself, for it contains no front door, or, indeed, any door at all. The officials enter through a secret passage of their own. The customer has to wait outside in the yard. When he has selected his "fancy" he hands his money through one of the small ticket boxes, behind which the clerks, completely masked, receive money and issue tickets. There are two rooms in this building, one where the clerks stand between their ticket boxes and the second, opening into this room by a door, which is the "office," the "bank" and general inner sanctum of Wren's far-reaching gambling operations. In the clerk's room there is an ingenious trap door, not actually in the floor, but only reaching about a foot above it, through which the officials

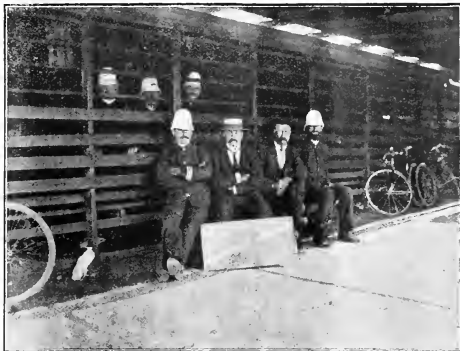


View showing the barricading through which the betting is done.

can easily escape during a raid. At critical times a couple of ferocious bulldogs guard the trap-door. Every department is capably organised, and by every ingenious contrivance precaution is taken against raid.

For instance, the police could raid the place every day, but under the present circumstances they would find all the birds had flown. As soon as they appeared in the neighbourhood, the "office" would be given. They would have to enter in the ordinary way, for all the surrounding cottages belong to the "Tote" King. But when they got into the asphalt yard they could go no further. There are no doors or windows to admit them. Before they could get in they would have to batter down a 10-foot high wall. As soon as the first blows were struck—probably long before—all the clerks and officials in the building could move out coolly through the trap-door, down secret passages, through several cottages, and come out of an ordinarily respectable-looking house into the street. And after the policemen had forced an entrance they could find nothing except a few race-cards and torn tickets. The crowd could even safely remain in the yard and give them satirical advice.

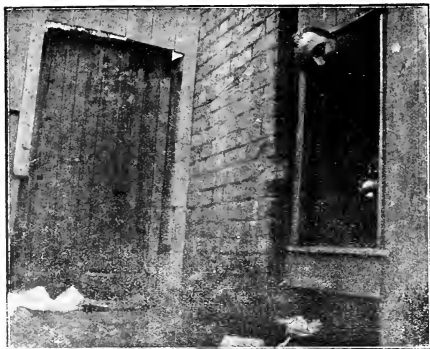
The "Tote" manipulators owe much of their success to the sympathy of certain people in the neighbourhood, much in the same way in which the Dick Turpins of England, and the "Starlights" and "Thunderbolts," of Australia were able to defy the law through the good offices of allies and supporters. Many of these people are past masters in the art of "bluff." In a certain alleged tea-shop in the neighbourhood, a letting man who happened, however, to be a stranger, and was so well dressed that he naturally aroused suspicion, asked to put on half-a-sovereign on the "Tote." The tea-merchant regarded him with an air of injured innocence. "What do you want?" he asked. "I want to put half-a-quid on the 'Tote.'" "What 'Tote'?" "Wren's 'Tote.'" The shopkeeper reflected a moment, "Wren's 'Tote,'" he murmured; "oh, I believe there was once a 'Tote' down this way, somewhere along the street there." He looked quite uninterested, but added, for the stranger's benefit, "That was some years ago." And a stranger might walk all around Collingwood without ever finding out from the innocent inhabitants that there was such a thing in the world as a "Tote" shop or such a personage as "Jack Wren."



Another and a closer view of the previous picture.

"THE PUSH"

Round the cottages in Sackville-street, at every corner and along all the avenues of approach, slouch the "Tote" bullies—otherwise scouts—on the lookout for the enemy. Nowhere else in the city, except in Bourke-street, on a big race day, from Russell-place to Swanston-street, which has been called the "Australian Bight," could such a formidable and motley collection of wasters be seen. Touts, "guns," broken-down "bruisers," "lads," spielers, and professional "chuckers-out"—such people infest this neighbourhood like noxious weeds. They are the worst class of loafers. They put in all their time leaning against the fence, smoking, and watching and waiting to "touch" somebody for the price of a long beer. The very fat man at the gate attracts attention. He is bloated and beery-looking, but, despite his occupation, he possesses that undefinable something known as quality, and speaks like a well-educated man. He requires great tact, and even a knowledge of human nature to know at a glance whom to pass or whom to block. He has to give the "office" in time of danger, to turn aside as gently as possible the prying visitor and to keep his subordinates in check. He is the leader of the bulldogs. At the corner stands a medium-sized man, who appears to have no interest in life whatever. With his long, narrow head, as though carved out of wood, flattened nose, and dull, lifeless eyes, he has no more expression than a Maori graven image. The rest of the "push" are little fellows, half-starved, miserable-looking weeds; they are mainly "light-weights," however, quick as cats, and capable of "walking all over" even big men who



A possible means of escape in case of a raid.

have not received instruction in the "noble art." Certainly, the employes don't thrive on tag-game. They seem to be sweated workers, though few people would dare to call Wren a "sweater." But this lazy life suits them, and they can always "touch" the "boss" or his lieutenants and other big bookmakers in time of need for a couple of bob or so. On certain occasions a bookmaker walking through the "Australian Bight" has to scatter silver like a prince before he can escape.

* * *

"TOTE" TYPES.

There is no question that the gambling mania has infected all sections of the community. Wren's "Tote" is the poor man's wringer; it squeezes him dry. Some are beginning to recognise the palpable fact that Wren has levied a tax on their ignorance and folly, and accumulates huge wealth thereby. A hard-working man stated: "Wren ain't the man he's cracked up to be. I know I've paid him about eight bob a week for two years, and got nothin' for it. 'E don't give me work. Don't tork to me. 'E ain't good to ther poor. 'E ain't our friend. 'E's us wot's good to 'im: we keep 'im afloat and 'e can live like er prince while we 'ave to graft 'ard for a crust, and are allers hard up. Wish I'd never touched it. There's nuthin' in it. Dozens will tell you the same." Yes, a great and growing number of working men have begun to look

into the simple facts of the case, and have found that it is their hard-earned money that swells Wren's pockets. Mr. Wren is losing caste among the working men. His philanthropy won't wash. Even now many men whose eyes have been opened predict the time when the rocket will come down as a stick. Wren still, however, has many admirers. Some betting-demented individuals would cheerfully elect him Premier of the State. A besotted "sport," when interviewed on the subject, believed as he was a "socialist," that the "Government should take the business over, and make Jack Wren manager." John Wren, Minister of Gambling, seemed perfectly fit and proper to him. But when asked how much Wren would want for his valuable services, the Socialist thought hard for a moment. "I never thought of that," he said; "I suppose he would want the dickens of a lot." It is only a matter of a little time now when the public discovers that Wren wants such a lot that he will be reckoned far too great a luxury for a city like Melbourne, and requested to suspend operations. Anyway, even amongst the habitual "Tote" patrons John Wren is not the popular idol he was a year or two ago.

* * *
HE TOLLS NOT.

Wren produces nothing, manufactures nothing, does no useful work; he is merely a parasite who thrives on the monumental folly of the community. He drains the money from the poor man, hard-earned money that should go to the proper support of his wife and children. It is not from the rich, the wealthy merchants and squatters and professional men, that Wren extracts gold and silver, but from the poor, the unfortunate people whom he keeps poor. He has piled up a huge fortune shilling by shilling, draining the very life-blood of the people who once looked up to him as their best friend. Nothing is sadder than the sordid part of Collingwood in which the infernal "Tote" shop has its headquarters. Crime, folly, ignorance, poverty and misery, these abound on every side. But murmurs of protest rise louder and more persistently every day against the arch-sweater, even round his own stronghold. As Abe Lincoln said, "You can fool some of the people all the time, and you can fool all the people some of the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time."

HOW GENERAL BOOTH MAKES EMIGRANTS.

BY AN AUSTRALIAN.

While on a visit to England recently, people were asking me, "Why don't you encourage immigration in Australia?" My answer was that Australians did not exactly approve of the class of immigrants that would be likely to be sent out by that great immigration agent, General Booth, who was, at the time, I believe, making negotiations with Mr. Deakin concerning a tract of broad acres on which he proposed to place some hundreds of the "submerged" of England. Thinking, however, it might interest "the man in the street" to know exactly how General Booth first reclaimed the "social crock," and then turned him out, a capable, intelligent tiller of the soil, I determined to go to the Hadleigh Farm Colony, to see for myself, and to learn, by practical experience, something of the making of an immigrant.

In view of probable future events, it might also be of interest to Australians to know the way in which intending colonists are trained at General Booth's Farm Colony at Hadleigh, in Essex. To this end, I am recording my impressions of actual facts and incidents that I saw, during a two months' course of training—as an intending colonist—at Hadleigh.

I may say here that I am no novice in the school of hard manual labour. During a seventeen years' residence in Australia I have turned my hand to most things. I have "humped my bluey" in the back-blocks of New South Wales; slept with my boots under my head for a pillow; lumped coal on the Melbourne wharves, worked with pick and shovel, and, in short, have earned my bread literally by the sweat of my brow. I mention this in passing, in order to show that it was not to be taught *how* to work that I went to Hadleigh, but rather to learn, if possible, how men *were* taught who had little or no previous experience of farm work, nor indeed, in some cases, work of any kind. The "dead-beat," or "social crock," or whatever you like to call him, is not picked up out of the gutter by the men in red jerseys and semi-military caps and packed off straightway to Hadleigh. Oh, no! He has first to prove to the Salvation Army Officers that he is earnest in his desire for reformation. How is this done? By means of the "Elevator." There are many such institutions in London—testing places—where paper sorting and other light employment are offered to the man who last night was sleeping out on the Thames Embankment—homeless, friendless and penniless—under the very shadow of the Hotel Cecil, with its glitter and wealth and luxuries.

"As a man works, so shall he eat," is the motto of the Salvation Army's social system. The newly-

arrived "casual" at the Elevator is given so much paper to sort per diem. If he fulfils his allotted task—not a very severe one, by the way—he is fed in proportion. If he fail, he is still fed, but not so well as his more industrious fellow-worker. If, after the testing time in the Elevator, he is found to be willing, and deserving of better things, he is sent down to the Farm Colony at Hadleigh, always providing he is physically fit. I should, I think, lay stress on the point that no man is sent to Canada or elsewhere if he fail to pass the medical examination held prior to the departure of the emigrants from England.

There are three stepping-stones in General Booth's scheme for the making of an emigrant—(1st) the Elevator, (2nd) the Farm Colony, (3rd) Canada, or some other colony. At present all—or nearly all—of the Hadleigh colonists go to Canada.

Having duly applied, and been accepted, as an intending colonist, I was given a pass, entitling me to a cheap ticket to Leigh-on-Sea, the nearest station to the colony, and one bleak, blustering day in February found myself at Leigh station, looking for some means of transport to the colony, distant about two and a-half miles. A man in the familiar red jersey and peaked cap hailed me, and I climbed into a serviceable-looking dog-cart, and was soon being driven through the winding, narrow streets of one of the quaintest little seaports in south-eastern England. "Leigh-on-mud" they call this place," said my jehu, with a grin; and, looking around me, I soon saw the reason. The tide was out, and between us and the sea there was a great gulf of mud fixed—mud, on which lay fishing boats, at all kinds of angles, mud that lay everywhere, and stuck to everything. And over the mud whistled a sharp east wind—altogether a dreary and depressing impression of the place where I was to spend two of the coldest months of an English winter. We scratched up a steep hill, past the old church, and along an almost impassable road, with flat country stretching away for miles on either hand. "Many colonists on the Farm now?" said the driver, in answer to my question; "bout one hundred and forty, I suppose. Soon be losing forty of 'em—going to Canada." He pointed with his whip to a huge tract of land wherein several men were at work with hoes. "That's part of the market garden," he explained; "we supply pretty well all Southend." On, past more broad acres, through the village of Hadleigh, past the "governor's" house, known locally as "Government House"—down a lane, or rather a sea of mud, with low hedgerows on either hand, and so to the entrance gates to the colony. Here we stopped before the Home Office, which I was invited to enter,

in order to go through some necessary preliminaries at the hands of the Adjutant. He opened an enormous volume, containing the histories of many men who to-day are doing well in Canada or elsewhere, and began my cross-examination:—"Married or single?" "Where did you sleep last night?" "Ever been in gaol?" "Not yet," I said. Noting the rather astonished expression on my face, he hastened to add, "Sorry, but we have to put these questions. Our rules, you know." I was then asked whether I would observe the three main rules laid down for the law and order of the colony. These were:—To refrain from any intoxicating drink and the use of obscene language while on the colony, to obey any orders given me by the officers, and to attend at least once every Sunday *some* place of worship. It will be noted that the Army officers do not insist upon colonists attending the Sunday services at their own citadel. In this the colonists are allowed their choice. There is, however, a Saturday night social in the citadel, at which everyone has to be present. I walked out of the office feeling that my probation as a Hadleigh colonist had begun in earnest.

The colony itself consists of 3000 acres of land, a good deal of which is under cultivation. Leaving the Home Office, one passes along a street, on either side of which are little "tin" cottages—familiar enough to Australian eyes. These, I learned, were for the use of married couples who had separated, from various reasons, but had become reconciled through the medium of the Salvation Army agencies. During my stay at Hadleigh one such reconciliation actually took place. The husband, who formerly held a good position in an insurance office, lost his post through drink, sank lower and lower, until at last his wife could bear with him no more. He was taken in hand by the Army, who gave him a thorough testing for twelve months, then, finding him reliable, employed him in the office for a while, after which the reconciliation happily took place. Good luck to the plucky woman who forsook all to help her husband work out his own salvation in that little "tin" cottage at Hadleigh. Past the cottages loomed a fine large building known as the cow shed. There, warmly housed and well fed, were the dry stock; the milch cows were down at the dairy farm, on another part of the colony. Calves lay amongst the clean straw, or frisked about in roomy pens. On one side of the building were stalls for the farm horses—two of them being occupied by pedigree mares. Fowls cackled and scratched about noisily; the cattle men moved about their work briskly—altogether a typical English farmyard—and all under the "stage management" of 'W. Booth, carman and general contractor," as the name-plates on the farm waggon had it.

Opposite the cow-shed was the little school where the rather numerous progeny of the Army officers, paid farm hands and others were being taught by

a schoolmaster in a red jersey, assisted by two or three schoolmistresses in "poke bonnets." Numerous stacks, solid and compact, of hay and straw were in the farmyard, and beyond them Park House, formerly an old manor house, but now used for the accommodation of "paying colonists"—viz., men who were paying so much per week for their board. A former West End surgeon was an inmate at the time of which I write—a gentleman of refinement and education, who had lost a good practice through drink, and had ultimately drifted to Hadleigh. There he keeps sober, and works in the market garden, pruning trees in lieu of limbs. True, he will never be fit for Canada, but at any rate Hadleigh is a sanctuary for him, in which he is safe from the vice that has ruined his prospects.

Within a stone's-throw of the old castle, or rather the ruins of it—it dates from about 1066, I believe—are the dormitories, where sleep the "ordinary colonists." They also are in grades, the good conduct man having a better bed than he whose conduct is not so satisfactory.

Personally, I have often slept in far less desirable places than the dormitories at Hadleigh. They are "Hotel Cecil" as compared with the average "travellers' hut" in the back-blocks. The iron bedsteads are ranged around the sides of the room and down the centre. A huge stove throws out a rather superfluous amount of heat from the centre of the room; Scriptural texts adorn the walls; the blankets are sufficient in number and good enough in quality to keep one warm; while in the higher-grade dormitories one may even attain to the luxury of sheets!

There is a hospital, happily but rarely needed; a laundry, reading-room and library, which is well patronised if one may judge by the rather grimy state of the books; brick fields, market gardens, poultry farm, dairy farm, nurseries, piggeries, wagon sheds—in short, a complete township—and a well-ordered one at that.

The behaviour of the men was excellent; indeed, during my two months' sojourn at Hadleigh only one man was turned off the place, and that was on account of his incurable laziness. I maintain that if the officers of the "colony" cannot get a man to work no one else can. The gates of the colony are open until 10 p.m., the village is within a stone's-throw, and there are three public-houses open. Yet, in spite of this, I saw no cases of drunkenness, the moral suasion employed being, seemingly, sufficient to keep the colonists sober. If a man offend he is given a chance, but we betide him who offendeth too often! For him the punishment is dismissal, and to be "on the road" in England, especially in the winter time, is no "cake walk" for even the most hardened tramp.

"Do the colonists get any wages?" Yes, they do. When a man first goes to Hadleigh he receives what is known as a "grant" of 6d. per week. In time,

if he prove willing and amenable to discipline, he has 1s. This is increased, until he may earn as much as 5s. per week, or even more. One-third of the money earned is held by the Officer-in-charge, to be used as a contingent fund. This can be drawn upon by the colonist if he wishes to buy clothes or any other necessaries. It is also a safeguard against imposition, as witness the following:—One night three rain-soaked and wretched tramps shuffled wearily to the door of the Home Office and asked for shelter and food, adding, incidentally, that they also wanted work on the colony. They were accommodated, and the following morning they showed their dilapidated boots to a too sympathetic officer, and pathetically asked, "Ow can we work in these 'ere things, mister? Selp me, my feet's froze a'ready!" Boots were supplied to the footsores ones, who during the following night decamped, to the sorrow and expense of a too-confiding and trustful Salvationist. They don't take men "off the roads" now. It will be seen that the colonist is paid in proportion to his ability and industry. The labourer must prove himself "worthy of his hire." The same rule applies to his food—the "bee" is better fed than the "drone." At the close of the day's work the men go to the Home Office, where they are each given three tickets, entitling the holder to supper, bed, and breakfast the following morning. The tickets are coloured red and blue. A red ticket is worth more than a blue one, and its lucky possessor is entitled to a "cut off the joint," while he of the blue has to be content with stew. The food, though rough and badly cooked, is sufficient for a man to work upon, and, indeed, the "colonist," fresh from a state of semi-starvation in London, soon begins to feel his strength and self-respect returning, thanks to the Hadleigh food, plus the Hadleigh air, added to the regular life and the knowledge that so long as he is willing to work he will be fed, housed and clothed. "What provision is made for the wives and families of married men while the bread-winner is at Hadleigh?" Well, the Army allows the wife of any "colonist" so much per week for herself and child or children so long as the "colonist" behaves himself and works. Fifteen shillings per week is, I believe, the average allowance, and the husband is allowed one day's "leave" in every month to go home for a day or two to visit his wife and family—a kindly and humane arrangement much appreciated by the married men.

There is, of course, a small proportion of men at Hadleigh, who, on account of physical or other reasons, are kept there as long as they like to maintain themselves.

They, at any rate, have a home there, which is better than the Thames Emplacement, and while there are quiet, law-abiding, and more or less industrious citizens, which also is preferable to swelling the already congested ranks of the London unemployed, whose name is Legion!

Such then are the objects, aims and methods of the Hadleigh Farm Colony.

THE DAY'S WORK AT HADLEIGH.

I remember once being awakened from my slumbers by a Gippsland "cockie," with a lantern in his hand, who told me it was "daylight"! We didn't start the day's work quite so early at Hadleigh. Breakfast at 6.30 a.m., work at 7 o'clock.

It was a bitterly cold, dark morning as I splashed my way to the Home Office to "report" to the Adjutant, and to be allotted my day's work. This, I found, was to dig in the "Governor's" garden, and thither I made my way in mud up to my legging tops, accompanied by two of my fellow-colonists, one of whom was shortly afterwards discharged for chronic laziness. The "lazy one" grumbled and growled at everything and everybody, then asked me if I had any "bacca"! I handed him my pouch, out of which he helped himself liberally, then inquired, "Which helevator did you come out of, mate?" I replied that I had not had the honour of being in any one. After this he regarded me, I thought, with suspicion.

A biting east wind is a sufficiently good incentive to a willing man to work, and we set about our tasks readily enough. Even the "loafer" wielded his hoe with vigour while the Adjutant was present. After that, I regret to say, he relaxed his efforts considerably. "Burning off rubbish," he told me, "was his favourite 'job,' as a bloke can warm himself at the fires this — cold weather—see?" I did see some days afterwards. We were collecting and burning rubbish in the "Governor's" garden. The "loafer" had essayed to light a fire, but had given it up as a bad job. After getting the fire alight I had gone away to collect and carry up more wood, cuttings, etc., and on my return, heavily laden with more fuel for the flames, my "mate" (save the mark!) was standing in front of the blaze, legs apart, pipe in mouth, his hands under his ragged coat-tails, with a look of supreme content on his unshaven face, for all the world like a "bagman" warming himself before the parlour fire of an English country inn. "This is what I call or-right!" he exclaimed, as I threw my load on the fire. I won't record my answer—it was more forcible than polite. But it caused me no surprise when, shortly afterwards, this prince of loafers was expelled as being incorrigible. And one "loafer" out of one hundred and forty men isn't a bad average, anyhow! While we were digging in the garden, the other "colonists" had been allotted different tasks—some on the farm carting manure, cutting up "mangels" for the cattle, carting in fodder and straw from the hay and straw stacks, "mucking out" stables and cow sheds, feeding the pigs and the fowls, and so forth. The "nursery" hands were at work in the glass-houses, which supply large quantities of cut flowers and herbs to the Southend greengrocers.

The brickyard hands were "getting out" and wheeling clay, the ploughmen were afield, and away in the distance, on the river flats, the "sea wallers" were busy repairing the wall of mud and stones that stood between the river and the marsh lands of the "colony." For keeping this wall in repair the Army is paid a considerable sum every year by the London and Southend Railway Co., whose line runs through the flat, low-lying country at the river boundary of the colony. The "farm department" was under the management of a "converted" farmer, hailing from the Tweed—or somewhere near it—and it was a novelty to see a plough being guided by a man in a red jersey and peaked cap. But he could "cut a furrow" with any of them, and the way he handled horses was good to look upon. There were two or three "overseers"—all paid hands, and Salvationists. One, I remember, beat the drum in the Army band; and very capable and decent men they were. The most capable and experienced of the colonists are picked as foremen, or gangers, and they were in charge of and responsible for work done by the colonists in whatever department they were assigned to. Our foreman remarked to me at the close of my first day's work at Hadleigh, "Well, young feller, if we 'aven't earned ar bit o' corn, blowed if I know who 'as!" An hour is allowed for dinner, to which the men, with appetites sharpened by keen air and hard work, do ample justice; and then to work again until 5 o'clock, by which time it is pretty well dark. The cattle are fed and bedded down for the night; tools are put away; the men, with mud-caked boots, and in some cases aching backs, troop to their various dormitories, the officers go home—to come out later on to take part in spiritual work. The school is "out"; the brick yards are empty, save for the watchmen; the "nursery" are silent and deserted. Hadleigh puts on its coat—the day's work is done!

Of course it must be remembered that many of these men have never handled a hoe, or an axe, or a shovel in their lives, and don't know a "mangel top" from a cabbage. Well, they have to be taught; and they usually prove very apt pupils. I was helping to load manure into the drays one day, and next to me was a young Londoner, who had been a tailor's apprentice. Thrown out of work by too keen competition on the part of his employer, he at last came to Hadleigh, and exchanged the scissors and tape measure for the hoe and spade. The manure was wet and sloppy, and, after getting two or three mouthfuls of it from the ex-tailor's fork, I ventured to ask him to throw the manure into the dray instead of feeding me with it. But this sort of thing is taken good-humouredly, as a rule, by the "colonists," and by dint of patience and perseverance the officers and overseers generally manage to teach a man how to handle his tools before he has been on the colony for long.

The Hadleigh "colonist" is not placed in one department and kept there during the twelve months that is the average duration of the men's training. He is shifted about, so that he may have a chance of learning all they have to teach, thus giving him an opportunity to become a generally "handy man," who would be useful to any farmer, either in Canada or Australia, for that matter. And it is a significant fact beyond dispute that the percentage of failures amongst the hundreds of men annually sent out to Canada from Hadleigh is so small as to be hardly worth mentioning.

There was a popular saying amongst the Hadleigh "colonists." It was simply "stick it!" Often while we were out working in the fields, in the midst of a blinding, perishing snow or sleet storm, one would hear the cheery words of encouragement passed from one to the other; and, indeed, what better motto could any "colonist" have, whether he was spreading manure at Hadleigh or "backwoodsing" in Canada? "If a bloke can stick this, he can stick Canada!" said a Hadleigh man to me one day. We were up to our knees in mud, and a biting east wind was adding to our discomfort. I quite agreed with him. Hadleigh is, without doubt, a splendid place in which to become physically hardened.

We only worked until 2 p.m. on Saturday afternoons at Hadleigh, after which we had dinner, and were then free to do what we liked or go where we liked. Most of us used to spend a quiet half-hour in scraping from boots and leggings the week's accumulation of mud and slush, for which the colony is noted.

Every man would try to make himself as presentable as possible for the Saturday night "Social," which everyone had to attend. There one could hear songs, recitations, solos, etc.—not forgetting selections by the indispensable Army band. And it was good to hear the chorus of some popular song rolling through the barrack-like building from the throats of one hundred and forty lusty men.

Nor must I forget the "coffee and pie" supper at the conclusion of the social. Each man would be given a mug full of steaming hot coffee and a meat pie of generous proportions. At one time a small charge was made for this, but while I was at Hadleigh the new "Governor" issued an edict that the supper was to be free—a new order of things that the "colonists" appreciated warmly.

Such, then, was the average day's work at Hadleigh. Of course it varied, according to the weather, season, etc.

I have written of it as I saw and took part in it during two months of an English winter.

I have very pleasant recollections of the kindness, sympathy and patience of the various officers under whose direction I worked, and also of the many plucky, persevering and cheery comrades of my daily labours in the fields. Good luck to them!

THE TEMPLE RUINS OF JAVA.

BY SENATOR THE HON. STANFORTH SMITH.

No. 2.

Few people are aware of the size and magnificence of the temple ruins of Java, and many, no doubt, are unaware of the wonderful civilisation that existed close to the coasts of Australia at a time when our ancestors in Western Europe were still Pagans.

The Javanese belong to the Malay stock. According to their traditions they migrated from the Red Sea littoral along the southern shores of Asia at a remote period, when Java was connected with Asia by land. They were nomadic hunters, wandering from place to place, and worshipping the sun, moon and stars, and other natural phenomena.

In the year 74 A.D., according to Javanese annals, the invasion of the races from Continental India took place, and Java was ruled by Hindu dynasties until the beginning of the 15th century, when the Arabs conquered the island and converted its inhabitants to the Islamic faith. It was during the first eight or ten centuries of our era that Central and East Java were covered with the magnificent temples of Buddhist and Brahminic believers, and during this period a rich literature sprang up, and arts and sciences flourished. The very existence of this ancient civilisation was unknown to Europeans little more than a century ago. The indifference of the natives to their ancient temples, after they had embraced the faith of Islam, caused these ancient ancestral shrines to be neglected and overgrown with tropical vegetation, and ultimately forgotten. It has been stated that these ruins were first discovered during the Governorship of Sir Stamford Raffles, but they were known to the Dutch long before the term of British rule (1811-1816). Sir Stamford Raffles, in his "History of Java," mentions that a Dutch engineer, in 1797, when constructing a fort near Djokjakarta, spoke of the ruins of Parambanan, although no proper description had been published up to that time. Their existence was probably revealed to the Dutch when they first invaded these territories of the Sultans of Mataram.

It, however, remained for Sir Stamford Raffles, with his extraordinary vigour of mind and body, to have the ruined temples explored and excavated, the stone inscriptions deciphered, and the literature of the Javanese—historic, legendary and poetic—collected and deciphered.

The Javanese were only really great under the direction of their Hindu conquerors, and under the stimulus of a religious fervour, that in all ages has ever called for the most sublime conceptions. These often find expression in the marvellous architect-

tural creations, which enshrine the object of their adoration, or within which they worship their deity.

But this mental exaltation, this grandeur of conception, which materialises in the construction of some of the most wonderful temples ever raised by human hands, was at once the crowning glory and the destruction of the governing race. The Hindu religion, more than any other, is a religion of rapt contemplation, of esoteric mysticism and metaphysical speculation. As their intellect was refined their physical hardihood was softened, and martial strenuousness cooled under a religion that taught its votaries to look even upon bodily existence as an evil.

While it is true that the Javanese never clung to their religion with that absorbing devotion evinced by the Aryans of India, and while it is equally true that they never entirely abandoned their belief in the primitive Animism of their ancestors, there is little doubt that Buddhism combined with other causes to relax their physical vigour. In the 15th century their hierarchy was swept away by the burning fanaticism and fury of the Moslem, whose creed was to convert or slay the infidel. Their Literature, their Art, their Civilisation and their Religion were demolished as a tidal wave devastates a beautiful city. The Moslem faith, instead of keeping the torch of knowledge burning, as was the case in Baghdad and Cordova during the Dark Ages of Europe, fell like a dead hand on the mental vitality of the people.

The Sultans ruled in un-restrained absolutism; they were at once sensuous and vicious, proud and corrupt, despotic and feeble. Family quarrels, Royal-harem intrigues, and the machinations of worthless favourites, plunged the country into continual strife. The unfortunate peasantry, enfeebled and defenceless, were ground under the heel of remorseless tyranny. Their goods were confiscated and their lives subjected to the caprice of the Sultan or the Pangeran: resistance was hopeless, and they accepted in dumb misery the cruelties of their task-masters, and the exactions of a cloud of harpies, who deprived them of everything beyond a bare subsistence.

Under this brutalising despotism, learning, poetry and art vanished, native institutions decayed, and the Moslem converts were taught to look upon their beautiful temples and classic shrines as infidel abominations, and their statuary as works condemned by the Koran, until sorrowing Nature



Entrance to Chandi Sewa ("Thousand Temples")

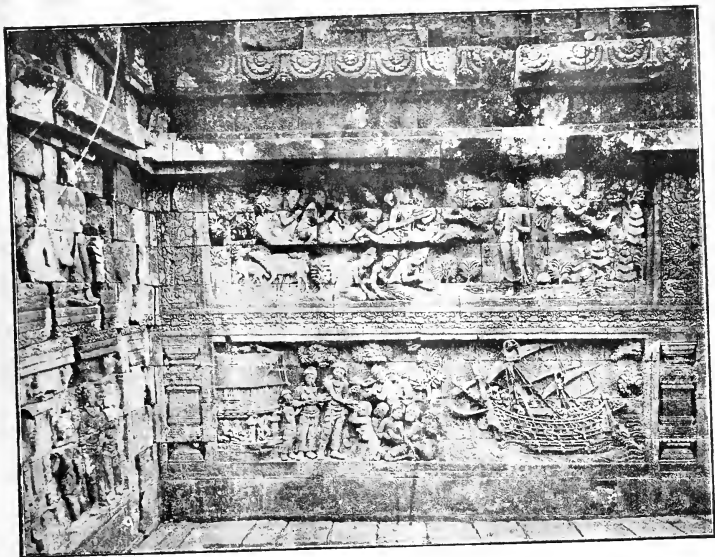
covered them with a mantle of luxuriant vegetation, and softened disdainful neglect by oblivion. Little more than a century of Moslem rule not only destroyed the civilisation of fifteen centuries, but had even obliterated from the minds of the people all recollection of the grandeur of their ancestors. When these national heirlooms were discovered by the Dutch, the ignorant natives, living in their squalid huts of bamboo and thatch, gazed upon the works of their fore-fathers with amazement, believing them to be the productions of Demons or Giants. At the present day, with these mighty temples as models, and surrounded by European and Chinese architecture, their most ambitious attempts at buildings are devoid of any artistic conception or architectural capacity. The visible record of this ancient civilisation is to be found only in heaps of ruins. These chiselled stones are the palimpsest of a Golden Age, dimmed and obliterated by the fanaticism and misgovernment of a century.

It is a fact, at least extraordinary, that, while the temperament of the people of Java is such that they have readily adopted, at different periods, three of the great religions of the Aryan and Semitic races—Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Moslemism—at the will of their conquerors, they have steadily refused,

during nearly three hundred years, to adopt the religion of their European conquerors. The number of Javanese Christians is less than 15,000, in a population of thirty millions.

The temple-building period of the great Aryan religions did not commence until a comparatively late period. In the time of Herodotus (fifth century B.C.) the Persians had no temples, and Tacitus (first century A.D.) tells us that the great Germanic races "would not confine their gods within walls." Buddhist Pillars and Topes were first erected in India in the third century B.C., nearly two centuries after the death of Buddha. Their first object was to commemorate some religious event or to indicate a spot that had become sacred. Subsequently they were employed as a repository for certain relics, or supposed relics, of Buddha. The temple-building period practically came to an end in the 12th century.

The Buddhist temples in Middle Java are, in the opinion of many competent critics, unsurpassed, either in conception or magnificence of design, by anything either in Egypt or India. Sir Stamford Raffles, in his "History of Java," says:—"The interior of Java contains temples that, as works of art, dwarf to nothing our wonder and admiration at



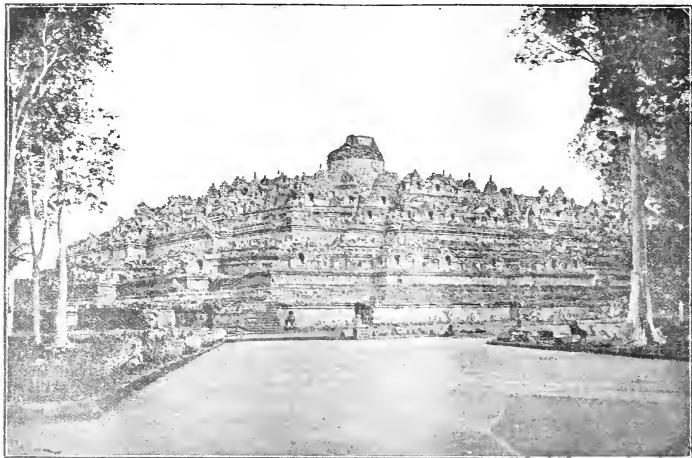
Bas-relief from the Temple of Borobudur.

the Pyramids of Egypt." Captain Baker, who was the first to thoroughly explore the ruins of Chandi Sewa, or the "Thousand Temples," said that he had never in his life seen "such stupendous and finished specimens of human labour and the science and taste of ages long since forgot, crowded together in so small a compass as on this spot." Alfred Russell Wallace, speaking of the temple of Borobudur, says:—"The amount of human labour and skill expended on the great Pyramid of Egypt sinks into insignificance when compared with that required to complete this sculptured hill-temple in the interior of Java." Herr Brumund called Borobudur "the most remarkable and magnificent monument Buddhism has ever erected," and Ferguson, in his "History of Indian and Eastern Architecture," "finds in that edifice the highest development of Buddhist Art, an epitome of all its arts and ritual, and the culmination of the Architectural style which, originating at Barat a thousand years before, had begun to decay in India at the time the colonists

were erecting this masterpiece of the ages in the heart of Java."

The approach to the temple of Borobudur is through the gloom of a stately avenue of lordly canary trees some mile in length. Rounding a slight curve in the avenue, the traveller is spellbound by a vision that is a fitting climax to the magnificent approach. Crowning a low rounded hill, this triumph of man's handiwork remains in deathless defiance of the pitiless Arab who turned the fickle inhabitants to a strange god, and vainly endeavoured to obliterate all trace of their former devotion.

Viewing the silent grandeur of this noble edifice, one realises that the evolution of the human family cannot be illustrated by comparing one generation with another, or even one century with another. Barbarism often triumphs in its guerilla warfare with civilisation, the resistless forward movement of humanity is like a tide that continually advances and recedes, yet in those very processes gradually overcomes the forces that are opposed to it.



The Temple of Boro Budur.

The temple of Boro Budur, built in the seventh century, is a pyramid of terraces, with, apparently, no other pillars, columns or excavations. Its base is 300 feet square, and the dome or cupola 100 feet in height. The six terraces have each thirty-six sides, and along the series of pilgrim paths, between their vast surfaces, are with beautifully carved cornices, which support 250 niche-temples, each containing a Buddha seated on a lotus throne, and many other bell-shaped dagabas. All the walls are covered with figures inside and out, with beautiful architectural sculptures, displaying scenes from the Hindu and Buddhist legends, consummating a pictorial battle in which the gods are killed in a single line, would occupy a distance of three miles. Above the first six terraces are three circular terraces, supporting respectively 12, 12, and 16 open-work dagabas, which are all gilded and gilded, and in size much larger than those which surmount the niches. The top of the temple is 72 in all—is a vast circular platform, containing in all over 500 statues of Buddha. At the apex of the pyramid is a cupola or dagaba. All the terraces, as well as this crowning platform, can be reached by steps ascending from the courtyard, each of the four sides of the temple. The entire is built of gray trachyte (an

igneous rock), exquisitely fitted together without cement of any kind. It is not worthy that in the whole structure there is not a single column or pillar. Truly has it been said, "They wrought like Titans and finished like jewellers."

The great dagaba remained sealed until recently, when it was burst open. It was found to contain some traces of ashes and an unfinished Buddha image. From this it appears the temple was also a mausoleum, and it is extremely improbable that so vast a shrine would have been built for any ashes less sacred than those of Buddha. About 250 B.C. Asoka, one of the most powerful of the Indian kings, abjured Brahmanism, and made Buddhism the religion of the State—doing for Buddhism what Constantine subsequently did for Christianity. According to tradition, he caused the ashes of Buddha to be distributed in seven out of the eight places, where they had been deposited for three centuries, and these were distributed amongst the believers in all Buddhist communities. We are therefore warranted in believing that some of these supposed ashes of Buddha were brought over by devotees to Java, and enshrined in a Tole or Mausoleum worthy of the sacred relics they adored. The name of the

temple is probably derived from Bara Budha, or the "Great Buddha."

The view from the summit is magnificent. The upper portion of the hill is clothed in an exquisitely wrought mantle of stonework, scarred and seamed by twelve centuries of conflict with the elements. Nestling at its feet in loving homage is the rich green foliage of a tropical clime, as if Nature, reversing the usual order, were worshipping this masterpiece of humanity. Beyond, the simple peasant ploughs his paddy field, or plants his indigo, children frolic beneath the giant trees, and smiling fields complete a landscape framed by huge mountains and smoking craters.

There are ruins of more than 150 temples in the region lying between Soedakarta and Djokjakarta, some of which surpass in elaboration of detail and artistic merit even the great temple of Boro Budur. A little to the north of Parambanan is the Chandi Sevu ("Thousand Temples"). The group consists of 240 minor temples built in four quadrilateral lines, around the central temple. Two huge Temple-Guards protect each of the four entrances. They are generally believed to be "Raksy-asas," or demons, although it is contended by some archaeologists of note that they are images of "Kala," the god of Death, keeping guard over the remains of the departed. Each of the minor temples probably contains the ashes of some notable person, constituting a select Necropolis of priests and princes. The principal temple contains a spacious inner room, with small chapels on every side, except the eastern, which provides the entrance. There is hardly any

ornamentation in the inner room, but its western half is occupied by a raised dais, upon which the principal image was probably enthroned. Wilful destruction is nowhere more evident than here; hardly an image remains on the pedestals, fragments of statues and mutilated torsos lie around, reproaching the wanton vandalism of a degenerate race.

Further south, at an elevation of 1000 feet, there is another group of temples on Gunung Ijo. These temples are chiefly interesting from the fact that they seem to be the only purely non-Buddhistic temples in the district.

Buddhism was completely overthrown in India during the eighth and ninth centuries, and it is at least worthy of comment that the two greatest world-religions, Christianity and Buddhism—whose followers comprise nearly one-half of the human race—are not practised in the regions of their birth. The Hindus of the Mainland were doubtless in constant intercourse with their fellow-believers in Java, and it is probable that Hinduism became the prevailing cult in Java about that date. This was probably the religion of the last Hindu dynasty that was ruling when the Arabs commenced their conquest of the island. Their seat of government was at Majapahit, near Soerabaja, and they ruled not only over Java, but had established their hegemony over parts of the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, Borneo, and other islands of the Archipelago. It is probable that during the fourteen centuries of Hindu rule in Java Buddhism superseded Brahmanism in the third or fourth century, and was itself overthrown in the ninth or tenth century, being succeeded by a more or less unorthodox Hinduism.

Essay Competition for Adults and School Pupils.

TEN GUINEAS in Prizes. See Page 316.

On page 316 we publish details of Essay Competition. Our idea is to stimulate still further the growing desire for universal peace. One Competition is for adults, the other is for State school pupils, or Secondary school pupils under the age of 16 years. I most earnestly request the State school and Secondary school teachers to bring this Competition under the notice of their pupils. The cultivation of kindly sentiments between nations is in the air, and no time could be more appropriate than this for the inculcating of ideas as to what the best kind of Empire should seek to accomplish. May I appeal to them to do what they can to induce their pupils to take the matter up?—EDITOR.

MR. J. C. WATSON ON "SOCIALISM."

Mr. J. C. Watson replies as follows through the Australian Press Cuttings Agency to the criticism of Mr. G. H. Reid in the July "Review of Reviews":—

Mr. Reid, under cover of a "definition" of Socialism, has attacked the Labour Party's objective, and implies that the latter is identical with all those schemes which enthusiasts and dreamers have, at intervals throughout human history, conceived and in some few instances put into practice. It may, therefore, be as well for me to add something to the terse definition already forwarded. The Labour Party recognises that among logical thinkers to-day there are only two economic schools—Individualists and Collectivists. The Individualist believes in the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest," allowing the weakest to go to the wall, and objects to any State interference beyond the maintenance of order and the protection of property. The Collectivist (or Socialist) puts in the forefront of his programme the protection of life, asserts the responsibility of Society towards its weaker members, and insists upon State action to any degree necessary to ensure the well-being of the people. Our Factory Acts, Anti-Sweating Laws, Old Age Pensions, State Railways, and Irrigation Works, etc., are all directly Socialistic, and therefore infractions of the Individualistic ideal. It is late in the day to begin to argue whether Socialism, as a principle, is good or bad; all civilised countries have already adopted large instalments of it. The only real question to be considered is the degree to which it is wise to go in the public interest.

In his recent book, "Socialism and Society," Mr. McDonald puts the case clearly:—

"The function of the Socialist theory is to guide. The seaman in his voyage across the seas steers by certain marks, and at certain points alters his course and follows new marks when the old can lead him no further. So with Socialism. Its method is not the architectural and dogmatic one of building straight away from bottom to top, but the organic and experimental one of relieving immediate and pressing difficulties on a certain plan, and in accordance with a certain scheme of organisation."

The Labour Party of Australia will, I think, accept this as a statement of their position. As Canon Scott Holland writes, reviewing Mr. McDonald's book:—

"We stand at a critical moment, when to be without ideas is to be lost. For we have reached the point when social construction is inevitable, is urgent. How are we to organise the production and distribution of wealth? It is impossible without an ideal to work for. Action cannot be taken unless we have some idea of the direction in which to set out, and of the goal we propose to reach. We must, at least, have a provisional hypothesis if we are to do anything at all."

The Labour Party sets up, as its "provisional

hypothesis," that "monopolies should be nationalised and the industrial and economic functions of the State extended," and in its platform puts forward the actual proposals towards giving effect to its theory. Mr. Reid tries to alarm the people by stating that 1000 millions sterling will be required to buy out private interests, but surely we may leave to each generation which decides to nationalise industries the duty of finding their proportion of whatever amount is necessary. In my view, all steps in the direction of nationalising will be gradual, and the community will test each before proceeding to the next. There is no doubt but that we could immediately find the money to buy out the Sugar monopoly or the Coastal Shipping ring and the Tobacco Comline, without seriously embarrassing our finances. As to whether it is wise to take one or all of these steps, the people must judge.

Modern industrialism, particularly in secondary products, is steadily and even rapidly passing into the control of small groups of individuals, who are the "Anti-Socialists" in the broadest sense, and it is for Society to say whether it will submit to the extortion which must inevitably follow dependence by the community on the will of a few irresponsible persons. This condition of things has already been reached in regard to many commodities, and in the absence of State or Collective ownership, is being surely intensified.

Mr. Reid takes a short-sighted view in assuming that people are turning to Socialism because of a desire to enjoy the "sweet security and permanence of a State billet." A much more potent factor is the existence in all civilised countries of grievous misery and degradation, directly traceable to the competitive system of industrial production, and the monopolies which are a natural sequence. Humanitarian feeling on the part of many outside the ranks of wage-earners is responsible for a large share of the strength possessed to-day by the Socialist movement.

Mr. Reid speaks of a "Commonwealth of Co-operatives" as being preferable to a "Co-operative Commonwealth." The distinction seems a purely verbal one. Certainly if co-operation can be extended to cope with the evils that are the outcome of the present industrial system, which arrives at monopoly through competitive methods, no one will be better pleased than the members of the Labour Party. But trusts and monopolies are the antithesis of co-operation. They have already made their appearance in Australia, and are operating against the public interest. The Labour Party say, "Nationalise them and conduct them in the interests of the whole community." As Mr. Reid believes in "killing the tiger while it's young," what does he propose to do?

ARCHBISHOP CLARKE ON GAMBLING.



Lafayette Photo.

[Melbourne.

Archbishop Clarke, Melbourne.

Who has taken such a magnificent stand against Gambling and Drink.

I gladly respond to your request to say something upon the evils of betting and gambling in the pages of your "Review."

I feel it is needless for me to draw any of the sad pictures of the sorrow and suffering which come to countless homes in Australia through this widely-spread habit. The great task before the Church is to convince the conscience of large number of professing Christians of the wrong principles underlying the practice. People in every class of society practise the habit and justify it as adding to the pleasure and excitement of life. They are convinced that in their own cases no possible harm can come to them. To deprive them of the excitement attending betting seems to so many persons a sour and Puritanical view directed against innocent enjoyment. They are quite willing to acknowledge that many people have suffered from the gambling habit, but they never imagine for a moment that they themselves could possibly descend to the depths of covetousness and passion which mark the last stage in the

gambler's life. They are as ready as anyone to condemn the vile surroundings of the racecourse and the repulsive lives of many who live by betting, but their justification always is that they themselves could not possibly become such degraded characters. On the other hand, there is the constant defence of the spirit of gambling and chance which it is contended enters in all speculations and business transactions. Now is it possible for the Church to present her case against gambling in such a form as shall appeal to all that is honest and true in human hearts, and to exhibit the fallacy of these arguments by which the practice is justified in a thoughtless and light-hearted compliance with custom?

In the first place, surely it is evident to all that the Church's voice will command no respect unless in her own organisations and work she banishes altogether every portion of the spirit of gambling. The end does not justify the means, and no matter how good the object may be, whether to build churches and schools, or to maintain charitable and religious work, when the means whereby these objects are attained is wrong, the Church is simply abandoning her own position and adopting the ways of the world. The Church of England in Victoria has therefore said unmistakably that no more raffles or lotteries can be sanctioned in bazaars or sales of work. We have done for ever, I hope, with the old plausible words: "It is all for a good cause," and even if we suffer for a while from taking this firm stand, I am convinced that before very long our people will see the justice of it, and we shall be able to raise the standard of giving and to place it upon its proper Christian basis. The art unions, so called, to justify themselves in the eyes of the law, have been nothing but gigantic gambling speculations, and no matter how successful they have been, they can bring no credit to any portion of the Church which adopts them. Better far that our churches should be humble houses of God than costly edifices erected by the wages of iniquity. This, then, is the position of the Church of England in Victoria henceforth.

We are further trying, as far as possible, without wholly condemning honest bazaars and sales of work to teach our people that the best method of giving to God's service is to do so directly, and to ask for no excitement or pleasure in return for the gifts they dedicate as an offering to God.

On the general subject of gambling, there is only one position which can be safely maintained—namely, that gambling is wrong, because it is based upon wrong motives—first, covetousness, and, secondly, laziness. It is a deliberate attempt to get money which we have not earned, for which we give no service in return, and therefore to which we have no right. Honesty must lie at the root of all just trans-

actions between man and man, and the eighth commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," is wisely interpreted in our Church catechism to mean, "To be true and just in all my dealings." It is an honest thing to seek to acquire money, for the love of money, and not money itself, is said to be the root of all evil. We must acquire it honestly, and use it honestly with a sense of stewardship in everything we possess, whether it be great or small.

Starting from these principles we declare betting and gambling to be in themselves unjust. It is possible to argue that the legislation of betting so as to regulate it by machinery would do away with some of the evils at present attending the system. Whilst allowing this the Church's answer is, What is morally wrong, cannot be politically expedient or right. No State can ultimately succeed which bases its legislation upon principles confessedly wrong. Our greatest difficulty lies with those persons who indulge in thoughtless betting, and who justify it by saying, I never risk more than I can afford to pay. Another large class of persons say quite honestly, "What would be the use of going to the races if I could not bet?" In answer to both of these contentions, I reply in the words of an old writer, "He that means to make his games lawful, must not play for money but for refreshment," and again, "If a man be willing or indifferent to lose his own money, and not at all desirous to get another's, to what purpose is it that he plays for it; if he be not indifferent, then he is covetous, or he is a fool: he covets that which is not his own, or unreasonably ventures that which is. If, without the money he cannot mind his game, then the game is no recreation, but the money is all the sport, and therefore covetousness is all the design." Rid all games in private life, and all sports and races in public of money, and make them trial of skill, and then we can all share in them. Some element of chance may still be present, but it will lead to no harm. In a pure game of billiards there is no chance present, and skill, whether conscious or unconscious, governs every stroke. In a game of whist the shuffling of the cards determines their distribution by chance, but when the play begins skill determines the result of the game. The game of bridge has

largely displaced that of whist, simply because it lends itself more easily to gambling, and this in spite of the contention that it affords more scope for the exercise of skill.

I should like to make an appeal to public authorities in Australia to take in hand the organisation of the public holidays. There is about these days a contagious enthusiasm which is altogether wholesome and good. The wheels of duty and labour are stopped for a few brief hours, and the whole community of every class is seized with the joyous spirit of relaxation and amusement. Many persons have their own ways of spending such a holiday which are innocent and refreshing, but multitudes ask the question, "What has been publicly provided for their pleasure?" Why should the racecourse be almost the only place provided for so many people on a public holiday? My appeal, then, to the public authorities is this: Organise for every public holiday old English sports—jumping, and a score of other games which would afford interest and pleasure for thousands of people. Rigidly exclude any form of betting and offer prizes to be won by skill. In this way in the great halls of cities, and on cricket grounds a day of innocent and wholesome games would bring refreshment to tens of thousands of people. I have been told by many persons that they would be willing to give their services in organising such gatherings. Hitherto the holiday-maker in Australia has turned instinctively to the racecourse, because it offers him the excitement of a pleasurable holiday, and he has joined in the common betting because most people do the same. My suggestions, therefore, are twofold. First, that the Church should faithfully adhere to her declaration that gambling is dishonest in principle, that she should teach this in her schools and from her pulpits, that to enforce it she should bind everyone by a pledge to abstain from betting and gambling; and, secondly, that she should join with public bodies and public-spirited men to organise innocent, healthy and amusing games and sports for public holidays, and join in teaching the whole community how it is possible to be both merry and wise.



The Victorian Government Licensing Bill.

BY JOHN VALE.

The Government Licensing Bill, which had been long and anxiously looked for, and frequently foreshadowed, has at last made its appearance in reality, and has been received by reformers with mingled feelings, in which emotions of gladness predominate. There is joy at many of the regulating provisions which it contains, even in the hearts of those who know that, after all, seeking to regulate the liquor traffic is as hopeless as the task of Sisyphus. There is greater joy at the prospect of power in the hands of the people to end the traffic which none can satisfactorily mend. But sorrow enters the heart at the prospect of the long, weary waiting proposed before this righteous power may begin to operate. In spite of natural disappointment, the attitude of the Temperance party towards the Bill has been most conciliatory. The unanimous resolution of the Alliance Conference, gratefully recognising "the honest and statesmanlike effort that the Government has made to deal with one of the most difficult social problems of the time," must have been as soothing oil to the Premier while he was smarting from the many wounds which the Worrall incident had left upon him. The charge frequently levelled against Temperance reformers that they demand "all or nothing" never had any basis of fact; but it will be a bold critic who invents it again in Victoria after the party's magnanimity towards the Premier and his Licensing Bill.

It is easy to point out

FAULTS OF OMISSION

in the measure. It leaves undone many things which ought to be done. There is no reduction proposed in the inordinately long hours during which liquor sellers are permitted to ply their mischievous calling. The boon of shorter hours should be forced upon publican and wine sellers both for their own good and for the benefit of the community. If these people do not want a rest themselves, they should in any case be compelled to give the public a rest from their labours. Another omission is the decree of divorce between the beer barrel and the ballot box which would be pronounced by closing bars on election days. Whom the devil of corruption hath joined it were good to "put asunder." The proposal of the Bill to merely prohibit the future engagement of barmaids under twenty-one, except the wives and daughters of licensees, seems like playing with a grave problem. The nice things said concerning the young women who follow the

occupation of decoys for publican and brewer may be true of many. And those who keep their characters unsullied amid the environments of the bar are worthy of all the praise which we can give them. Probably most of these would be found to be in sympathy with reform. An ex-barmaid, now married, wrote in the Ballarat *Evening Echo*:—"I have two little girls, and I would sooner see them lying in their coffins than earning their living as I did." The extreme descent in the barmaid's career was depicted in the sworn evidence of Charles Hill, the Melbourne police court missionary, before the Shops Commission of 1884:—"As soon as a girl gets rather faded in one house she goes to a house of a lower grade, and down and down until no publican will have her." He then traced the final stages through the dens of iniquity, thence to the Chinese quarters, then to the hospital, and then—to the grave. There is no suggestion that this is the usual career, but Parliament should endeavour to make it an impossible one by erecting a barrier at the first stage. The Alliance Conference resolved to seek to amend the Bill by preventing the employment of barmaids in the future, excepting those at present engaged in the dangerous avocation. The limit of compromise should not be extended further.

Before dealing with the good points of the Bill, I will point out some things proposed which

ought not to be done.

The roadside license in mountainous districts is an excrescence on the present law. It may be granted by licensing courts at their discretion, and is often granted in indiscretion. In practice "mountainous" means hilly country, and sometimes even country in the vicinity of hills. It is proposed to reduce the interval between these, and other publicans' licenses, from ten to five miles, and to make them available, at ten-mile intervals, in country which is not "rising." The Railway Commissioners have secured the insertion of a provision to enable them to run bars on dining cars. The Alliance Conference wisely determined to oppose both these dangerous innovations. Reformers are willing to advance a step-at-a-time, but not to go backward.

I now come to the more pleasing part of my subject—the good points of the Bill. The First Division provides

A CLUB FOR BOGUS CLUBS.

and the truncheon of authority for clubs which are

called *bona fide*. At present the man who cannot, under the provisions of the law, secure a publican's license, may induce his possible customers to enrol themselves as members of a club, and to appoint him as manager. A nominal subscription is paid by the alleged members, which may be refunded, or taken out in drink, when the certificate that the club is *bona fide* has been secured. A little false swearing may be necessary; but the average club promoter and his allies do not stick at a trifle like that. In reply to my question to a club-owner as to how he had managed to deceive the court the answer came, without hesitation, "Of course we have to commit perjury." That is a mere incident in the business. Witnesses may display invincible ignorance. When Wren's Bourke-street club was started, an attempt was made to get a certificate to authorise the sale of liquor, which the Victorian Alliance successfully opposed. The witnesses for the club stoutly swore that Wren had nothing to do with it—so far as they knew. Some were sure that he was not in it. What they did not know was remarkable! Once the certificate is granted the club may locally be known as So-and-so's club. The alleged manager is really the owner of a liquor business, which may be run all day, all night, and seven days in the week, without any kind of restriction or supervision. I have seen the club owner's name painted on the iron roof of his premises, in letters which could be read half-a-mile away. "Clubs" have been sold by one "manager" to another. The only men who seem to be deceived are the magistrates; and perhaps they are not so simple as they appear to be. In a series of twenty-two carefully-drawn sections, taken from the Acts of New South Wales and New Zealand, the Bill seeks to bring all clubs under supervision; to impose an annual fee for the privilege of selling liquor; to enable opposition to be raised to the granting of certificates of registration; and to secure the suppression of the clubs which are not *bona fide*. Strong opposition to these proposals from the bogus clubs is inevitable; and these will have as their allies the institutions which cherish the reputation of superior respectability. But, surely, only those whose deeds are evil need "fear the light." If the high-toned institutions push their objection to supervision very far the suspicion may be engendered that in the privacy of the "home"—which they claim the club to be—practices are permitted which are not home-like.

The Bill contains many valuable regulating provisions for the liquor traffic, by which it is sought to provide

LAWS FOR THE LAWFLESS.

The scandal of selling liquor to boys who claim to be over sixteen, but who "look younger," and to girls in short dresses, and with their hair down, is at least to be lessened, by raising the age at which

young persons may be served for their own consumption on the premises to eighteen. In the case of girls, at least, public sentiment would support the raising of the age to twenty-one. Certain amendments are proposed to deal with Sunday trading, and with selling liquor during prohibited hours, including that which is proving effective in New South Wales, which makes the guilty buyer amenable to punishment as well as the guilty seller. The chief reason why many publicans break the law is that certain of their unscrupulous customers say, in effect, "If you won't serve me on Sunday you shan't serve me on week days." Let the tempter, as well as the tempted, share the risk. The operation of the New South Wales law has been most encouraging. In the Legislative Council of the mother State, on August 1st, Mr. Brunker, M.L.C., in reply to a question by Mr. Flowers, M.L.C., said that in the metropolitan district, the number of convictions for drunkenness, with disorderly conduct, between 8 a.m. Sunday and 8 a.m. Monday, fell from 601 in the first six months of 1905 to 139 in the corresponding period of this year, a decrease of nearly 77 per cent. In view of countless facts such as this, how stupid appears the saying that "men cannot be made sober by Act of Parliament." There is no more silly falsehood, paraded by superior people, and stalking under the guise of a truism, than this. Authority to demand entrance to licensed premises is extended to every member of the police force who is not below the rank of senior-constable, or who is in charge of a district. By this latter provision is meant a constable in charge of a station, and it would be better to say so. Every bar is to be so constructed that in the hours during which the sale of liquor is prohibited the inside of the bar shall be visible from the outside. This brief summary by no means exhausts the good things under this heading. Those who have had experience of the difficulties in the way of making the present law "a terror to evil-doers" will welcome the changes proposed.

But the crucial part of the Bill from the reformers' standpoint is that which contains

THE LOCAL OPTION POWERS.

The present Local Option provisions as to polls to authorise increases up to, and decreases down to, the statutory number are continued; and compensation is to be continued at a gradually diminishing rate up to the end of 1916. It is proposed, by the imposition of increased license fees, to raise from the liquor trade sufficient money to enable 700 public-houses to be deprived of their licenses during this period. Then on January 1st, 1917, the new Local Option powers will come into force. At the first general election following this date, which might be at any time within three years, the electors will be called upon to vote upon three resolutions—

namely, A, Continuance; B, Reduction; and C, No-License. The following is the

FORM OF BALLOT PAPER.

Licensing Act, 1906.

LOCAL OPTION VOTE.

I vote that the number of licenses existing in this electoral district continue.

I vote that the number of licenses existing in this electoral district be reduced.

I vote that no licenses be granted in this electoral district.

Indicate your vote by making a cross in the square opposite the resolution for which you vote.

The roll used will be the Legislative Assembly roll. The district will be a Legislative Assembly electorate. Each elector will be able to vote for one resolution only, but votes for No-License if that be not carried will be added to the votes for Reduction. A simple majority will carry either Continuance or Reduction, but a three-fifths majority of the votes recorded will be needed to carry No-license, and a vote of at least 30 per cent. of the electors on the roll. If No-license be carried in a district, at the following election Resolution D, meaning Restoration, would be submitted, and to carry that would require the three-fifths majority, and the 30 per cent. vote. In the event of either Reduction or No-License being carried licenses would be divided into classes, according to convictions recorded against their holders. Those on the blackest list would then have a lease of life of from six to twelve months; those next in order of demerit would have from a year's to two years' grace, and the balance would have a period of three years allowed. In giving effect to a determination for Reduction, the licensing court could reduce licenses by one fourth; but would only be obliged to cancel two licenses if the existing number is less than twenty-four; three if the existing number is less than thirty-six, and four if the existing number is thirty-six or more. The adoption of No-license would mean that three years after the date of the vote all licenses of every description, including club certificates, would cease to be in force; and the only legal sale of liquor would be for medicinal use, by a registered pharmaceutical chemist, on the prescription of a legally qualified medical man, and sold in a vessel bearing the words "intoxicating liquor."

Now the bare fact that a Victorian Government has introduced legislation to repeal compensation, and to give to the people Local Option in an absolutely complete form, has set many hearts vibrating with joy, and brightened countless faces with the light of hope. I cheerfully render "honour to whom honour is due," and when I criticise I am not in a carning

mood. But to the average, fair-minded man, whether he be an ardent reformer or not, it must appear that

THE HANDICAPS ARE TOO HEAVY.

I cheerfully recognise the fact that when Parliament is making conditions for a conflict for supremacy between the forces which make for righteousness, and the powers of evil, the cause of Right must be handicapped. It were too much to expect "a fair field and no favour" in such a case. But the weights should not be so heavy as to be crushing. The proposal to keep us waiting eleven, twelve or even thirteen years for the first Local Option poll is calculated to beat down enthusiasm. Still more crushing in the hour of conflict would be the condition that if licenses be condemned by the popular vote most of them would have another three years of grace. The Alliance Conference, in its commendable desire to be reasonable, decided, by a majority vote, to submit to the condition which requires the advocates of No-license to secure fifty per cent. more votes than those given for Continuance and Reduction together. This decision was probably arrived at under a wrong impression of the New Zealand view of this obstacle to progress. The majority of our New Zealand comrades resent it, as we shall in the years to come, and, in my opinion, it would be better to let it be said that we protested from the beginning. Our cautious friends point out the danger of re-action from the determination of a bare majority, but re-action does not follow the honest enforcement of No-license. If the law be well enforced by the authorities the tendency is to secure for it an ever-increasing support from the electors. The world's greatest contrast between License and No-license was recently afforded by San Francisco, and there No-license was enforced by no majority, but by the will of one man.

This naturally leads to a final word on

THE SUCCESS OF NO-LICENSE.

Statements were made by the Premier, in his several deliverances upon the measure, which if they were true would condemn his own proposals, for if the effect of the abolition of licenses be to increase drinking and drunkenness, no Government would be justified in conferring power upon the people to call into existence greater evils than those which they now endure. But, as it so often happens, the facts are just the opposite of what Mr. Bent says. Take the case of Mildura. I had the honour of suggesting to the founders that Mildura should be run as a Temperance settlement, and they at once adopted the proposal. But the legal provisions to make it such were opposed by the leaders of our party in Parliament, on the ground that they would not be effective; and were carried by the Government of the day, which thought it knew better than the reformers. But in the early days of Mildura, before the liquor traffic took advantage of the defects of the law, the settlement really was a Temperance

one. With what results? The special Commissioners of both "Age" and "Argus" gave glowing descriptions of the place where labouring men were investing their earnings in land, instead of squandering them in liquor, and, with a population of 2400, there was not, in all this period, a solitary case of drunkness in the courts. No-license has made

Clutha, in New Zealand, a bright example of sobriety. Drunkenness and crime have practically disappeared from within its boundaries. Local Option Norway is the most sober country in Europe, and Local Option has helped to make Canada the most sober country in the Empire.

THE LEAGUE OF PATRIOTS.

From all over Australasia come letters from readers who are anxious to help on the cause of Social Reform. These letters are inspiring. But I want more yet, one in every centre in Australasia. From cities and towns and remote country districts, and the heart of the bush, has come the reply, "I am willing to help." Will you also join our "League of Patriots?" This is the name by which those who in their own centres are going to work together for the common good will be called. If you will help on the common cause reader, please send for a copy of "How to Help" to W. H. Judkins, Editor "Review of Reviews," Equitable Building, Melbourne.

In the article on Law and Order in last issue a printer's error occurred. The following line of type was omitted after the word "lax," in seventeenth line, on page 103, "that the law was sufficient to close the note," and the word "not," in line 22 should have been eliminated.



ON ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP.

BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

Earl Grey more than any British statesman—since the death of Cecil Rhodes—is the living embodiment of the political aims and ideals of "The Review of Reviews." Like Mr. Rhodes, he has occasionally diverged from the orbit of sane and sober and Liberal Imperialism, but no one has ever grasped so firmly and expressed so eloquently the great ideas to promote which throughout the world was one of the fundamental objects of this magazine. When, therefore, Mr. Stead received from Earl Grey the full text of the splendid discourse which he addressed to the Pilgrims of the United States at a banquet given in his honour at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, he felt it a duty and a privilege to place so noteworthy an expression of the true faith before "Review of Reviews" readers. It is most opportune, seeing that its publication follows the article in the July "Review" expounding the principles of the active peace policy of the British Government, because the state of feeling which Lord Grey has so eloquently defined as already happily existing between the United States and the British Empire resembles the sentiment which it is the aim and object of his kinsman, Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary, to establish between the British Empire and all its neighbours in the European Continent.

EARL GREY ON THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING RACE.



Earl Grey.

Photographed for "The Review of Reviews" by E. H. Mills.

On March 31st the Pilgrims of the United States—a famous historical American association, whose representatives were to visit London on May 29th—gave a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, in honour of Earl Grey, Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. There were about four hundred seated at tables decorated with vases of American beauty, roses and standards of American, British and Canadian flags. Individual standards were at each plate. Behind the guests' table were huge American and English flags, gracefully draped to hide almost the entire end of the room. The ices were in the form of Uncle Sam, John Bull, and other figures emblematic of the two countries. The waiters in procession carried them round the room while the diners cheered.

One of the most interesting features of the dinner was the announcement that a portrait of Benjamin Franklin, removed by the British when they evacuated Philadelphia in 1777, was being returned to the United States. For one hundred and thirty years it had hung on the walls of Earl Grey's home, where it was placed by his great-grandfather, who was in command of the British forces in Philadelphia.

Mr. Jesup, the vice-president, said the Pilgrims had never had such a distinguished gathering. Mr. R. C. Ogden led three cheers for the President and the King.

MR. CHOATE'S TOAST.

Mr. Choate proposed a toast to Lord Grey, in the course of which he said:—

We welcome you on public grounds, because you are a fitting representative of our august sovereign, the King of England, who since his youth has been a steadfast friend of this country. Then, you come before us as the representative of a great nation, our nearest neighbour. I believe all the questions between us and Canada should be settled as soon as possible. She is our rival, and her prosperity is advancing as fast as our own. We do not as neighbour here to reckon with such as we never thought. She is likely to become a successful competitor. If she goes on as she has in the last five years, she will be able to feed the mother country without any help from us. For the sake of securing peace and harmony for the future, all our questions should be settled, for we can never tell how soon a question of seeming trifling importance will become a grave problem. I do not know as we can ever settle the question of fisheries so long as fish swim, but we can surely settle the other questions.

EARL GREY'S SPEECH.

Lord Grey began his speech as follows:—

I am aware that this magnificent banquet is the eloquent expression of your desire to emphasise, and, if possible, promote the good relations already existing between the United Kingdom, the self-governing nations of the British Empire and the United States. That same desire also possesses and completely fills my heart.

I thank Mr. Choate and you for the generous welcome with which you have received me, but I recognise that the distinguished compliment you have paid me is not a compliment to me personally, but a compliment which, out of the fulness of the heart, you are glad to pay Canada, your nearest neighbour, and the most powerful of the self-governing nations which bring strength to the British Crown—and I also recognise that the banquet is also in some degree an expression of the felicitous you entertain toward his Majesty, King Edward, whose representative I have the honour to be for a term in Canada, and who is loved and revered and honoured here on this side of the Atlantic, because he is known as Queen Victoria was known before him as the true and constant friend of America, deeply interested in your well-being and prosperity. It was impossible to witness the enthusiasm which honoured the toasts to your President and my King without being affected.

It has been my great good fortune to make the personal acquaintance of the President, and I can assure you that the magnificent traits of character he is constantly displaying are as greatly admired and appreciated throughout the British Empire as they are by you at home.

After indulging in some reminiscences concerning American diplomatists whom he had known, and recalling the memory of Sam Ward, who first gave him "a ticket for the American pantomime," he referred as follows to the Franklin portrait, and explained why he restored it:—

THE FRANKLIN PORTRAIT.

Mr. Choate has referred, in a manner that I much appreciate, to my restoration to you of the picture which for 130 years has been the most honoured and most in-

interesting possession in my English home. Why do I re-store the picture? Because I love the American people, because my sense of equity tells me that there are higher laws than the law of possession, and because I believe that neither England nor America can fulfil its high mission to itself or to the world unless we approach the consideration of every problem affecting our relation to each other, not from the narrow, selfish and provincial standpoint of what America, and England can each of them do for themselves alone, but from the higher standpoint of what we all can do for England, America and the world.

THE DESTINY OF CANADA.

Lord Grey continued as follows:—

Coming as I do from Canada, whose lovely sparkling winter makes her in more senses than one the brightest jewel in the British crown, may I tell you what I know you will be glad to hear? We have safely embarked our national ship on the ocean of enormous developments, and in order to enable us to realise as quickly as possible the magnificent destiny that awaits us we hope you will allow us to continue to draw largely on your friendly and powerful assistance.

Mr. Choate chafed us the other day at Ottawa, with that kindly humour which is so pre-eminently excels, for the modesty which has caused every Canadian, from the Prime Minister to the youngest enfranchised citizen of the Dominion, to believe that if the nineteenth century belonged to the United States, the twentieth century belongs to Canada. Yes, gentlemen, this is the stimulating faith of the people whom I represent. Any idea of the possible annexation of Canada by the United States is scouted by us as an impossibility as great as you would regard the annihilation of the United States by Canada.

Canada, animated and inspired by an abounding and all-pervading national sentiment, which you gentlemen will respect, because it is a characteristic of yourselves, not only believes in her magnificent destiny, but has also the audacity to believe that she has had some considerable part in the making of the United States.

HER CONTRIBUTION TO THE UNITED STATES.

Gentlemen, if we have this belief, it is not wholly our own fault. Our proximity to you is one of the advantages of our position. Your experts and pundits can descend with ease from your seats of learning and teach the result of their researches to the listening ears of reverent and attentive Canada. Recently a distinguished party of your geological experts came to Ottawa, and these American historians who study only original records told us that the iron ore which has so largely contributed to your industrial prosperity, the diamonds which are being found in various parts of the United States, and the soil which has given fertility to the states of New England and to the valley of the Mississippi all came from Canada. The wealth which Canada has been slowly but surely accumulating for millions of years in our Laurentian Mountains was transported on the stately chariot of a glacial drift from out of the bountiful lap of our rich Dominion and generously given by Canada to the people of the United States.

CANADIANS IN THE UNITED STATES.

And not only has Canada given you her land and iron ore, she has lent you the even greater assistance of a strong and strenuous people by whose labour and energies these great assets have been turned to profitable account.

Your last census shows that 2,227,000 of Canadian born and of Canadian descent have found happiness and a home in your great Republic. Gentlemen, if a valuator were to assess the value of the land and of the iron ore and of the 2,200,000 Canadian men and women given you by Canada, the amount would reach a figure startling even to this great city, accustomed though it be to the consideration of colossal and swelling estimates.

But these are not the only evidences of assistance which it has been the proud privilege of our industrious Canadian labour to render to your great American eagle.

HER PIONEERS.

It was the French-Canadian whose pioneer enterprise and spirited imagination discovered for you the kingdom it is your privilege to occupy. The French-Canadians were the founders of Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg, New Orleans, Detroit, St. Paul, Milwaukee. They opened the door of your treasure-house, they showed the way to your happiness and your present wealth and greatness. Let me quote you one more instance to show that, although Canada and the United States are ruled by different constitutions, the heart which proceeds from the one great Anglo-Saxon beat which is common to us both makes itself felt in all our veins.

HOW CANADIANS FOUGHT FOR THE UNION.

At a time when the Dominion of Canada boasted but half her present population, before the political and railway foundation of her future greatness had been laid, so great was the love felt in Canada for the attainment of the North that forty thousand young Canadians left their homes and their work and marched to your assistance in order that they might help you in your hour of struggle to achieve your national unity.

It is a reflection which will never fail for all time to stir the heart of Canada, and, I hope, your hearts as well, that at a time when the population of Canada was thin and scanty, she furnished for the cause of liberty and Anglo-Saxon unity many great men, many more than that of the British troops who, under Wellington's command, won the battle for liberty on the fields of Waterloo.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE ON CANADA.

The facts to which I have referred are sufficient to explain the undying and heartfelt interest which is felt in Canada in everything that conduces to the higher life of the United States, and if Canada can proudly claim that she has been privileged to lend a hand to the building up of the United States, she is also conscious that there is not a man on which she does not feel the influence of the example, guidance and inspiration of the United States.

During the few months I have been Governor-General of Canada repeated visits from eminent Americans have brought distinction to Ottawa and much valued help to our people.

Your geologists are not the only branch of American administration and research which came to Ottawa during last winter to help the young efforts of our growing country.

The chief figure of charm and of interest at our recent forestry Convention in Ottawa was Gifford Pinchot, who came from Washington with kind and friendly messages from the President to assist us in our discussion, and most grateful we were to him for the sympathy and interest he expressed in our proceedings, and for the guidance he was able to draw from his experience, and for the friendly encouragement he gave us in our work.

And not the least, but no less, on the other day the generous, courtly and appreciative Mr. Choate, who did not conceal that he felt it an honour, as well as a pleasure, to take off his hat to our lovely Lady of the Snows.

And now, gentlemen, may I say, the more we see of Americans the better we shall be pleased:

"ALL WE WANT."

All we want is to know each other better than we do, and to help each other as much as we can. If Canada can, at any time help the United States in any direction which will improve the conditions of our people, she will consider it a blessed privilege to be allowed to render that assistance, and I feel sure that the people of the United States will also be only too glad to assist us in our struggle toward the realisation of higher ideals, and toward the attainment of a national character distinguished by the fulness with which the principles of fair play, freedom and duty shall be applied by the people of Canada to the various occupations of their lives.

Just as Canada is proud to think that 2,200,000 of her stock is bringing vigour and strength to your Republic, so I feel sure you will be pleased that an ever-increasing flow of your people into the Dominion will, by the addition of the character, experience and energy which they will bring to your country, contribute to its greatness. They are Americans that come to Canada, the better pleased we shall be. We are not afraid that they will make less good and loyal Canadian citizens than they have been good and loyal American citizens.

HOW CANADA ENTERONES LIBERTY.

The throne which Canada has built for the Goddess of Liberty is not less comfortable than that which the character of your people and your political constitution have built for her in the States. The people, through their representatives, can change their Ministers any day they please during their Parliamentary session. The will of the people is supreme. Gentlemen, it is because we in Canada are daily and hourly influenced by your example and by your life; it is because we, like you, are the children of freedom, that we, like you, are so tenacious of our liberties and rights. Given on both sides of our boundary a continuation of the present unreserved and ungrudging respect for each other's just and legitimate rights, a hearty and chivalrous desire to promote each other's interests, and to meet each other's requests in the fullest degree consistent with the maintenance of our self-respect, and we shall continue to advance hand in hand and shoulder to shoulder along the path of common development toward the attainment of a common ideal. To those of us who believe that in the coming solidarity and unification

of the Anglo-Saxon race lie the future peace and hope of the world the signs of the times are most encouraging.

JOINT TRUSTEES FOR CIVILISATION.

The forces of the world are slowly but steadily drifting in this direction. Let it be our privilege in our generation to do nothing to prevent the flow of these currents, which if uninterrupted will one day course together in the mingled waters of one mighty and irresistible river.

The peoples of the United Kingdom, of the self-governing nations of the British Empire and of the United States are joint trustees for the protection and expansion of that Anglo-Saxon civilisation which carries in its development the hope of future peace and the realisation of the highest ideals attainable on earth. Every year our joint responsibility to mankind and to future ages for the way in which we now administer our sacred trust grows in fulness and importance.

There are several questions outstanding between the Dominion of Canada and the United States which have been left open too long and which call for settlement. Both Governments desire to take advantage of the opportunity which the present feeling of amity between the two countries affords, and I am persuaded that the hearts of the two peoples on both sides of the frontier will be glad when their respective Governments have given effect to their desires.

THE UNITY OF THE RACE.

Gentlemen, when I look around this magnificent assembly, and remember that of the one thousand years of Britain's pride, nine hundred, or nine-tenths, are yours as much as mine, then I realise that no force, however powerful, can ever deprive us of that feeling of kinship which comes from our joint possession of this great inheritance.

You and I and my fellow-Canadian guests all come from the same splendid old mother stock. We speak the same language, we are passing toward a single goal, we are united in hope, in aspiration and in faith, and if we are co-sharers in nine-tenths of the past, may we not hope that we may be co-partners in the whole of the long future that is looming up on our horizon?

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKERS' MISSION.

It is the proud mission of the Anglo-Saxon race to maintain and advance the cause of civilisation throughout the world. England thankfully recognises your desire to cooperate with her in this beneficial work, and the knowledge that the Stars and Stripes and the flag of England stand in the gateways of the world, as on these walls, their varying colours draped together, fold within fold, as the joint emblems of freedom, righteousness and duty, and if I may quote the language of one of the most eloquent speakers that ever used our mother tongue, "forming in heaven's light one arch of peace," may make us all proud, first, that we have a big duty to perform to the world, and, secondly, that, so long as we are true to each other and to ourselves, we shall have the strength, as well as the will, to accomplish the noble purposes of our joint and splendid destiny.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE'S RESPONSE.

Mr. Secretary Root, who proposed the toast of "The International Comity," referred gracefully to the return of the Franklin portrait. He said it had

no doubt exercised a potent but subtle influence upon Lord Grey as it looked down upon him in his boyhood from his ancestral halls. He then proceeded as follows:—

Our country is opposed to treaties with other countries, but the sincere desire to accomplish a purpose is as effective as if the seal were on a contract. The progress, the glory of England is that every step is a gain to every man who speaks the English tongue. I am glad to welcome Earl Grey for the people over whom he is Governor in Canada. I can do it for a genuine likeness for its people.

I think the American people should recognise that a great change has taken place on the other side of the border. It has changed the proposed, or assumed, relations of the two peoples. In 1812 the British Governor of Ontario wrote that the majority of his people were more in favour of the United States than England.

Canada is no longer the outlying country in which a fringe of royalists live. It has become a great people, increasing in population, in wealth. The stirring of a national sentiment is felt. We can see that, while they are still loyal to the British Empire, they are growing up and are a personality in themselves. In their relation to us they have become a sister nation. They are no longer the little remnant on our borders, they are a sister nation. We are not jealous. We bid them God-speed in doing this part for civilisation.

The newspapers have said that at this dinner it would be said all existing relations between the United States and Canada had been settled. I wish it were so.

This can be said. We are going to try to settle them. With a sincere and earnest purpose we believe we shall settle them. The race of seals is rapidly disappearing. We are going to try to stop the frightful waste involved in their destruction. The fish in the Great Lakes are being destroyed because we have not had the international regulations we hope soon to get.

The North-eastern fisheries question has still been talked of. We shall try to settle them again. We are going to try to get rid of all boundary questions. The Alaska boundary could have been settled any time for a number of years. But Congress was not willing to make an appropriation for surveying. The result was a serious controversy, which, I fear, has left some hard feeling, which, I hope, will disappear soon.

Eighty-nine years ago we agreed to a disarmament along the Great Lakes. Great cities have grown up there, as safe as if in the centre of these two countries. This condition will not continue, except by the doing of the things necessary to peace. Not governments, but peoples, God-day preserve peace, do justice. Governments can register the decrees of democracy. The people of each country that borders on another have the keeping of peace in their mind. Nations have souls and duties as well as rights. The people who are grasping and arrogant meet the same fate as people of like tendencies in a community. A regard not merely with the President at Washington and the Governor-general in Canada for feelings and rights is necessary, but also a regard among the people of this country and Canada. We must be just, considerate, not grasping or arrogant. If the people of the United States and of Canada will act this way, never will the Canadian frontier bristle with guns and our proud boasts of liberty and justice be set at naught. Never will we have to blush for our high ideals.



CHARACTER SKETCH.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

A race of nobles may die out,
A royal line may leave no heir,
Wise Nature sets no guards about
Her pewter plate and wooden ware

But they fall not, the kinglyer breed
Who starry diadems attain;
To dungeon, axe, and stake succeed
Heirs of the old heroic strain.

The zeal of Nature never cools,
Nor is she thwarted of her ends;
When gapped and dulled her cheaper tools,
Then she a saint and prophet sends.

—LOWELL.

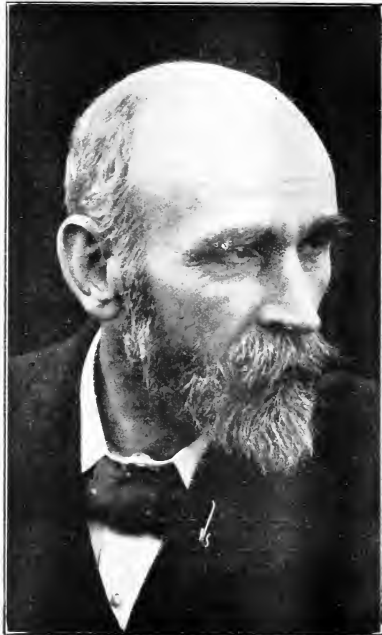
When the Irish were evicted, fifty or sixty years ago, from their miserable cabins on the Mayo hill-side, the evictors, not content with levelling the homestead to the ground, must needs set fire to the wreck. And as the flame leapt up from one of the smouldering cottages in 1852 it entered into the soul of a boy of seven, who had been born there, and who stood affrighted by the side of his parents watching the fire. That Flame, becoming incarnate in him, dwelt among men for sixty years and came to be known as Michael Davitt, the Father of the Land League.

The boy fled from the scene of desolation, and with his parents crossed the narrow sea to Lancashire. The great, stony-hearted step-mother impassively received them, like thousands of others, and bade them work or beg or starve. Work was scarce in those years of dearth, and the boy's earliest recollection of his life in England was that of seeing his mother, whom he loved and worshipped as something divine among mortals, begging with tears for a crust or a copper in the streets of Manchester to keep the family from dying

of hunger. And upon the brow of the child in whose heart dwelt the undying Flame, the tears of a starving outcast mother fell as the waters of Baptism, which was his consecration to the service of Sorrow.

But the fashioning of the instrument of Deliverance and of Doom was not yet complete. The child became a boy, and before he was twelve he went blithely to work in a cotton mill to help to earn his living. He was set to work, all unknowing the perils of the mill, in the midst of unprotected machinery. His right arm was caught in the whirling wheels, the bone crushed, the joint torn from its socket. The fainting and tortured lad was carried home. For a fortnight he refused to submit to an amputation which would mutilate him for life, and, according to his childish superstition, not only for this life. At last, to save him from death by gangrene, he was chloroformed by force, and when he woke from the deathly trance his arm was gone, his right arm!

The mutilation was his Dedication to the Service of Labour, for with his left hand he was destined to edit the *Labour World* and



Photograph by] The Late Michael Davitt. [Geo. Weinthal.

propound in its pages the policy and the programme which are now embodied in the Labour Party at Westminster.

The adverse fates which forge the destinies of mortals had done their worst. Michael Davitt, a stranger in a strange land, with no other inheritance than the memory of inextinguishable wrongs, mutilated for life as the price of his apprenticeship to Labour, was among all the human items in busy Lancashire in the fifties apparently the most insignificant. A penniless Irish boy who had lost his right arm seemed to count but little in the swirling current of turbid life in which mill-owners and peers, millionaires and mayors, M.S.P. and editors, country squires and burly publicans seemed much more important than he. But to the Eye that could see the future there was none among them all who was destined to exercise so great an influence as the black-haired lad in whose heart dwelt the Flame.

But his apprenticeship was still incomplete. Famine and pestilence, exile and beggary, the cruel torture of physical mutilation—was it not enough? For most men, yes. But the immortal goals having need for the most finely-tempered instrument with which to work their will upon those whose time had come, were still not content. The steel which had been smelted in the furnace of life must now be annealed and tempered in the discipline of the gaol. Davitt in after life once promised to write for me a paper on "Prison as the Revolutionary University." The design was never carried out. But no graduate of Oxford or Cambridge owed more to his Alma Mater than Davitt did to the stern college in which he matriculated. His method of qualifying for his university career was characteristic. He had grown up to manhood in Lancashire. He trudged the streets as an assistant postman, he set type in a printing office, he taught and learned—in a Wesleyan school. But these externals did not affect the inner soul of Davitt, in which blazed unquenchable the fire of passionate love for his native land. Hence, when in the middle sixties the smouldering ashes of Irish discontent began to smoke and flame into Fenianism, the soul of Davitt responded instantly. He was one of the desperate men told off to seize Chester Castle. His Odyssey of adventure began when that enterprise failed, and he betook himself to organising armed rebellion in Ireland. Long years afterwards I narrowly escaped judicial censure for loudly applauding Michael Davitt, when before the Pigott Commission he asserted in the witness-box the sacred right of insurrection, which is the foundation of every political privilege that men have ever possessed. The doctrine is sound, but everything depends upon its application. And the application made of it by Davitt in 1866-1870 was not very practical, excepting in a sense which he little anticipated. For its immediate result was not the liberation of Ireland, but his own incarceration in a British dungeon. "Fifteen years' penal

servitude," that was the first attempt made by the British Government to solve the problem presented to it by the apparition of Michael Davitt. So the extinguisher was applied, and during the period when Mr. Gladstone was attempting to carry out his remedial policy in Ireland, Michael Davitt was interred in Portland, shut out from all knowledge of the doings of the outside world. He was put into a secret place apart in order that he might nurture his soul and discover wherein his strength lay. The convict gang is not exactly a school for saints; but the world's greatest have emerged from the prison and the galleys purified and strengthened by the stern discipline of the gaol. Michael Davitt was not embittered by his imprisonment. It mellowed him rather, completing and intensifying his character. He had time to think in Portland. He was more often "alone with God" there than is possible to dwellers in the world of railways, newspapers and telephones. The convict prison is for the Irish politician what the monastic retreat is for the pious Catholic. It introduces him into a brotherhood of the faithful, and gives him a realising sense of having touched bottom.

Last month I spent at Cambridge the last days of May week. In the midst of the collegiate palaces which the piety and the munificence of bygone generations have reared on the bosky banks of the Cam our English youth have everything to encourage the comfortable belief that everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. At the most impressionable period of their lives they are immersed in a world of fairy-like beauty, where the day opens and closes with the sound of angels' voices, and where all life is irradiated with the glory and the splendour that streams through the "storied windows richly dight" of King's College Chapel. Centuries of civilisation and of culture have dowered these ancient seats of learning with a soothing charm and a subtle fascination which imperceptibly permeate the minds of all who come within their influence. There is an atmosphere of leisured ease, an air of luxurious content in these abodes of learning, in which men read of the Eumenides to prepare for examination, far away from the busy world where others are meeting the Furies among the dread realities of every day.

It would be difficult to conceive a greater contrast than the University of Portland Prison where Davitt graduated, and the University of Cambridge where the sons of the wealthy go up to complete their education. The son of the exiled Irish peasant, who saw in the luxury and stately life of the landed classes "his cot's transmuted plunder," and the sons of the Landlords could not be expected to see life from the same standpoint. The Comfortable and the Uncomfortable never do. And Michael Davitt, from his birth up, was destined to be one of the most Uncomfortable of the Uncomfortable.

So far, that is, as his outward circumstances were

concerned. But in the inner soul of him, although there was always the burning Flame, there was also in a way curious to observe a not less constant peace. He had a cheery faith in God and a love for his fellow-men which prevented the Flame from consuming the joy of life. He was probably, take him all in all, a much happier man than most of those upon whom the world has heaped most lavishly its material gifts. For he had a saving gift of humour, a kindly and charitable disposition, and on the whole active and vigorous health. He had a beaver-like instinct or passion for industry which gave him constant joy in his work. He had the healthiest of appetites for reading, and he enjoyed his literary diet. He wrote rapidly and he enjoyed writing. He was full of healthy human instincts which brought him into genial relations with his fellow-men. While ever a fighter, he knew as well as most the fierce rapture of the fray, and being an optimist by nature, he never doubted but that in the end the rascals would have the worst of it. And after all if you constantly feel that the supreme scoundrel is certain to be worsted in the end, even a cell in Portland Prison becomes quite supportable.

Michael Davitt had more than an abstract faith in the coming of a better and a brighter day. He had the comforting consolation of knowing that he had been called of God to assist in bringing about the coming of better times. No man was less of a fanatic than Davitt. No man was less priest-ridden. But no man could have practised more faithfully the precepts of his faith. Davitt was essentially a religious man. He was frequently at war with the policy of Rome. One of his last manifestoes was a vigorous denunciation of the educational tactics of the Irish hierarchy. But his faith was far too deeply rooted to be affected by the *ipse dixit* of ecclesiastics. Although a sincere Catholic, he never obtruded his convictions upon any "heretic," having, indeed, by nature more sympathy with them than with their persecutors. He got on well with all manner of men. Jews, Greek Churchmen, Boers of the veldt, revolutionaries of all kinds and English Conservatives, Russian bureaucrats and American bosses—Davitt foregathered with them all. In nothing was this more manifest than in his liking for the Russians, and his intense disgust, which he never hesitated to express, at the supercilious and pharisaic way in which the Russian Government is usually criticised in the English press. No mistake could be greater than to confound him with the ruck of revolutionary declaimers against the autocracy. He thought the Russian Government was much more sympathetic with the peasant than the Government of Great Britain, and as he had travelled much in Russia he did not speak without knowledge.

Davitt, sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude in 1870, was released on ticket-of-leave in 1878. He was let out by a Tory Government, just in time

to go to America and secure Irish-American support for the formation of the Land League. Returning to Ireland, he summoned a demonstration at Irish-town on April 28th, 1879, in which the banner the Land for the People was boldly unfurled. The birth of the Land League took place within sight of the place where the Flame had been kindled by the evictor thirty years before, which had ever since lived and breathed and moved among men in the person of Michael Davitt. Upon the landlord and the evictor the curse had come home to roost. The heather was on fire, and in a few months all Ireland was in convulsions.

This is not the place to tell the story of the Land war in Ireland. Suffice it to say that in less than three years Michael Davitt was locked up again, this time by a Liberal Government, and sent back to finish his term of penal servitude in Portland. It was too late! The work was done. But Michael Davitt needed rest, and his post graduate course was arranged for him with the same forethought as before. He was liberated before the second year was out, and his second imprisonment was little more than a compulsory holiday. He spent his time in writing "Leaves from My Prison Diary," part of which he threw into the shape of lectures to his pet blackbird, Jo. The following familiar passages from the preface to his book, and from its closing chapter, are as characteristic of Davitt as anything he ever wrote:—

I was remitted to Portland Prison on the 3rd of February, 1881. Shortly afterwards, through the kindness of the Governor, a young blackbird came into my possession. For some months I relieved the tedium of my solitude by efforts to win the confidence of my companion, with the happiest results. He would stand upon my breast as I lay in bed in the morning and awaken me from sleep. He would perch upon the end of my plate and share my porridge. His familiarity was such that on showing him a small piece of slate-pencil, and then placing it in my waistcoat pocket, he would immediately abstract it. He would perch upon the end of my slate as it was adjusted between my knees, and watching the course of the pencil as I wrote, would make the most amusing efforts to peck the marks from off the slate. He would fetch and carry, as faithfully as any well-trained dog. Towards evening he would resort to his perch, the post of the iron bedstead, and there remain, silent and still, till the dawning of another day, when his chirrup would be heard, like the voice of Nature, before the herald of civilisation, the clang of the prison bell at five o'clock.

It was a lovely morning in the autumn of 1881, and the infirmary garden in Portland Prison was aglow with the bloom of the late summer flowers which the Governor had kindly permitted me to sow in the early part of the year. The English Channel, which often lulls the weary Portland prisoner to sleep by the storm-croch of its waves as they dash against the rocks underneath the walls, lay in an unruffled calm. From the headland upon which the great convict establishment stands could be seen the picturesque shadows which the Dorsetshire cliffs flung out upon the bosom of the sea. Away beyond the coast-line appeared harvest-fields and homesteads, melting into the distance, and so sadly restive of what imprisonment was not—liberty, home, and friends—conjuring up that contrast between the manacled and the free which constitutes the keenest mental pain in the punishment of penal servitude.

It was a day which would fill one's whole being with a yearning to be liberated—a day of sunshine and warmth and beauty, and the moment had arrived when my resolution to give freedom to my little feathered "chum" could no longer be selfishly postponed. I opened his door with a trembling hand, when quick as a flash of lightning he rushed from the cage with a wild scream of delight, and in a moment was beyond the walls of the prison! The in-

instinct of freedom was too powerful to be resisted, though I had indulged the fond hope that he would have remained with me. But he taught me the lesson, which can never be unlearned by either country, prisoner, or bird, that Nature will not be denied, and that Liberty is more to be desired than fetters of gold.

Davitt was released in May, 1882. He had been elected Member for Meath when in gaol, but the election was null and void. Next year he was arrested again, and sent to prison for three months for seditious speech, thereby securing leisure in which to complete his "Prison Diary."

He spoke five days before the *Times* Parnell Commission. It was a great speech, worthy of a great occasion—the Father of the Land League justifying his offspring before the tribunal of the oppressor.

His parliamentary experience was singularly varied. He was admirably fitted to be a member. He was an excellent speaker, with the House of Commons manner, and in the lobbies and in the precincts of the House no one was more popular. But he was never at home at St. Stephen's.

After making many unsuccessful efforts to gain admission he was at last elected in his absence, and resigned his seat as a protest against the Boer War. His first election was in 1882, when he was disqualified by special vote of the House of Commons for non-expiry of sentence for treason felony. He contested Waterford City unsuccessfully in 1891, became M.P. for North Meath in 1892, only to be unseated on petition. He wrote me:—

The successful petition in North Meath leaves me in my usual plight of being punished without the comfort of having merited my fate. The judges declared that nothing whatever was proved against me. They fire not to report anybody to Mr. Speaker. Therefore am I unseated, cast in costs which spell ruin, and doomed to meet about the only misfortune that has not yet overtaken me—bankruptcy.

Bankruptcy it was, and hence, when he was returned unopposed the same year for North-East Cork, he resigned in the following year. In 1895, when he was travelling in Australia, he was returned unopposed by East Kerry and South Mayo. He retained his seat in the House till 1899, when he resigned and did not return to Westminster. Five years later, when he was on the eve of starting for Russia, he wrote me for an introduction to Count Tolstoy. His note is a brief autobiography:—

Mention the facts that you English put me in prison three times for a total period of nine years, that I founded the Land League, was a close personal friend of Henry George's, and resigned a seat in the House of Commons as a protest against England's crime in South Africa.

Michael Davitt no sooner resigned his seat in the House than he conceived a most kindly and enthusiastic desire to force me into it. Over and over again he came to Mowbray House, to impress upon me that it was little short of a sin against the country and the cause for me to remain outside the House of Commons. I used to ask him why, as practice was better than precept, he should have set me so bad an example. He replied quite reasonably that he was and must be an outsider, whereas I was an insider, and an insider who, he persisted,

was wickedly sacrificing three-quarters of the influence he ought to exercise on the nation by refusing to enter the legislature. When I replied that I had never been tempted by the ambition to sit in the House, he waxed still more earnest, and really amazed me by the strenuousness of his entreaties. It was very flattering to my vanity to find that so good a man and so earnest a patriot could think so highly of my latent potentialities of usefulness if I entered Parliament, and all the more so because I knew Davitt at one time had suspected me, entirely without cause, of weakening on the question of Home Rule. Writing to me in 1893 he attributed to me "a general tendency to knife the Home Rule Bill as soon as it should appear." He wrote:—

Surely Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley never engaged in a greater or holier work than the one in which they aim at ending once and for ever the international feud between the Irish and English races—an aim which when once accomplished will remove the greatest obstacle that bars the way to your federated Empire. Strange that you from ultra-Imperialist convictions should be drifting into the narrow political know-nothingism of the Unionists, while I, ultra-Nationalist and non-Imperialist, am finding myself driven into a position which is the logical and inevitable outcome of Home Rule for Ireland—in favour of a Federated Empire.

Davitt was soon convinced that his suspicions were unjust, and among the many plans we formed, now, alas! never to be carried out, was one in which he and I were to go on a lecturing tour round the world proclaiming the reconciliation of the English and Irish races on the basis of Home Rule.

The bond between Michael Davitt and myself was four-fold. First, we belonged to the great brotherhood of gaol-birds; secondly, we were both Home Rule Nationalists, believing in the divine right of insurrection; thirdly, we were passionate pro-Boers; and fourthly, we were both good Russians. On the subject of the Boer War he wrote to me from Pretoria, April 8th, 1900:—

I was against this war, as you know, from the beginning. I am a hundred times more against it now after mixing with these simple, honest, heroic people, who are making the noblest stand ever made in human history for their independence.

When I returned from South Africa in 1904, he sent me the following chaffing epistle:—

What a chance you had in South Africa! You might have raised the standard of insurrection among your own disloyal Anglo-Saxons, and after the manner of Washington gone in for the United States of South Africa. You would have succeeded or failed. If success crowned your efforts you would be the first President of their Republic. If you failed you might have been hanged by your friend and one-time pupil, Milner. In either case you would have achieved undying fame. Whereas here you are back again in the dominions of Mr. Chamberlain a mere item of discontent among a people morally and politically mortgaged to the public-house, the betting evil and the Devil.

I am glad you are in good health, and that you dropped the *Daily Paper*. It would have sent you to your grave in a year, and that would have been a far more ineluctable ending to your career than had you been hanged in Pretoria.

Davitt spoke feelingly on the subject of journalism. He founded and edited the *Labour World*, the first number of which appeared on September 21st, 1890, and the last on May 30th, 1891. The *Labour World* was a pioneer paper. It was the herald of the Labour Party, whose advent to power

was the great sensation of the last General Election. In the first number Mr. Davitt defined the salient features of the new departure in politics. He wrote:—

Now what is it that we want? What does the progressive labour movement demand? Its claim may perhaps be summed up under three heads: 1. It asks for the better and more democratic organisation of labour; 2. It demands that to the community, not to the landlord, shall accrue that immense annual increment which is due to general industry and enterprise, and 3. It calls for an extension of State and municipal control and ownership of such monopolies as can be managed by public bodies in the public interest.

He went on in subsequent numbers to elaborate a scheme for labour representatives similar to that which has subsequently been adopted. "If the working men of Great Britain and Ireland," he wrote October 10th, 1890, "are to be adequately represented alike in Parliament and local bodies, two conditions are imperatively necessary—they must abandon their present jealousies and suspicions, and they must be prepared to take trouble and to make sacrifices."

The last letter which I received from Davitt was when he was beginning the electioneering campaign in England last February, which resulted so triumphantly for Labour, so fatally for him. He was full of exultation over the realisation of his great idea—the working alliance between the Irish and Labour Parties. He had seen it afar off in his early manhood, and the last year of his life he saw his ideal translated into fact. If Davitt had lived he would certainly have endeavoured to make practical use of the alliance for the purpose of securing the early concession of Home Rule. He hoped great things from a pilgrimage of passion to be undertaken through all parts of the country by a powerful combination company of Irish and Labour M.S.P. demanding Home Rule for Ireland. For ever to Ireland his heart turned as the needle to the Pole; and when he was laid to rest at Straide, in Co. Mayo, his Mother Country never gathered to her breast a truer-hearted son.

Yet, although he loved his country, he was always leaving it. He was an insatiable traveller. T. P. O'Connor attributes this restlessness as of the Wandering Jew to the recoil from his long imprisonment. Nine years in a prison cell impelled him to spend twenty-nine on steamers and railway trains, racing against time to the uttermost ends of the earth. It may be so, but whatever the cause, Davitt seldom passed a year without a foreign tour. Sometimes he travelled on political business, at other times he went as speaker or correspondent. But wherever he went, he carried with him a bright cheerfulness and a ready sympathy which made him everywhere a welcome guest.

And as he was a weariless traveller so he was an untiring worker. That poor left hand of his seemed never at rest. He wrote better with his left hand than most of us do with our right, and whatever he

wrote bore the impress of his strong character and his intense conviction. His style was admirably lucid, and although his expressions were sometimes a little harsh, he often displayed the greatest moderation and restraint.

Notably was this the case in the tragic episode of Mr. Parnell's downfall. Davitt had been most cruelly and cynically deceived by Mr. Parnell, who had traded upon Davitt's open and unsuspecting nature in order to use him as a catspaw to deceive all his friends and supporters. Parnell's treachery to Davitt was the culminating proof of the impossibility of trusting him, and it weighed more with most of us than his *liaison* with the wife of O'Shea. But on reading over Davitt's utterances on the subject in the fateful week when Parnell had to choose whether to betray the cause of Ireland or to bow for a season to the storm which his weakness had provoked, it is impossible not to be impressed by the tenderness and affection with which Davitt spoke. He loved Parnell well, but he loved Ireland better still, and he never faltered in his choice. I was much with him during all that trying time, and it is difficult to say whether Davitt was more admirable for the fine human affection which he displayed to his former colleague, or for the Spartan self-sacrificing intrepidity with which he insisted upon the deliverance of the cause of Home Rule from the compromising associations of the Divorce Court.

Another subject which brought me into close touch with Davitt was that of prison reform. At one time we projected a prison reform association, of which he was to be president, while I was to have acted as secretary. An Ex-Gaolbirds' Prison Reform Association was to have been its title, but it never was incorporated. Now, however, in the days of passive resistance, there is a wider field for recruiting members, and the old project might be revived. Davitt was ever zealous in the cause of prison reform. He knew the subject well, and if he would but have waived his unconquerable objection to taking service under the British Government, he would have been an admirable inspector-general of the prisons.

But what subject of human interest was there in the whole world which appealed to him in vain?—India, Australia, South Africa, the Soudan, Russia; he was at home everywhere, and always the champion of the under dog. He was faithful even to slaying, nor did he spare his best friends. I close these brief and most imperfect and inadequate reminiscences of the hero and patriot who has been snatched from our midst by recalling the fashion in which he handled the British Peace Crusaders in 1890. His words are worth reprinting now when many good folk in this country seem to imagine that the British Government is leading the world in the cause of peace and disarmament because of Sir Edward Grey's speech on Mr. Vivian's motion. Davitt exposed the hollowness of this no-

tion at a time when it was not by any means so hollow as it is to-day.

I had written to Davitt asking him for his support in the popular agitation in support of the Tsar's Rescript. He replied saying that war against war when conducted by Englishmen was little better than an organised hypocrisy. "England is to-day and has been during the last five years the most war-provoking of all civilised nations." Alas! she became worse than ever in the subsequent five years! "As for the ruinous expenditure on armaments," Davitt went on, "British expenditure even then—and it has nearly doubled since then—is nearly sixty per cent. more than the average outlay of the Powers whose armaments you so much deplore." He then suggested that we should adopt the following resolution at all peace meetings to be held in England:—

"Resolved that this mass meeting of the working classes of — extends a hearty greeting to the Peace proposals

of the Tsar of Russia, and declares itself in favour of the humane and enlightened policy of disarmament among the great Powers which the Emperor's proposals embody;

"That we call upon Her Majesty's Government to lead the way in this Crusade against War and its horrors by stopping all the hostilities against the helpless coloured races of the continent of Africa now being directed by British forces;

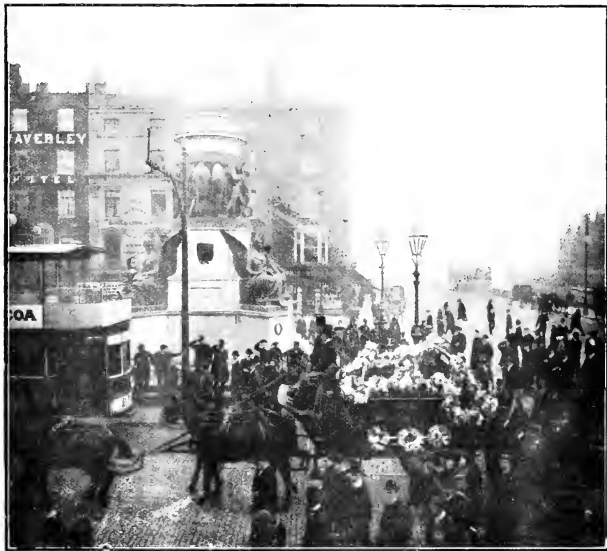
"That in order to offer to European nations a signal proof of British sincerity in this peaceful War against brutal War, we hereby demand a reduction of the annual expenditure on the Army and Navy in the coming Budget, which shall make the outlay on these charges in future correspond with that of the average annual expenditure of similar charges of Russia, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy;

"And that the balance (£18,000,000) between that average expenditure (£30,000,000) and the sum (£48,000,000) voted by Parliament for naval and military purposes be set apart every year for a State fund, out of which to provide Old-Age Pensions for the workers of Great Britain and Ireland."

Such a resolution would, in my humble judgment, if acted upon, prove to Europe that your Crusade for Disarmaments and Peace was a sincere and honest movement. It would also receive a double welcome from the working-classes of the three countries, inasmuch as it would promote the interests of Peace, and likewise secure them in their old age against the penalty of poverty and the social degradation of the workhouse.

That was Davitt all over.

W. T. STEAD.



Photograph by] The Funeral of Mr. Michael Davitt passing through Dublin for Mayo.

[Chancellor.

Mr. Davitt's remains were taken from Dublin to the churchyard of Straide, Co. Mayo, where they were interred in accordance with the wish expressed in his will. Crowds turned out at all points.

ESPERANTO.

There is only space to give a *resumé* of Tighe Hopkins's splendid article in the *Tribune* of June 6th on "The Remedy for an International Nuisance." He opens with: "Till nations can chat familiarly within each other's gates, till they can pass the time of day to one another, what to them are the real benefits of *l'entente cordiale*?" "How supremely ridiculous," he says, "that the Englishman cannot ask his way of a policeman in Paris, order a bit of dinner in Berlin, or buy a ticket for the theatre in Vienna." "Listen to a group of Frenchmen. Until the ear has been opened you will hear them say, 'Peut-être' a hundred times running without knowing precisely what it is that goes on in their mouths. When our ear has mastered French colloquially spoken, what about the other European languages? Master them, and then the corresponding member of the Philological Society of Siam may despatch an elegant paper in Siamese to some philological pundit in Bloomsbury, by whom the same is straightway and inevitably pigeon-holed. Is there a remedy? Of course! we are absurdly bashful about putting it forward, that is all. No." Mr. Hopkins continues, "I am not proposing English; bang in a moment would go *Tout est possible* upon any hint of that. Nor am I offering French for our own acceptance, or for that of the world at large. We and the rest of Europe would see France in the storms of another Revolution before we gave our acquiescence. No, we won't have English, we won't have French, we won't have German, and Russian can barely be in the running just now." He concludes by proposing, in effect if not in actual words, that King Edward should advise his subjects and persuade the other royalties to advise theirs to learn Esperanto.

And now, tell it not in Gath—proclaim it not in the ears of the Professors! But when the representatives of the French Universities were received at the Foreign Office, Mr. Lough, M.P., in welcoming them in the name of the Board of Education, said that, "amongst his auditors the language bar was happily absent, for France and England had been neighbours and friends so long that the speech of the one would be familiar to the other. When, however, such interchange of visits between the learned bodies of other countries, such as Spain, Italy, etc., became matters of frequent occurrence, Esperanto would no doubt be needed."

And, oh, the irony of it all! Amongst his auditors were Englishmen who knew no French, and Frenchmen who understood barely a word of what he was saying! For in France languages are not taught indiscriminately. In the districts bordering on Italy, Italian is the only modern language taught in the schools; near Spain, Spanish; in Burgundy, German; whilst nearer the English Channel English of course is studied. Thus a most learned mathematical professor from Montpellier may never have learned English.

Our readers must turn to the *British Esperantist* for an account of the delightful afternoon spent at Earl's Court. No language bar intervened. M. Boirac at tea-time gave a most graceful oration in Esperanto. Attracted by the "*Vieas*," spectators crowded doors and windows, and it was amusing to hear one tell the other that the language used was Austrian.

Amongst the new books are the Gospel of St. Mark, translated from Luther's version, and Macaulay's "Horatio," translated by Clarence Bicknell.

We give as the passage for translation this week the conclusion of M. L. de Beaufront's article in *L'Esperantiste* on Esperanto neutrality.

(6) NEUTRALECO KAJ TOLEREMO.

Chie kaj ĉiam ni montru al la mondo la belegan spektaklon prezentitan dum la Kongreso, kie kiu certe, por esti afabila al sia najbaro, neniu kongresano demandis lin nek pri lia religio, nek pri liaj opinioj. Sufiĉis al li scii, ke li estas Esperantisto. Nu, ĉiam, niaj grupoj aŭ aliaj kunvenoj estu reproduktoj de l'interrilata atableco, de la koreco, kiuj faris la felichon de ĉiuj en la Kongreso. Ni estu Esperantistoj kaj ne sektistoj, ĉar la du aferoj forpelas necese unu la alian en "Esperantujo" kaj tial ke ni estas Esperantistoj, ni havu por la religio kaj la politiko de la aliaj la tutan respekton kaj la tutan toleremon. Kiujn ni deziras por la niaj. Alie nur mensogo estus nia neutraleco.

L. DE BEAUFONT.

ESPERANTO NOTE.

In *L'Esperantiste* for April appears the text of the "Projet de Résolution," presented by twelve of the "Députés" to the members of the French Chamber of Deputies, inviting the Government to introduce the International Language Esperanto into the educational programmes of the country. The document sets forth the advantages of the language, and points out that, "In England . . . the Board of Education . . . has officially authorised . . . the teaching of Esperanto," in a certain place. It also comments on its progress in Germany, Russia, The British Possessions, Japan, Mexico, Peru, etc. It proposes finally that "Scholars have the option of studying English, German, Italian, Spanish, Arabic, or Esperanto."

The "Projet" has been referred to the "Commission de l'enseignement et des Beaux-Arts."

ESPERANTA KLUBO, MELBOURNE.

The monthly meeting of the club was held on Friday, the 3rd of August, at the usual time and place.

After the conducting of the routine business, the members adjourned and spent the remainder of the evening making themselves acquainted with the Esperanto chorus, "*Nia Lando*," words and music by F. G. Rowe. A very enjoyable evening was passed.

The Second Esperanto Congress to be held at Geneva, Switzerland, at the end of the present month promises to eclipse even the now famous "First" Congress at Boulogne-sur-Mer. All the Esperanto gazettes publish full particulars as to meeting, excursions, prices of tickets, etc.

TRANSLATIONS.

As we announced previously we now give a translation of the Esperanto passages Nos. 1 and 2, which appeared in our June number.

The translations sent in were uniformly good, and it is difficult to say which one is really the best, the difference between them being mainly one of more or less free or more or less literal rendering. We have selected for translation No. 1 that of Miss J.H., of New Zealand, as on the whole having kept best to the happy mean; but Mrs. F., also of New Zealand, is practically equal, and in some respects superior. M. McL. (Glenthampton), has exactly caught the spirit of the anecdote, and has rendered it very freely into

fluent English. We give his rendering of Example No 2:—

(1) IN A TRAIN.
(A True Story.)

Extracted from a French Magazine, slightly rewritten. N.B.—Because of the lack of accents (1) we are unable at present to print much in Esperanto wholly according to the original work.

In a train, four professors were travelling (2) in the same compartment, two from the school (3) of V—, and two from the school of G—, who knew each other only through school acquaintance (4). A conversation soon took place between the professors of V—. "You probably know," said one of them to his companion, "that during the last holiday, Mr. S—, professor in the School of G—, married the school director's daughter" (5). "It is said," he continued, "that the new wife is sufficiently ugly (6) to serve as a remedy for love-sickness." And the two professors laughed (7) at such a narrative. But soon one of the professors of G—, a humorous man, stood up and said, "Esteemed gentlemen (8), I have the honour to introduce to you Mr. S—, who is sitting before you."

The train entered the station: the two professors of V— got out, and—entered another compartment.

NOTES TO TRANSLATION NO. 1.

In these notes we give some of the various renderings of the text that occur in the translations sent in.

- (1) For lack of accented type (A. C. T).
- (2) "Found themselves" is good English, and would be quite literal.
- (3) One is tempted to translate "College" in connection with professors but the word in the text is only "lernejo," and not "lernejejo."
- (4) "Professionally," "professionally," "as men of learning," in their scholastic capacities, but not personally.
- (5) By "lerneje" the author seems to mean knew of each other as being connected with the schools, and the narrative implies "not personally."
- (6) The daughter of the director of that school

(A. C. T). The daughter of the director of the said college (Mrs. F.).

The word "dirita" should not be overlooked in an exact translation.

(6) Ugly enough (M. McL., A. C. T), "plain enough" is probably what an Englishman would have said.

(7) Burst out laughing uproariously. Perhaps burst out into a loud laugh would be a sufficiently vigorous translation.

(8) "Esteemed gentlemen," though exactly literal, is not an English mode of address.

(2) AN INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE (1).

Undoubtedly the need of some international language is felt throughout the whole world, but peoples fail to agree as to the manner in which such a language shall be brought about.

Some are of opinion that one of the dead languages should be used; others that it should be one of the living languages.

If, however, a dead language is adopted, is it to remain as it was spoken in Rome or Athens, or should an endeavour be made to improve it?

If they try to use the language in its ancient form we fear that present-day people will find it totally unsuitable for present-day requirements. But if they want to improve it that would be practically to invent a new language, and such indeed is Esperanto.

If they propose a living language, which one should it be? The answer will depend on the nationality of the proposer. The citizen of the world advocates the single (2) universal language; that is Esperanto.

NOTES TO TRANSLATION NO. 2.

(1) As this is a free translation we refrain from any remarks on the literal translation of phrases. We would remark, however, that the use of a uniform style of rendering the Esperanto impersonal construction should be adopted throughout the piece. If "oni uzadas" is translated by "is adopted," "oni pravus" should not be "they try."

(2) "Sole" is an adverb modifying "proponus," and not an adjective (which would require the form "Solan.") qualifying "lingvon." "Would only propose the universal language" is the meaning of the text.

Ask your Newsagent to send you a copy of "The Review of Reviews" every month if you are not already a regular subscriber. Thus keep yourself in touch with the best movements here and throughout the whole world.

I am heartily obliged to the readers who have sent in the names of friends likely to subscribe, and shall be glad if other readers will perform the same kindly office for us.—Editor.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

TO MILLIONAIRES: LOOK OUT!

A PROPOSED LAW OF MAXIMUM.

One of the most significant signs of the times—a veritable handwriting on the wall—is the article "An Appeal to our Millionaires," signed "X," which appears in the May number of the *North American Review*.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S WARNING.

The writer begins by quoting the warning of Daniel Webster, that a plutocracy is fatal to a democracy. Webster wrote:—

"The freest government, if it could exist, would not be long acceptable if the tendency of the laws was to create a rapid accumulation of property in a few hands. In the nature of things, those who have not property and see their neighbours possessed of much more than they think them to need cannot be favourable to laws made for the protection of such property. When this class becomes prey and plunder, and is naturally ready at all times for violence and revolution. It would seem, then, to be the part of political wisdom to found government on property, but to establish such distribution of property, by the laws which regulate its transmission and alienation, as to interest the great majority of society in the support of the government."

The exact condition mentioned by Mr. Webster is the condition which confronts the American people to-day.

THE MOTOR-CAR AND THE MILLIONAIRE.

"X," says that the motor-car may prove the last straw that will break the back of the patience of the people:—

Our millionaires, and especially their idle and degenerate children, have been flaunting their money in the faces of the poor as if actually wishing to provoke them to that insensate rage which is akin to madness, and leads "to murder and the breaking up of laws."

Their huge motor-cars, driven along narrow roads at lightning speed, are the symbol of their disregard of all lives and privileges save their own:—

Since New Year's Day these great cars, simply for the pleasure of their occupants, have killed more people on the public highways than were killed in the war with Spain.

The result is a widespread detestation of the millionaire, which is finding the most emphatic methods of expressing itself:—

The other day twelve American citizens, presumably also of the middle class, and sworn jurors in a court of justice, declared by their verdict that the odious offence of kidnapping an innocent child was not to be regarded as a crime if the victim of it was the child of a millionaire.

WHAT MUST BE DONE?

"X," declares that the issue of what must be done with the millionaire is likely to be the dominant question at the next Presidential election. He warns the millionaires that

they are destined to a very early and unwelcome awakening, when they will find themselves confronted with the transfer of the Government with all its great powers for good and for evil into the hands of men of a very limited conception of "vested interests," and whose minds will be inflamed with a wrath which they will consider righteous, and a hostility which may prove to be implacable. Unless, therefore, some moral basis for what the majority of voters believe to be the present grossly unjust inequality

in the distribution of property in this country is soon found—a moral basis which will prove acceptable to the majority of American voters—we may encounter in the coming presidential election a situation infinitely more disturbing and infinitely more dangerous than has ever before been encountered.

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

The notion of the inviolability of private property and the impregnable entrenchments of vested interests "X" laughs to scorn. He asks:—

What are the bulwarks of private property in the imperial commonwealth of New York, where so much of it is situated? As to incomes, nobody will have the effrontery to deny that, if the majority of the voters choose to elect a Governor of their own way of thinking and a majority in both houses of the Legislature, they can readily enact a progressive taxation of incomes which will limit every citizen of New York State to such income as the majority of the voters consider sufficient for him.

It is, if possible, even less likely that anybody will deny that, in order to effectually turn every dollar of the property of every decedent into the public treasury at his death, no affirmative legislation is necessary. It is only necessary to repeal the statutes now authorising the descent of such property to the heirs and legatees of the decedent. It is perfectly apparent, therefore, that there is no ultimate security for a single dollar of private property in New York, and precisely the same statement is true of all other American States, except such as a majority of the voters may decide to be just and wise, both to the possessors of such property and to the community at large.

A PROPOSED LAW OF THE MAXIMUM.

We have heard much about the law of a minimum wage. It is now to have as its correlative a law of maximum wealth. "X," says:—

Suppose we should try the harmless experiment of applying some practical ethical test whereby the righteousness of each man's possessions could be somewhat fairly, even if roughly judged on moral grounds or grounds of "the general advantage." The American people have decided that, in Lord Coleridge's words, it is for "the general advantage" that £10,000 a year, with allowances, should be the compensation of the President of the United States. Why should any other citizen either wish or be permitted to withdraw from the common store a larger annual sum?

It is difficult to see how any real injustice would be done to any honest member of society, or how undue restraint would be put upon any ability or energy of a beneficent character, if the American citizen were to earn for himself, say, a yearly income of fifty thousand dollars and to acquire a solid fortune of a million dollars. Such sums would allow not only an ample but a very generous provision for everybody dependent upon him while he lived, and after he was dead, and it is difficult to realise what more the heart of any man could desire, who recognises that he is part of a Christian society and not a pirate on the Barbary coast.

WOULD THIS DESTROY INCENTIVE?

To the question whether such a law of the maximum would destroy incentive to effort, "X," replies emphatically in the negative:—

The truth is that no genuine service in any department of human effort has ever been conferred upon mankind merely for the sake of money, nor is any person who is desirous of having "money to burn" capable of rendering any really valuable service. The two great vices of mind always have been and always will be incompatible. The time, indeed, is perhaps not distant when everybody possessing private property will be required to answer these two plain questions: "How much have you withdrawn from the common store?" and "What service did you give in return for it?"

The appearance of such an article in so staid and conservative a periodical as the *North American Review* is a portent indeed.

THE SECRET OF EMPIRE.

A GERMAN TRIBUTE TO BRITISH WORTH.

Mr. Geoffrey Drage surveys the progress of British Imperialism in the *Fortnightly Review*, and reviews Dr. von Schulze-Gaevernitz's "Britischer Imperialismus." He asks, What are the secrets of the success of Great Britain? How have we out-lived the Empires of Spain and Holland? How did we overcome France? He finds the answer in the one word, Character. He says:—

It is true that the climate of Great Britain gave her great advantages as the nursery of men physically strong and enduring; it is true that her geographical position enabled her to follow the advice of Lord Bacon and apply her whole strength to the development of her sea-power. It is true that the *fortuna reipublice* gave her simultaneously a great statesman in Oliver Cromwell to direct, and a great admiral in Robert Blake to execute a great foreign policy. But it is not to the geographical position of the country, nor to the effect of the climate on English physique, nor to the possession of constellations of great men, that Professor von Schulze-Gaevernitz, with unerring instinct, traces back our success in its ultimate analysis. British character is founded on the freedom of the individual, on the spirit of self-help and self-reliance, but even more so on the idea of duty, on respect for the marriage tie, on the sense of the unmissable difference between right and wrong, good and evil, and on the feeling of Christian responsibility for, and sympathy with, not only the poor and weak at home, but also the subject races in our colonies and dependencies. Religion, says our author, is still the backbone of Anglo-Saxon culture. The chief danger for England lies not in American trusts or the great fleets building or to be built by Germany, but in the weakening of the mainspring of her prosperity. Already the Professor fears it is decaying, though the works are running on without any outward sign of the inward process. For the purposes of the British Empire, even that high sense of duty which inspires British soldiers, and that civil service which, without religion, in the long run prove useless. Stress is laid on the great work done by the religious sects in moulding public policy with regard to the poor and weak amongst us, as well as in the wider issues such as those connected with the abolition of slavery, which are the peculiar glory of Great Britain.

MUNICIPAL FARMING; CAN IT PAY?

Yes, says Mr. Richard Higgs, writing in the *Westminster Review* on "The Reformers' Attitude Towards Agriculture." State farming for profit, he reminds us, has been recommended by a Committee of the Board of Agriculture under the late Government. He proceeds:—

I unhesitatingly assert that, in spite of the present condition of agriculture, municipal, collectivist, or State farming can be made to pay, and to pay handsomely. The Crown and Ecclesiastical Commissioners already own and manage about 35,000 acres of Crown land, and possess a staff of trained farmers who could well undertake to supply a large part of the needs of the Army and Navy in agricultural produce.

Agriculture is, beyond all question, the one industry which would pay better than any other for the introduction of collectivist methods on a sound business basis. Municipal or State farming must be treated as a business, and not as a fiduciary trust, as I mean it, is not a penal establishment, a reformatory, a training school, or a convalescent home; in certain of its aspects it may be distastefully allied to these things, but in reality it is vastly different. It must be equipped with the best machinery, the most highly skilled labour, the best buildings, and the most scientific skill that money can buy. It must be prepared to meet and to vanquish in the open market all home or foreign produced goods, and show that intelligence, organisation, and a living wage are able to triumph over unskilled labour, and to beat it in cheapness of production.

I notice that the writer says "he has proved that the rural depopulation question is not so difficult of settlement as generally supposed":—

Where there is constant work, a decent house, and a living wage can be paid and also where reasonable amusements are provided for winter evenings, neither men nor birds show a desire to leave the land.

He does not, however, forget that farming must always be a worrying and hazardous occupation; that it requires much capital, if it is to be done with up-to-date methods; that the turnover is very slow, usually about once a year, and that agricultural profit and loss accounts are very difficult to make out clearly.

DR. EMIL REICH AND MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON ON WOMAN.

In the *Grand Magazine* Dr. Emil Reich discusses rather nebulously woman's education and its faults. Miss Gertrude Kingston replies, her paper being far more clearly stated and thought out, as well as much more practical. Dr. Reich's statements are, to say the least, questionable. He objects to teaching girls Latin on the ground that Ovid, Catullus and Tibullus are improper. So they are—in parts. But he would teach them Greek, which he is pleased to consider much easier than Latin. Then he says, without giving the slightest notion of how it is to be done: "The whole object of a girl's education should be to give her the one thing in which she might not only rival man but easily excel him—that is, tact. Was ever anything more wibbly unpractical? To teach girls sciences, ethical, sociological or political, is 'senseless.'" It depends on the girl's tastes. "In America it is a common thing to hear a woman ask a lecturer questions which no man living could answer." But it is proverbial that a fool can ask questions which the wisest man cannot answer. If they had had a little more teaching, they would know their questions could not be answered. Then he jumps on actions for breach of promise.

Miss Kingston replies that the women who bring these actions are those working for a living, who have, through heedlessness or cruelty of someone, lost the power of earning. She also makes the just criticism that Dr. Reich speaks of women as if they were all of the class that has time to go to Claridge's in the afternoons. The most amazing part of the recent gibbeting of poor Plato to make a London holiday, and the most humbling, was "the absolute conviction of the perfection of English institutions" visible throughout the discussions. Dr. Reich, as a travelled man of learning, Miss Kingston thinks, must have marvelled at it. She evidently disagrees with him that girls should not ever learn Latin, higher arithmetic, or mathematics. Dr. Reich has nothing to say for the large class of women as delicately nurtured as Claridge's butterflies, but for one reason or another thrown on the world to earn a living. And whoever exhorts the women of England to take themselves seriously, should begin by telling them a little more seriously himself.

CHAMBERLAIN TOWN.

BIRMINGHAM AND BUSINESS; BUSINESS AND BIRMINGHAM.

In the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. G. Benyon Harris writes on Mr. Chamberlain and Birmingham, the political riddle. The writer remarks that the men of Birmingham have long been remarkable, and are now famous, as the most militant, solid, powerful and democratic entity this country has ever known. "That this concrete and puissant body should have become deflected from the main body of the democracy of the nation on a question that is of all questions supremely democratic, is the problem." He proceeds to discuss it in the light of the character of the townsmen and their chief. Mr. Harris does not spare Birmingham. He denies it the title of having been always the great pioneer of municipal progress. Its title to municipal distinction, he says, has only accrued within times which are too recent to be complimentary. It has never justified its motto, "Forward." The City of Birmingham as a corporate thing was only rescued from derision and obloquy by the refracted glory derived from unofficial men of Birmingham. For, he says:—

Birmingham men were all born to business, and to politics, as the sparks fly upwards. They were cradled in business-like cradles. They were nurtured on methodical and business principles. They were business-like clothes. Everything they touched was touched with an eye to business. They wooed without sentiment, married for, lived to make and died to leave money. That was always the way in Birmingham. During their lives they interferred in nothing but their business, their religion, and their politics. Indeed, even their religion and their politics were as much matters of business as were their means of livelihood. The affairs of their religious denominations were conducted on strictly business lines. The balance-sheet was as much an article of their religious, as of their secular, rubric. . . . It has always been a peculiarity of their commercial life that their nearest friends are never quite sure what their particular businesses really consist in. Often, indeed, they themselves are not quite sure. The general impression is that they "have something to do with iron, brass, or gold." Iron and brass are their staple material. Anything that it is humanly possible to make out of that material the men of Birmingham can and do make; and the kind of thing they make out of it depends entirely upon whether the demand at the moment is for a tubular bridge or a trumpet, a toy for the hand of a lady or sheet armour for a helmed cruiser. . . . With Birmingham men the only indication of sterling ability talent is the rapid accumulation of wealth from business. To them there is only one *raison d'être* of talent—to amass wealth quick and early. The abstract kind of talent which leaves its possessor in a small house they not only do not understand but entertain great contempt for. They only look at material results.

With such a people Disraeli, Gladstone, Rosebery would have been powerless. Even "John Bright never took root in Birmingham." So the writer proceeds:—

The man for them must be a practical man, one of themselves, possessing all the qualities which they possessed, but possessing also a talent which they themselves never had, the talent of lucid, sustained, unadorned articulation.

Like the tallness of the pine upon Norwegian hills, the political attitude of Mr. Chamberlain is of the nature of depth, but rather to the congenial nature of the soil in which the tentacles are fixed. But the unerring instinct by which in those early times he lured and won the reluctant confidence of the men of Birmingham, pales into insignificance before the sagacity by which during thirty years he has been able to maintain it against the assaults of enemies.

Mr. Harris in this paper has evidently relieved much pent-up feeling, and those who have felt like him will be grateful for this characterisation of the Midland metropolis, though they may feel that what it lacks in justice is more than made up in vigour.

FOUR ACRES AND TWELVE PIGS.

A NEW VARIANT OF AN OLD CRY.

In the *Economic Journal* Mr. R. Winfrey, M.P., describes the small progress of the small holdings movement. The absence of compulsory powers and the lack of sympathy on the part of the County Councils are the reasons he suggests for the slowness of the movement hitherto. Nevertheless, certain experiments which he describes have been a success. In nineteen agricultural parishes of Lincolnshire, though not 2 per cent. is under small holding cultivation, yet sufficient has been done to check rural depopulation, which before the era of small holdings was proceeding at a great pace. From what he has seen of five hundred or more of these small holders, he has no hesitation in saying that all but a very small percentage greatly increase their material prosperity. He adduces the balance-sheet of one who cultivates four acres of arable land. He says:—

This labourer works regularly for the neighbouring farmers and manages his small holding in the evenings and on spare days now and again. As will be seen, he hires his horse-labour from one of the larger small holders.

BALANCE SHEET ON SMALL HOLDING OF FOUR ACRES. OUTGOINGS.

Rent (including rates and taxes)	£9 0 0
Hired horse labour:—	
Ploughing	£1 3 0
Drilling	0 3 9
Harrowing	0 3 0
Drawing potato rows	0 5 0
Manure carting	0 10 0
Carrying barley	0 8 6
Artificial manure	2 13 3
Seed potatoes	1 17 6
Seed barley	0 12 0
Seed mangolds and carrots	0 2 0
Balance, being profit	£16 4 9
	42 17 6

RETURN.

6 tons 7 cwt. potatoes sold at 50s.	£15 18 3
6 tons ditto at 60s.	18 0 0
4 sacks consumed at 6s.	1 4 0
Ditto, sold for seed	5 0 0
Ditto, kept for next year	2 10 0
Ditto chaff, eaten by pigs	1 0 0
Barley sold	6 0 0
Barley consumed	6 0 0
Carrots consumed	1 10 0
Mangolds	2 0 0

£59 2 3
Half the barley, all the carrots and mangolds are being consumed by twelve pigs, and will therefore bring more profit than the market value charged in the balance-sheet. The pigs will turn the barley straw into valuable manure for next year.

Mr. Winfrey urges that the large land-owners of the country, and especially the public land-owners such as the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, etc., should encourage small holdings. They would increase the rental by twenty-five per cent.

PSYCHIC LOCOMOTION AT 250 MILES AN HOUR.

In the *Occult Review*, Franz Hartmann, M.D., discusses magical metathesis, or the almost instantaneous transfer of living persons to distant places by occult means! The writer, among other instances, gives one of a friend of his, Dr. Z., a young, strong and healthy man, but having a peculiar mediumistic organisation. He was once "spirited away" from Livorno to Florence, a distance of 100 kilometres, in about fifteen minutes. This is the story as written down by Dr. Z. himself:—

I had already been two days at Livorno, when a very strange thing happened to me. It was after 9 p.m., and I had been to supper, when I distinctly felt an occult message coming from our friends at Florence, asking my presence as soon as possible, because they needed my presence.

Instinctively I took my cloak, and without even changing my jacket bestrode my bicycle and went for the station, intending to take the first train leaving for Florence; but as I went on I was forced by an irresistible impulse to take the road to the right, which leads towards Pisa, and at the same time my bicycle went on with such a velocity that I became giddy, and my legs could not follow any more the quick movement of the pedals, so I had to abandon them. Still the velocity grew to such an extent that it seemed to me as if I was flying without touching the ground. For a moment I saw Pisa and its lights, then the breath began to fail me owing to the pressure of the air caused by the rapidity of the motion, and I lost consciousness.

When I regained my senses, I found myself in the parlour of our friends' house, at Florence, and they expressed their surprise, seeing that I had come so soon, as there were no trains arriving from Livorno at that hour. I looked at my watch. It was 9.30 p.m. Thus it could not have taken me more than a quarter of an hour to travel the 100 kilometers from Livorno to Florence considering the time necessary to put on my cloak and get my bicycle.

CYCLING THROUGH CLOSED DOORS.

Dr. Z. then tells how he asked his friends how he happened to enter the house. They said they heard a racket and noise as if a bomb had exploded at the window towards the street, and heard a thump as if a human body had fallen upon the chair:—

They struck a light and found that the human body was myself and that I seemed to sleep. While this conversation took place the doorbell rang violently. It was the night watchman who claimed to have seen somebody, presumably a robber, enter the house through the window. Evidently, it was I whom he saw. Our friends told him that everything was all right and the watchman retired, apparently not quite satisfied and not fully convinced.

While our friends were to open the door to speak with the watchman they found a bicycle in the entrance hall. Thus it seems that my bicycle was carried through the closed door and I through the window, which was also closed. This happened in March, 1902. I had my full consciousness when I left Livorno and I passed through Pisa and regained it at the house of our friends at Florence.

AN EXPLANATION.

Psychic locomotion so far in advance of the movement of even the swiftest motor-car seems as hard to believe as was the first news of Marconi's wireless telegraphy. But the writer has his theory to offer. He says:—

It may be asked: How is it possible that an organised being can become disintegrated through solid walls, and be rematerialised again? It seems that for the purpose of solving this question we should understand the mystery of matter and force. We should then perhaps find that we are ourselves an organism of forces composed of vibrations of ether upon a low a scale as to appear as what we call "matter," and that matter and force are essentially one and the same thing. We know that the higher may control the lower, the active the passive. Mind can control the motions of the body and the emotions of the mind. If our spirituality were fully developed, there is no reason why we should not be able, by

the power of our spiritual will, to change the vibrations of which our material body is composed, and send them as "organised force," guided by our thought, to any part of the world. We know that the influence of mind gradually changes the physical body; perhaps if our mental force were strong great changes in our physical constitution might be produced at will, and certain things which now are regarded as impossible would be found to be perfectly natural.

DYING TO LIVE AGAIN.

A WEIRD STORY OF AN INDIAN YOGI.

The *Hindoo Spiritual Magazine*, which is becoming under the able editorship of Shishir Kumar Ghose one of the most interesting of all the occult periodicals, publishes in its May number a most interesting account of Samadhi, which being interpreted is:—

A state into which a man, who has been able to enter, can die at his sweet pleasure, derive all the advantages of a dead man for the time being, and yet can come back to life whenever he wishes.

In support of this extraordinary assertion, the writer quotes a statement made by Dr. G. D'Ere Browne, F.R.C.P., who resided thirty years in India. He declares that he saw at the Haridwar festival a yogi practise Samadhi. This yogi stood in the centre of the sacred square, surrounded by a great multitude, and became cataleptic:—

A group of yogis of the highest order then advanced, bearing a long narrow earthen trough which had been standing over a smouldering fire. This was filled with melted wax. Into this each emptied the contents of a little white package which he carried. A group from the fifth order prepared the body for burial. They wrapped it in many folds of white muslin, and the two ends were closely fastened and wound with white cord.

Before doing this, however, they worked for some time on the body. Eyes, nose and mouth were firmly sealed with some specially prepared kind of wax. They lifted the body by the cords and gently immersed it in the melted wax. It was then lifted out and held suspended till the wax whitened by cooling and becoming solid. It was then immersed again and again eight times in all. A group from another order were at the same time busied in digging a grave. There were about twenty of them at work with spades and shovels, and the work advanced rapidly till the hole was six or eight feet deep.

The burial followed. To a repetition of the chant and the procession around the square, the three old men placed the body in a rude wooden box which served as the coffin, and it was lowered into the grave. The earth was filled in and heaped up in a mound on top.

On the eighth day occurred the resurrection. The grave, which had never been disturbed, was opened. The coffin, which had been nailed down with wooden pegs, was opened by means of wedges. The body was found as he had last seen it. The wrappings were unwound, the flakes of wax removed from eyes, nose, mouth and ears. The other yogis then walked three times round the square. At the third round the yogi raised himself slowly to a sitting posture and looked about him like a man awakened from a sleep.

The resurrected one then walked slowly away to his cave in the mountains, where he was to spend the rest of his life in solitary meditation. The ceremony enabled him finally to interwell in the two spheres, spiritual or material, at will. His followers maintained that he could have remained in his grave a year at least and have come forth alive and well.

A SYMPOSIUM ON THE BRITISH CLIMATE.

In the *Strand Magazine* of July there is a symposium on the British climate, and we have the opinions of a number of eminent travellers, practically all of whom agree that our climate is one of the best in the world.

The first opinion to be quoted is that of the King, who said:—"Taken as a whole, the English climate is the best in the world." The Prince of Wales remarked, in India, that the English climate had been unjustly maligned, whereas "it is one of the best, if not the best, all-round climate in the world."

Sir Harry Johnston defends the climate of the southern half of England, and thinks it the best and healthiest in the world. Moreover, there is an exquisite unexpectedness about it. Mr. Harry de Windt says he had to leave gloomy Paris and live in brighter London! Mr. A. G. Hales writes that England has not a climate of her own, but that she embraces all others, and Mr. John Foster Fraser, who has been in forty different countries, says that it is we British who are the champion fault-finders with ourselves—and our climate. Mr. Thomas Greenwood advises people to dress according to the weather and not according to the calendar, and so bring about a wholesome indifference as to the weather.

THE MIND OF A DOG.

In the July number of the *Cornhill Magazine* Professor S. Alexander endeavours to show us the mind of a dog—how the mind of a dog resembles that of a child, but how the dog remains a dog while the child ceases to be a dog.

INVENTION AND INSTINCT.

What distinguishes the dog from a child is that though he learns to do things, he does not learn the reason of them. The Professor, writing of his own Irish terrier, says:—

His acquired dexterities are the best illustration of the inventiveness of instinct, while at the same time they indicate where inventive instinct falls short of rational action. He is skilful in getting a walking-stick through a narrow opening in a wall, or a railing. An observer, seeing him push the stick along with his teeth till he gets it at the crook and then drawing it through the hedge, might attribute the act to reflection, and say, what an observer of Principal Lloyd Morgan's dog said on a similar occasion, "Clever dog that, sir; he knows where the hitch do lie."

Now this is precisely what my dog and Mr. Lloyd Morgan's dog also does not know. When he feels the hitch he knows how to get rid of it, but he does not understand it.

I put him, in imitation of Mr. Morgan's experiment, behind some railings. The dog ran at them, holding the stick by the middle, and did this more than once. Then, in the excitement of his desire to get through and join me, he began to seize the stick at random, and, seizing it near the crook, he was able to bring it through. When I repeated the experiment he was clever enough to seize the stick, after a very few trials, at the right place, and I imagine that it is the rate at which the lesson is learned that makes the difference between one dog and another.

Even now, when he has become expert, he first runs at the narrow opening holding the stick by the middle, and then when he has failed he skilfully, and without further waiting, shifts his teeth to the right place. He learnt thus how to do the action by trying repeatedly at random, and failing, until success crowned his desire, and he remem-

bered the method of success. Compare his action with the same action as done rationally by a man. In a strict sense the dog does not know how to do the action because he has not analysed it into its means. His means are not deliberate means taken to secure an end, but they are a lucky device struck out by the agency of desire. He has learned how it goes, but not the go of it.

A DOG'S MORAL EDUCATION.

The dog's moral education consisted in the lesson of obedience or self-control. In reference to it Professor Alexander writes:—

Counting upon his attachment, I could guide him by insistence upon my will, and I used the method of reward more sparingly than that of punishment. He learned to beg without the reward of food, but he only learned to carry after several whippings, more, perhaps, than I should use with a second dog. In teaching him to give up unmistakable habits like uncleanness and stealing, I found that mere displeasure had little effect, and I was compelled to whip him soundly.

IS HUMAN NATURE CRUEL?

But the Professor continues:—

And here I remark, parenthetically, a trait of human nature. Parents and teachers sometimes tell their children that it gives them more pain to whip the child than the child feels but though I disliked having to whip my dog, when I had begun whipping him and my blood was up, I liked it. Do I betray a latent vein of cruelty in myself, or discover to my friends a trait in themselves which they have not suspected?

In conclusion, we have the dog's view of his master.

"A GHOST THAT WAS OF USE."

The *Occult Review* contains some leaves from the notebook of a psychical inquirer by A. Goodrich Frere. Some of these were supplied to the writer by Mr. Myers. She quotes one which bears the note, in Mr. Myers' hand: "Colonel Brown-Ferris lives near Ely." The incident was told by Colonel Brown-Ferris to Mrs. Edward Roberts in August or July, 1893. The memoir in question proceeds:—

The immediate cause of the story being told was that the subject of ghosts had been discussed, and Colonel Roberts said, "I can't see what good they have ever done," and Colonel Brown-Ferris said, "I can tell you of one that was of great use; these are the facts. The thing happened to me. Some years ago while in India, a young officer in my regiment died quite suddenly of cholera. The next day I was in his room with a sergeant and another officer. We were there to make a list of all his property, previous to its being sold. We were sitting one at each end of the table with writing materials, and as each article was named, put it down on the list. While we were so engaged we heard a step on the verandah. We looked up, and said to each other, 'If we did not know ——— was dead, we should say he was coming in now.' He did come in, and spoke and the strange thing is that he seemed to think it quite natural that he should be there and speak, although we knew he was dead. He said, 'I cannot be at rest, because there is something I ought to tell and to do. Will you write it down?' Before I left England I was privately married. I did not venture to tell my father, I dared not. I was married about four years ago in ——— Church, giving the name and date. 'My wife lives there now, and I have a boy. I wish this to be known, and also, that all the property I have here should be sold and the money sent to her. I could not rest till this was done, as no one knew I was married.' This was all, and he was gone. Afterwards we said to each other, 'Did you write?' We both had written the directions, and they were word for word the same. We made enquiries in England; it was all true, he had been married, and at the place and date given. Of course the money was given to the wife. If he had not come back to tell us, no one would ever have known anything about it."

This is the story as it was told to me by Mrs. Roberts in September, 1895.

LAYING WASTE PLEASANT PLACES.

The June number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* contains an article entitled "The Laying Waste of Pleasant Places," our waste-layers being Boards of Works, Urban and County Councils, Corporations, etc.

DWELLINGS AND PARKS.

These bodies, the writer says, do their work with all the ardour of progressive reformers. We overrate the value of public playgrounds, and it is assumed that these breathing-spaces are sufficient for the needs of millions of people dwelling together in "great blocks of tall, ugly flats." The ideal city is the city of low-roofed houses, each with its own garden at the back, yet in every city the fever of destruction is busy pulling down the small houses and felling the trees to make room for deserts of bricks and mortar. For instance, beautiful old gardens have been destroyed not a stone's throw from Grove End-road in order to build a block of artisans' dwellings in a *cul de sac*.

THE WRONG REMEDY.

Artisans must be housed; of course, but the writer thinks there are everywhere to be found straits which it would be a positive kindness to demolish, and in these congested areas the new buildings with their asphalt court and common stairway might arise. In these new rabbit-warrens each room will have its price as in the old ruins, and the spots of greenery would still remain. But the writer goes further, and doubts whether the conditions of living are much improved in these new "sanitary" blocks of dwellings.

A clerk of works who was showing the writer over a new block, remarked to him that he would be sorry to bring up a child in such a place. He said:—

Just fancy what it will be when it is macked full, and men stand here after a long day's work looking down as we are looking down, and the smell of the refuse comes up to them like incense on a hot summer night! Only think of it! It is all very well to say if the people were clean there would be no smell; they are not clean, and you cannot make them clean.

And the rooms are small at the best, and the children will play here on rainy days with the women hanging round, and the sun never shines into one half of the rooms. If you have to put so many human beings in a certain limit of space at a certain limit of price, it is no use to trouble about south aspects.

The cry for garden cities is in itself a healthy sign, but what puzzles me is that anyone should have ever wished to destroy such a garden city as this once was to build such a place as this. I admit the overcrowding under the old system was terrible, but we are applying the wrong sort of remedy.

WHO WILL RID US OF THESE TYRANTS?

Here there can be none of the refining influence of a little garden or even window-boxes. But there is little possibility of our getting rid of our tyrants. The writer says in conclusion:—

To penalise the cutting down of a single tree for the next thirty years or so; to forbid the erection of any building, unless upon ground that has already been used for that purpose, would be to enact laws, so wise, so good, so excellent, that we fear no Parliament would ever be found to pass them; to see that only ill-built and insanitary houses were pulled down, a method so sensible that no authorities would countenance it.

Yet the evil is so great that it needs a drastic remedy, but even if one were found, who would dare to apply it? Only in Utopia would it be possible to hang a certain number of county councillors, builders, and contractors, that they might serve as an object-lesson to others.

THE WAGNERIAN DRAMA.

Under the title of "The Apostasy of a Wagnerian," Mr. E. A. Baughan, the interesting musical and dramatic critic, has a short article in the *Fortnightly Review* for July, on the Wagnerian Music-Drama.

He says the orchestra in Wagner's hands became a temptation which Wagner could not withstand—

The orchestra enabled Wagner to discourse at length upon the dramatic ideas and situations, to point a moral here, and to emphasise an emotion there. . . . From the "King" onwards, the *dramatis personæ* no longer carried the drama, but were borne along by the egotistic comments of the dramatist.

Moreover, Wagner did not stop to consider the right proportion between voice and orchestra:—

The orchestra (continues Mr. Baughan) has no real place in the drama at all. The weaving up of the voice with the orchestra is directly opposed to drama. It means that the voice will have no independent life of its own. If you attempt to sing one of Wagner's big scenes without the orchestral comment you will find that the expression is absolutely incomplete. Add the orchestra, and you obtain the frenzied excitement which Wagnerians consider perfect art.

And Wagner did not improve an essentially false conception of the proper position of the voice in music-drama by writing the bulk of his orchestral music as if it were an independent symphonic poem, for he thus created a Procrustean bed on which the expression of the *dramatis personæ* had to be stretched to fit the expression of the composer himself. . . .

The very effect of bigness, of titanic emotions expressed by singers and orchestra, is not really artistic. It is another proof of the composer's egotism. . . . Opera must retrace its steps. It must aim at making its drama condition the style of its music, and the *dramatis personæ* must no longer be merged in the orchestral background.

PRACTICAL TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

In the July number of *Macmillan's Magazine* Mr. A. C. Passmore has a sensible article on Technical Education, in which, while he agrees that technical education on a good sound teaching basis is the special need of the age, he laments the difficulty of finding teachers and technical committees with the necessary energy and skill to bring the ideal to a happy accomplishment. The instructor teaches his pupils according to the books and courses mapped out, but, adds the writer:—

Does he ever attempt to teach wherein lies the success of one method or system, or the failure of the other, to produce a desired result? Does he ever attempt, when teaching the theory of a subject, to apply theory in the simplest and most practical manner?

Does he encourage the pupils to throw conventional methods to the winds of heaven and to think for themselves, to constantly study new methods, to derive suggestions from things that come casually under their vision, and to select those that are best fitted for their use and adoption?

The whole tendency of modern education, he explains, is to train the memory, often at the expense of the power to think, whereas it is only by observation and by experiment that facts can be determined. The present system of technical education is too narrow and too bookish. Examinations should test the candidate's ability to apply his knowledge practically.

THE FOUNDER OF THE SWEDISH SYSTEM OF GYMNASICS.

Inspired by the successes of the Swedish athletes at the Olympic Games at Athens, there is an interesting character-sketch by Sally Högström, in *L'aria*, of Pehr Henrik Ling, the founder of that system of gymnastics and physical culture which has gained for Sweden a world-wide reputation. Pehr Henrik Ling came of a good, tough old farmers' stock, and could trace his ancestry back to the end of the fifteenth century. A century or so later the family had become merged in the learned clerical class, and then took the name of Ling. Pehr was born at Ljunga Parsonage, in Smaland, on November 15th, 1776. The youngest of six children, he was left fatherless at the age of four, and a couple of years later was motherless also. But shortly before her death, his mother had given him a good and wise stepfather in the person of the new vicar of the parish, to whom, in the dedication of one of his literary works—for Ling was poet and dramatist also—he expresses his indebtedness and gratitude.

From his mother he inherited an extreme sensitiveness, from his father a peculiar harshness. Other characteristics he had, of course; some self-acquired, others inborn—self-denial, a hasty, restless temperament, pride, perseverance, and an indomitable will. His stepfather wished to make a parson of him. This was against his will, and the headstrong youth, not wishing to kill himself by direct act, but hoping to contract some illness which would result in his death, went one bitterly cold night, very thinly clad, for a long walk. He only caught a cold in the head, and this, it seems, induced his first reflections on the human body and its powers of endurance. Symptoms of paralysis—the result of a severe cold—which revealed themselves later on in his right arm, led his thoughts to curative gymnastics and to fencing, in which art he soon became a master, far excelling his Copenhagen teacher, Nachtgall. He conquered the incipient paralysis, and acquired for himself arms of steel with the flexibility of a spring.

As the originator of his gymnastic system he had the whole medical phalanx against him, as well as the prejudice of the people, who had so far found themselves able to live and die without any such capers. Fanatic, madman, charlatan, acrobat, were common terms for the man now known and honoured in other lands as well as his own. He laughed and kept on his way, encouraged by his own calm convictions as well as by the fact that he had the young on his side and was their idol. To the last he kept a youthful temperament, which endeared him to them the more.

As poet and dramatist, it may be said of Ling that he revealed in his writings a sincere, ardent, and lofty purpose which inspired other and abler pens as well as chisels, and thus brought into being masterpieces of poetry and sculpture which other-

wise the world might never have seen. His own aim, after all, was by word and work to teach his fellow-creatures how to so perfect the human body that it should truly serve its mission as the splendidly worthy instrument of the soul. And in poetry he longed to do for the North of the future what Homer did for the Greece of old. He dreamed of an epic of Northern nature, myth, saga, and song which should inspire the future patriot, poet, painter and sculptor. Before his death, which took place on Easter Sunday, 1839, he had won honours and medals and renown, but he was no lover of such glories, shunning ostentation and praise, and finding his reward in the success of his work.

ROMAN ART.

In the New York *Architectural Record* for June, Jean Schöpfer begins an interesting article on "Roman Art." In the present instalment he compares Greek and Roman Art and Architecture:—

Domestic architecture scarcely existed for the Greeks, and it produced no work deserving of our attention. The Roman houses, on the other hand, are of the deepest interest, architecturally and historically. They show us the Roman spirit at its best—practical, ingenious, and aiming at largeness and solidity in architecture.

But, to have an edifice really representative of the Roman spirit, we must not take a private house, for with the Roman there was one consideration which dominated all others—namely, public utility. He was a citizen of Rome first, and a private individual afterwards.

In the *Therma* the Romans combined all their remarkable qualities—a conception of the big and monumental, with a true notion of what is practical and a taste for comfort—but they were not refined artists, and they lacked the delicate taste of the Greeks.

In Greek architecture the decoration was executed before it was put in place. In Roman architecture the building work and the decoration are independent of each other. The decoration was placed over the brick casing, and for models the Romans took the masterpieces left by the Greeks and stuck them all over their own edifices. The column in the Greek temple carries the entablature which bears the whole roof; the Roman column supports nothing. In Greek art the decoration forms an integral part of the building; in the Roman method it disguises the construction.

SIR W. ANSON ON FEEDING SCHOOL CHILDREN.

In the *Economic Journal* Sir William Anson discusses the provision of food for school children in public elementary schools. He adduces several reasons why local authorities should not be permitted to provide meals for all, or even for some. He says:—

It would seem that voluntary agencies are able to find the necessary funds. Of this the report of the committee on the Medical Inspection and Feeding of Children leaves little doubt, and if the gratuitous provision of meals is limited to the case of the children whose parents are in temporary distress, if those parents who could pay and

would pay were allowed to pay, there should be no doubt of the capacity of voluntary effort to meet every need. For we should never forget, in dealing with this subject that the circumstances which call for gratuitous provision of meals are not universal. Not merely are they not universal; it may almost be true to say that they are limited to large towns and to certain quarters of large towns.

A BY-WAY TO ELBERFELD!

Sir William is evidently sanguine. He anticipates that this composite arrangement may even result in introducing an English counterpart to the Elberfeld system. He says:—

A voluntary society which formed itself into relief committees or guilds of help, covering the ground of all necessitous areas, and conducting the necessary inquiries for ascertaining the proper recipients of meals, might effect useful results which would extend far beyond the mere process of inquiry. The knowledge which might thus be acquired by kindly, helpful people of the conditions under which the poor live would create a continuous interest in the welfare of individual families; friendly relations would spring up which would justify counsel and advice in matters of domestic economy. Thus, insensibly, the standard of home life might be raised, and the ill-fed, ill-nurtured child would become a less common feature in our poorer schools. Timely help, direct or indirect, might be given in starting boys and girls in life, and we might get some approach to the Elberfeld system which prevails in some of the great towns of Germany.

On the method of working he says:—

A local authority might be empowered to give its assistance to a voluntary society, if the latter furnished satisfactory evidence of solvency and permanence, if its constitution and general regulations were such as might receive the formal approval of the authority, and especially if its executive committee were necessarily representative, not merely of the subscribers, but of the local authority, of school managers, and of the guardians. Working through a committee thus constituted, a society might act upon information derived from the best sources, the teachers, the school attendance officers, and the relieving officer.

WOMAN'S REAL RIGHTS.

I.—A HINT FROM GERMAN WOMEN.

Mr. Havelock Ellis contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* an important article upon "The Awakening of Women in Germany."

THE RIGHTS OF MOTHERHOOD.

He tells us that the woman's movement in Germany

is not, first and last, a cry for political rights, but for natural and emotional rights, and for the reasonable regulation of all those social functions which are founded on the emotions. If we attempt to define in a single sentence the specific object of this agitation, we may best describe it as based on the demands of woman the mother, and as directed to the end of securing for her the right to control and regulate the personal and social relations which spring from her nature as mother or possible mother.

ITS LEADER AND ITS ORGAN.

Of this movement Ellen Key, of Sweden, is the recognised leader:—

The basis of the movement is significantly indicated by the title *Mutterschutz*—the protection of the mother—borne by "a journal for the reform of sexual morals," edited by Dr. Helene Stocker, of Berlin. All the questions that radiate outwards from the maternal function are here discussed; the ethics of love, prostitution, ancient and modern, the position of illegitimate mothers and illegitimate children, sexual hygiene, the sexual instruction of the young, etc. *Mutterschutz* is the organ of the association for the protection of mothers, more especially unmarried mothers, called the *Bund für Mutterschutz*.

Ten per cent. of children born in Germany are illegitimate:—

It is the aim of the *Bund für Mutterschutz* to rehabilitate the unmarried mother, to secure for her the conditions of economic independence—whatever social class she may belong to—and ultimately to effect a change in the legal status of illegitimate mother and children alike.

THEIR IDEAL OF BEAUTY.

Mr. Ellis says:—

Ellen Key's views are mainly contained in a book "On Love and Marriage," and in a later pamphlet on "Love and Ethics," both of them translated into German. Ellen Key would probably accept the definition of purity given by Aenes Harder, another leader in this movement, as "the psychic impossibility of living in false relationships."

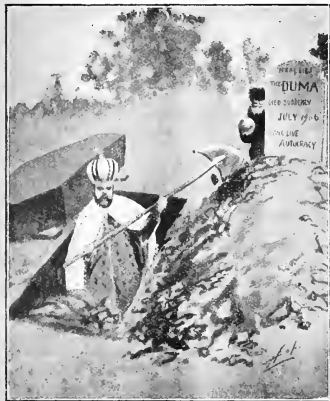
The aim of love, as understood by Ellen Key, is always marriage and the child, and as soon as the child comes into question society and the State are concerned. Before marriage love is a matter for the lovers alone, and the espionage, ceremony, and routine now permitted or enjoined are both ridiculous and offensive. "The flower of love belongs to the lovers and should remain there; it is the fruit of love which brings them into relation to society." The dominating importance of the child, the parent of the race to be, alone makes the immense social importance of sexual union. It is not marriage which sanctifies generation, but generation which sanctifies marriage.

In their view, according to Mr. Havelock Ellis, "in love the demand for each sex alike must not be primarily for a mere anatomical purity, but for passion and for sincerity." The phrase "mere anatomical purity" is striking, but so long as it is regarded as equally important or equally unimportant by man and woman alike even this phrase will not do much harm.

THE CENTRAL POINT OF LIFE.

With Helene Stocker, Ellen Key would say that the highest human unit is trine: father, mother, and child. Marriage, therefore, instead of being, as it is to-day, the last thing to be thought of in education, becomes the central point of life.

Mr. Ellis points out that the German women:— are following an emotional influence which—strangely enough, it may seem to some—finds more support from the



biological and medical side than the Anglo-Saxon movement has always been able to win. From the time of Aristophanes downwards, whenever they have demonstrated before the masculine citadels, women have been roughly bidden to go home. And now, here in Germany, where of all countries that advice has been most freely given, women are adopting new tactics; they have gone home. "Yes, it is true," they say in effect, "the home is our sphere. Love and marriage, the bearing and the training of children—that is our world. And we intend to lay down the laws of our world."

II.—THE DISABILITIES OF ENGLISH WOMEN.

In the same review Lady Grove sets forth the present Disabilities of the Women of England. She shows that, excepting in Society, women are unjustly handicapped in almost every department in life. I have not room to go over the oft-told tale, but the following extract will suffice:—

The inequalities at present existing in the laws relating to divorce, heredity, lunacy, slander and libel, contracts, litigation, criminal and company laws prove that women are invariably at a disadvantage when confronted with any of the difficulties of life.

They are arbitrarily shut out from spheres of influence in which they might do the State much service:—

This "sphere of usefulness" is no imaginary phrase, as will be seen from a summary of what the Local Authorities (Qualification of Women) Bill proposes. It will enable electors to place directly-elected women on education authorities, and to secure their services in other matters of local government, such as the housing of the poor, the looking after public lodging-houses, the management of the female side of lunatic asylums, the regulation of the employment of children, provision for the prevention of cruelty to children, the supervision of industrial schools (containing children from three years of age), the supervision of midwives and of baby-farms, of homes for inebriate women, of police-courts and police-court waiting-rooms (outside the metropolis), and generally to secure their co-operation in matters relating to the public health.

Could women ask to be allowed to do anything more womanly, more sane, more profitable to themselves and to those they are willing to serve than to fulfil the offices above enumerated?

That they have done it well is not only not disputed, but praisings of praise are raised by all intelligent, honest men who have worked on public bodies with women.

THE CONGO HORRORS.

Mr. Harold Spender, in the *Contemporary*, reviews the report of King Leopold's Commission and the consequent debate in the Belgian Parliament. He calls special attention to the report presented by Professor Cattier, who showed that in 1896 King Leopold set aside from the Congo State a large area, about ten times the size of Belgium and two and a-half times the size of England, as the *Domaine de la Couronne*. The Professor found that the total revenue of the King's domain from 1806 to 1905 must have amounted to £2,800,000:—

Now, how has the King spent that money? Here, Professor Cattier made some interesting discoveries. He found out, by a search through official records, that it has been largely invested in real estate in different parts of Belgium. His inquiries have been restricted by expense to a few districts, but even there the results dug out in Brussels and Ostend cover twenty-one pages in his book. The purchases include hotels, villas, houses, woods, lands, fields, gardens and stables. It almost looks as if King Leopold aimed at using the proceeds of the Congo for turning Belgium into his private estate.

Besides these purchases, the proceeds of the *Domaine de*

la Couronne are being directed to the following objects:— (1) construction of the Palace of Laeken at the cost, when completed, of thirty million francs; (2) construction of the Arcade of the Cinquantenaire (celebrating fifty years of Belgian independence) at Brussels; (3) construction of a "Colonial School" at Terveruren; (4) a Press Bureau.

"Worse and worse!" The fourth and last is a most important and significant item. It explains much. By an ingenious arrangement the profits wrung from the tortured millions of Africa have been used in filling the Belgian and Continental Press with inspired glorification of the "moral and material regeneration" of the Congo.

There is, in addition, a deficit of four millions in the "estimate" of the Congo State, so altogether there is a sum unaccounted for of seven millions sterling. "Massacre in Africa seems to go hand in hand with robbery in Europe."

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE ANARCHIST.

The writer of "Musings Without Method" in *Blackwood's Magazine* has no maudlin sentiment about the anarchist, nor is he under any illusions as to the soundest method of dealing with him. Indiscreet persons have tried to encourage him by declaring his bomb-throwing exploits to be merely "political crimes." There is no such thing as a political crime. What is known by that name is merely an ordinary crime with less than ordinary justification in its motive:—

If a man is driven by the pangs of hunger to steal a loaf, or by some motive of personal jealousy or private revenge to kill his neighbour, he is punished without pity or sentiment. If, on the other hand, a weak-brained scoundrel is persuaded to throw a bomb, which slays a hundred innocent persons, because he pretends to disapprove of kingship, his act is instantly dignified with the name of "political crime."

The sooner this term is abolished from the vocabularies of statesmen and judges the better for the peace and sanity of Europe.

EXCLUDE THE ANARCHIST.

England is largely responsible for this confusion of words and deeds:—

Cannot you hear the Pecksniff of the State thanking God for his own enlightenment, and declaring that, so long as he can keep open house, no man shall suffer for an opinion, even though the opinion finds expression in dynamite or a dagger?

Those whom Russia and Germany, Italy and France condemn as law-breakers are marked out in London for respectful consideration.

Our neighbours may be pleased to be thus saved much trouble, but it is not our business to act as the police of Europe:—

Though we do not breed anarchists, we give them a willing shelter; and if the anarchists reward our hospitality by flinging elsewhere the bombs which they make in London, we are in a sense accessory to their crimes.

Believing, as so many, that personal vanity is the ruling motive for anarchists' crime, the writer would try them in silence and without a name. The anarchist would be merely X or Z; he should get no publicity in the press: he should make no melodramatic speeches in the Courts. Then, thinks *Blackwood*, he would soon cease to be so fond of throwing bombs.

AN ACADEMIC CO-OPERATIVE FACTORY.

It is, indeed, "a unique industrial association" of which Mr. Armitage-Smith tells the tale in the *World's Work and Play*. The Carl Zeiss Works at Jena employ more than 1450 persons, including twenty scientific investigators and more than eighty engineers and foremen, in the manufacture of optical and philosophical instruments, microscopes, telescopes, photographic lenses, etc., etc., etc.

The work was founded in 1846 by Carl Zeiss, a mechanical engineer, who tried to substitute scientific principle for rule-of-thumb methods. In 1866 he induced Ernst Abbe, a teacher of mathematics and physics and astronomy in the University of Jena, to join him. In 1876 Abbe studied a loan exhibition of scientific apparatus at South Kensington, and on returning founded with Dr. Otto Schott, an expert in glass-making, a glass works. On the death of Zeiss in 1888, Professor Abbe became sole proprietor. Later he renounced his own rights and constituted a Trust, to which he ceded the property and administration. The enterprise was henceforth to be conducted for the benefit of (1) all workers or partners; (2) the University of Jena; (3) the municipality of Jena.

NO VERY HIGH SALARIES.

The scheme took effect in October, 1896. A trustee is appointed by the State to see that the statutes which have been confirmed by the State are carried out. It is a co-operative concern, with University and municipality as beneficiaries. Further details are given:—

All the officials, scientific, technical, and commercial, have fixed salaries; the majority of the employees are paid by piece-work, but with a minimum wage computed on a time basis. No official may receive a salary more than ten times the average yearly earnings of the worker of twenty-four years of age and upwards, and with at least three years' service; as a result of this rule the highest salary as yet paid amounts to £900; the object of this regulation was to remove causes of discontent arising from strong contrasts between high and low earnings.

A system of profit-sharing forms part of the scheme of remuneration, by which a supplementary payment in proportion to the prosperity of the business is made to all the employees with the exception of members of the board of management. Another provision authorises the payment of an *honorarium* to employees of the firm of any rank if it can be shown that the association has benefited pecuniarily by their special scientific, technical, or economic activity. Rewards are also offered for practical suggestions which effect improvements in the works.

EIGHT HOURS DAY, PENSIONS, ETC.

Other reforms have since been introduced:—

In 1891, by mutual consent, the working day was reduced to eight hours, after a year's experiment, from which it was concluded that eight hours could be made as productive as nine, both for the firm and the workers; overtime is not allowed except in special circumstances, and enforced short-time does not incur a deduction from wages. All workmen are entitled to six days' annual holiday, for which they receive a standard time-wage.

A sick-fund is also provided by contributions of the employees of 3.2 per cent. of their wages, to which the firm adds a sum equal to half the amount subscribed. Sick-pay is given for six months at the rate of three-fourths of the wage, and a further amount is given for other three months at a different rate.

Persons who provided for a special reserve fund up a scale depending upon length of service and certain other provisions. Under this scheme an employé, invalided after five years' service, can obtain a pension equal to 50 per

cent of his income; after forty years' service or at the age of sixty-five the pension amounts to 75 per cent. of earnings. Suitable provision is also made for widows and orphans.

A UNIVERSITY FUND OF £100,000.

The University Fund created by the Trust is applied to the maintenance of scientific and technical institutions connected with the University:—

The effect is to place Jena in the first rank of German universities as regards scientific and technical equipment. No less than £100,000 has thus been contributed through the "stiffing" to the university by this one local industrial association.

There are other provisions of the Trust:—

One of these is a "People's Institute," free to the inhabitants of Jena and the locality, arranged and equipped for intellectual and social purposes in a most complete and almost lavish manner. It comprises an extensive museum of physical apparatus, a library which has been described as "the best, the most modern, and most comfortable in the German Empire," a public reading-room, several lecture-rooms and a large public hall capable of seating 1400 people, an art gallery, a music-room, and *delicias* for artists and amateur photographers. The institute is maintained entirely out of the funds of the "Stiftung," and it is used without distinction by all classes—professors, students, workmen and labourers of every grade.

The management is almost Republican:—

The industrial works are separately controlled under the statutes by boards of managers, who are selected from persons engaged in the works, and who receive no special salary for their services as managers, and only in their corporate capacity have any superior position to their fellows.

Who would expect Oxford to supplement its revenues by running a co-operative society?

WHY GLASGOW IS A MODEL MUNICIPALITY.

Mr. Frederic C. Howe, writing in the *July Scribner*, praises the Municipal Government of Glasgow. The citizen of Glasgow is a good citizen because it is his city; it gives him more for his money than anyone else:—

It is a government of the taxpayers, for the taxpayers, by the taxpayers. For only taxpayers vote. I never knew a city that hated taxes as much as does Glasgow, and talked so everlastingly about the rates. Any measure involving taxation, even for the relief of the poor, and the poor of Glasgow are terribly poor indeed, has to pass a jealous scrutiny.

Away back in the sixties, the ratepayers defeated Lord Provost Blackie, who had promoted the splendid clearance scheme for the destruction of the city's worst slums. Glasgow is a taxpayers' administration. I fancy it was these same taxpayers who took over the various undertakings of which the city is so proud. With Scotch thrift, they hated to see profits go into private pockets.

The man on the trams is evidently right. He owns the trams; therefore he is interested in them. He owns the gas, the water, the electricity supply and the telephones. Therefore he watches them. He loves Glasgow just as does the Lord Provost, the hard-headed alderman, the man in the club, the caretaker of the city's sewers and wells. The city is his parent. It cares for him. And it is worth working for. It is so big in its ideals, so big in its achievements, so big in its kindness and goodness.

The *Sunday at Home* for July is a very readable number. Most noteworthy among its contents is a very quiet, impartial, and searching summing up of the character of the Kaiser, by Oliver M. Norris. A vivid account of what is going on on the Belgian border is given by the American correspondent, Mr. Frederick Moore, and Canon Barnes-Lawrence tells what he saw on the summit of Vesuvius before, of course, its recent eruption.

THE KING EDWARD VII. SANATORIUM.

Much space in the June number of the *Architectural Review* is devoted to illustrations of this Sanatorium at Midhurst, Sussex, which was opened by the King last month, and to an interesting descriptive article about it by the architect, Mr. H. Percy Adams. The site has been most carefully chosen, and the model sanatorium, built from the best of the 180 essays and plans sent in by medical men, is an advance on anything of the kind in England. It was the Falkenstein Sanatorium, in Germany, which is said to have suggested the idea to His Majesty.

The sanatorium stands at 494 feet above the sea, with views over the South Downs, in open country, with plenty of pine woods and heather-covered

ing is so situated as to have two distinct exits in case of fire. The wood used seems mostly teak, and the bedroom furniture is specially designed with rounded corners inside and out. In the centre are the hydropathic baths. The bedrooms have a balcony nine feet wide in front of them, a part for each patient being screened off. There is a "press-button" lift of quite a new kind, which patients themselves can easily work. The floors are all of waxed teak, and the walls plastered and covered with a kind of paper used in nearly all foreign sanatoria, but never before in England.

There is also a chapel, the gift of Sir John Brickwood, of Portsmouth, built on a plan believed to be unique in buildings of the kind. It is open-air, and V-shaped.

Open fires are allowed in sitting-rooms, etc., be-



[By courtesy of the "Architectural Review,"

The King Edward VII. Sanatorium at Midhurst.

moorland. It is needless to go into all that has been done to insure the most perfect cleanliness, the most up-to-date sanitation, and the maximum of non-absorbentness—to coin a word. It goes without saying that no pains have been spared. The main building is in two distinct parts, one for the administration and one for the patients, who are of two classes, one of which pays more and is more luxuriously fed and housed than the other. In the kitchen I notice that there is a steriliser for the forks and spoons, and that the sinks are of German silver, as preferable to porcelain. There is, of course, a complete ice-making apparatus, and a milk steriliser. There is a lounge, besides a number of sitting-rooms, and every room in the build-

cause of their greater cheerfulness, though corridors and bedrooms and other parts are heated by hot water. There is a complete installation of electric bells, so that a patient can ring for a nurse from his own room, and, if in bed, use a telephone attachment to the bell, and thus speak direct to the nurse.

Many excellent views of the institution appear in the *Architectural Review*, one of which we have reproduced.

The new Regent's Quadrant is described in the *Nineteenth Century and After* by Sir Aston Webb as an illustration of improved shop architecture for London.

THE PRESS AND CHARITABLE FUNDS.

Canon Barnett, writing in the *Independent Review*, deploras the results of the aspiration of the Press to administer relief. It is, he thinks, bad alike for the reliever and the relieved. It is bad for the reliever, because subscribing to a Press fund enables rich people to satisfy their consciences by a donation, and thus escape "their duty of effort, of sacrifice, and of personal sympathy. . . . It spoils the public as foolish parents spoil children by taking away the call to effort."

RESULTS OF PRESS FUNDS.

Canon Barnett evidently thinks untold harm has been done by many Press funds—though he is careful to except the Mansion House Fund of 1903-4, and certain others—or, rather, by their inexperienced, injudicious administration. In West Ham, for instance, in the winter of 1904-5, when the Borough Council was spending £28,000 on relief, the Press funds were distributed in addition, without any inquiry. I quote a few of the results cited by Canon Barnett:—

"A man," says a Relieving Officer, "came to me on Friday and had 5s. He went to the Town Hall and got 4s. His daughter got 5s. from the same source; his wife 5s. from a councillor, and late the same night a goose."

"The public-houses," says another Officer, "did far better when the relief funds were at work."

"The Relieving Officers had to be under police protection for four months."

The experience by which the Press administrators of relief learn wisdom is disastrous to the people. The waste of money is serious enough, but it is a small matter alongside of the bitter feeling, the suspicion, the loss of self-respect, and lying which are encouraged when gifts are obtained by clamour and deceit. "Gifts badly given make an epidemic of moral disease." Moreover, Press organisation

disturbs, displaces, and confuses other organisations, while it is not itself permanent. The Press action leaves, it may be said, a trail of demoralisation, and does not remain sufficiently long in existence to clear up its own abuses.

OTHER WEAK POINTS.

Canon Barnett has other criticisms to make. He dislikes the newspaper habit of working on people's feelings by word-pictures of family poverty, which is equally bad for the reader and for those written about. He summarises the effects of this habit as (1) increased poverty—poverty coming to be regarded as an asset; (2) degradation of the poor—teaching them to be content to be pitied and to beg without shame; (3) hardening of the common conscience—the public demanding more and more sensation to move it to benevolence:—

The truth is, that the only gift which deserves the credit of charity is the permanent gift—what a man gives at his own cost, desiring nothing in return, neither thanks nor credit. What a man gives, directed by loving sympathy with a neighbour he knows and respects, this is the charity which is blessed; and its very mistakes are steps to better

things. A "fund" cannot easily have these qualities of charity. Its agents do not give at their own cost; its gifts cannot be in secret; it cannot walk along the path of friendship; it is bound to investigate. When, therefore, any "fund" assumes the ways of charity, when it claims irresponsibility, when it expects gratitude, when it is unequal and irregular in its action, it justifies the strange cry we have lately heard: "Curse your charity."

INDENTURED LABOUR IN TRINIDAD.

In the July *Mission Field* there is a very interesting account of Trinidad and its people. Only containing 2000 square miles of luxuriantly rich land and a population of 300,000, it seems to have solved some problems satisfactorily which are at present the menace of our South African dominions. The writer, C.J.H., says:—

The white to the coloured population is in the proportion of one to one hundred and fifty; and yet one feels proud and thankful to say there is no colour question or difficulty there—side by side white and black sit in the House of Assembly, on public boards, and in the churches. Two-thirds of the people are of pure or mixed negro origin—the descendants of those slaves who were brought in from the west coast of Africa between the middle of the seventeenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth centuries; the other one-third (or nearly 100,000) consists of immigrants from India, who for some thirty years now have been and still are pouring into Trinidad as indentured labourers. The period of indenture lasts for five years, during which time the Indian lives within the compound on the estate that he is indentured to, and receives one shilling a day for his labour, in addition to house-rent and free hospital attendance. So happy are the Indians in Trinidad that but very few of them return to their own native land. Owing to their thrifty habits they save a substantial sum of money during their indentureship, and they set up for themselves as cane farmers, or cocoa planters, or small shopkeepers.

It is interesting to learn that the area under cocoa cultivation is now nearly double that of sugar. Besides these products, and coffee, rice, tobacco, rubber, balata, orange, pine, banana, cocconut, etc., the land is fertile in asphalt. There is a pitch lake ninety acres in extent, apparently solid yet really liquid, for the hole that is dug out to-day is filled up to-morrow by pitch pressed up from the bottom. When cut out it looks like moist or soft coal. Sixty thousand tons are exported annually. The lake is the property of the Trinidad Government, and only leased by them to a syndicate. The Government receives annually from this source £35,000.

In this same journal the Bishop of Guiana calls attention to the contrast between indentured labour in the Transvaal and in Guiana. He says the essential difference is that the coolie labourer in the West Indies is entitled, when his indenture expires, to become a permanent member of the community into which he has been introduced. The Creole East Indian forms an enlightened and thrifty community, possessing their own lands and houses, with power and independence daily increasing.

In time, perhaps, we may have a Hindu Seelye writing the world-wide "Expansion of India." For Indian colonisation seems to be assuming ever larger dimensions.

ELECTRICAL MUSIC SUPPLY.

From a paper on Music by Electricity, which Marion Melius contributes to the *World's Work*, it seems as though the dream of Bellamy is now fulfilment. Dr. Thaddeus Cahill is the inventor. His invention is thus described:—

At a keyboard of his device a performer lightly presses down the keys, and at receivers—perhaps many miles distant—music pours forth. In pressing the keys the performer throws upon a wire a vibration, or a set of vibrations, which turn into aerial vibrations, or audible music, when they reach the diaphragm of a telephone receiver. An alternating current generator has been built up for each note of the musical scale. Each of these generators produces as many electrical vibrations per second as there are aerial vibrations per second in that note of the musical scale for which it stands. From the generators a mass of wires leads to the keyboards. The keys operate switches which conduct the desired vibrations from the generators, much as in a pipe organ the player, by pressing certain keys, turns the air from the bellows into different pipes to produce the tone he desires. These vibrations are passed through several transformers, or tone-mixers, to become still more complex, and then the interwoven vibrations go forth on a wire.

In the music-room where the performer sits, there would be absolute silence if it were not for the receiving horn placed near him, so that he can judge of the character of his playing. The vibrations do not turn into sound until they reach the telephone receiver. Yet the wires all the time are full of silent music, which could be distinguished if the ear were constructed to catch electrical vibrations as it is to catch aerial vibrations.

TO FILL THE WORLD WITH MUSIC.

It is expected that when Dr. Cahill completes his system he may literally fill the world with a network of music. The new musical instrument not only produces the tones of almost all the known orchestral instruments, but it creates musical sounds never heard before. There is none of the rasp and harshness of the phonograph about it. Its tones are pure, clear, round and rich. The instrument responds more sympathetically to the soul of the musician than any other instrument, with the exception, perhaps, of the violin. "A Bauer or a Paderewski at the instrument could delight an audience ten miles distant as thoroughly as if the listeners were in the concert hall with the musician." The first commercial installation has been completed. A second is being prepared for a central station in New York for distributing music. The first weighs more than 200 tons and cost £40,000. The music has been sent successfully over seventy miles. Some of the notes have as much as 15 to 19 h.p. behind them. It is easy to see how this supply of music will operate:—

Dr. Cahill plans to place the system at first in theatres, concert halls, restaurants, hotels and department stores, but later he expects it will come into private use. In small towns where fine music is rarely heard a connection could be made from private homes with the central station in a large city, and the masterpieces of music could be heard at will. The electrical music will go over its own wires and not over leased wires. Central stations will probably be not more than fifty miles apart, in order to get the best results. There will probably be operators of performers at the central station for twenty-four hours, and music will be on tap all hours of the day or night. An individual may go to sleep to music or rise to it according to his temperament, and a husband may furnish an orchestra for her dinner-party at the turn of a button.

ARE WE UNDER A CIVILISED SAVAGERY?

Mr. Harold Spender, in the *Contemporary Review*, treats of the great Congo iniquity with almost prophetic earnestness. More important even than his disclosure of the damning facts of King Leopold's inferno are his reflections on the moral trend of the times. He says:—

Perhaps the most disquieting fact in the present state of the world is the frequent triumph of acknowledged wrongdoing. The Old World and the New, the forces of evil seem to be more powerful and impudent than they were a score of years ago. Disclosure does not dismay them; that great universal judgment of the human race, once armed with thunderbolts, seems now more frightened of itself than capable of alarming others; the vast powers of the modern community, with its highly centralised government and its gigantic machinery of agitation and publicity, seem easily defeated and disarmed, or even turned, like the captured cannon, against the common good. We still look up the smaller criminals; but the colossus seems beyond our reach. He sins boldly and defiantly, seated on throne or judgment seat, in the very blaze of noon. He seems safely guarded by some new stagnancy of the common world-conscience. We look back with scepticism to the days when Mr. Gladstone with a few bold letters could rouse the whole of Europe into a flame of wrath against King Bomhu's "Negation of God." Now, Abdul Hamid still reigns. Tales of wrong seem to produce less echo in the "armed camp" of 1906 than in the peaceful mart of 1850.

But every other instance of this new malady pales before the continued survival, after fifteen years of crime, of the Independent Congo Free State. The security of King Leopold lies in the very magnitude of his offences. He has sinned beyond all ordinary credibility; and he has proved so successful in his large drafts on the bank of international good faith that he will not hesitate to go on drawing as long as his "schemes" are honoured. In the past we have been taken unawares, but now we know, and our guilt will be all the greater if we allow ourselves to go on being deceived.

THE CHIEF PERIL OF THE MODERN WORLD.

A much-needed note of warning is struck in the following paragraph:—

For a new thing has appeared in the world. While we have been dreaming of progress and benevolence, there has grown up among us a strange product, born of the union between greed and science, suckled on cynicism, and schooled in the subtleties of law. It is nothing less than a civilised savagery, infinitely more dangerous and terrible than primitive barbarism, because free from all passion, and working in an atmosphere of cold and sinister calculation that admits neither reform nor repentance. It is fortified by a moneyed command of brain-power in every country, and armed in its own work with all the machinery of destruction that science has given to the modern man. This new savagery is not without its champion. A certain vague philosophy that has become a procrustes to the Lords of Hell is ready to justify the "Over-Man," whether he reigns in Brussels or Chicago. Deception is among his atowed weapons, and the folly of mankind is his chief asset. Here lies the chief peril of the modern world. Now, King Leopold has shown himself the boldest master in this new school of "State-craft." For the chief sentiment on which Leopold has traded has been the vague benevolence of the world. He has built his pyramid of Congolese skulls on a foundation of specious phrases which deceived even General Gordon. It is not the least quarrel that humanity has against him that he has trafficked in high ideals and played the pirate under the guise of the missionary.

A very interesting article in the new number of the *Rivista Musicale Italiana* is that on Madame de Staël and Music, contributed by H. Kling. Much has been written about Madame de Staël, but the present article is probably the first to bring out the musical side of her culture and her enthusiasm for music. References to music found in her writings are quoted at length, but the writer notes as a curious fact that Madame de Staël seems not to have included musicians among the men of letters and others she had always about her.

THE CORNEILLE TERCENTENARY.

Pierre Corneille was born at Rouen on June 6th, 1606, and the tercentenary anniversary of his birth is celebrated in several magazines. An interesting article on Corneille has been contributed to the June number of the *Deutsche Rundschau* by Heinrich Morf.

Corneille is best known by his tragi-comedy "The Cid." The story is based on Guillem de Castro's drama "Las Morcedades del Cid" (1612), a sort of dramatised biography of the Spanish national hero Rodrigo, from the day of his knightly deed at Burgos to his marriage eighteen months later with Chimène or Jimena, daughter of the Count Gormaz, whom he had slain in a combat. Corneille cut out the epic parts, and selected for his subject the conflict between love and duty in the hearts of the Cid and Chimène, making out of the dramatic biography of a national hero a drama of young love. The play, when it was performed in January, 1637, called forth the greatest enthusiasm, and "beau comme le Cid" became a common expression. The Academy, however, was very hostile, and a fierce dispute arose, but the censure of the Academy had no effect on the popular enthusiasm.

After writing a number of other plays, some of which did not meet with success, Corneille ceased to write for the stage for some time, and in 1651 we find him busy with a verse translation of the "Imitation of Christ," the paraphrase extending to over 13,000 verses. In 1659 his drama "Œdipe" appeared, and this was followed by ten other dramas in the next fifteen years. He died in 1684.

Herr Morf compares Corneille with Racine. Neither the scenic nor the psychological art of Corneille, he says, is striking. He does not belong to the great poets. He is at his best in dealing with the heroism of fiery youth, as in the Cid, and it is not as a poet who has created abiding pictures of men and life, but as the poetical rhetorician of heroism, that he lives in the hearts of his countrymen to-day.

The great poet of French tragedy is Racine. He began by dramatising the horrors of Theban history in the manner of Corneille, but gradually he came to represent real life, and he filled a decade with works of the finest poetry. He was as averse to the declamatory style of the Seneca heroes as he was to Corneille's exaggerations. He wrote with the idea in his mind, "What would Homer and Sophocles say if they could read my verses?" In his dramas the leading character is almost always a woman.

The second June number of *La Revue* commemorates the Corneille tercentary by a short article, in which Gaston Vincent quotes an unpublished letter and poem which he attributes to Corneille, while the *Mercur de France* of June 15th contains an interesting article on Corneille and

Paris. The scenes of several of Corneille's plays are laid at Paris, and Emile Magne, the writer of this article, deals with the Palace Royale and the Palais de Justice.

THE PROBLEM OF AFFORESTATION.

The exclusion of afforestation of waste land from the reference of the forthcoming Royal Commission leads Mr. John Nisbet, late of the Indian Forest Service, to discuss the whole problem afresh in the *Nineteenth Century*. He recalls a report of a departmental committee on forestry in 1902, which declares that "the world is rapidly approaching a shortage, if not actual dearth, in its supply of coniferous timber." Germany and the United States, once sources of supply, are competitors for the timber now chiefly supplied from Canada, Russia and Scandinavia. In 1882 we paid for imports of wood £18,300,000; in 1903, £29,300,000; an increase of over fifty per cent., though the population only increased nineteen per cent.

HOW LITTLE TIMBER WE CAN GROW.

Even if we attempt to provide home-grown timber, Mr. Nisbet points out serious limitations. Of the 16,710,788 acres classed as waste land in the United Kingdom, he reckons that—

the wastes and poor pasturage suitable for planting (with a fair chance of profit) may probably aggregate something between 2,100,000 and 3,330,000 acres, the reclamation and planting of which would, at an average of about 26 per acre, demand a total outlay of from about thirteen to twenty million pounds sterling, spread over the next thirty to fifty years according to the rate of planting. Even supposing, however, that we had now—in addition to our existing 3,029,000 acres classed as woods and plantations, but a great part of which are mainly ornamental or protective in character—as many as three million acres of pine and fir plantations ranging in regular gradation up to forty years of age, this would only give an annual fall of 75,000 acres, yielding probably between 300,000,000 and 350,000,000 cubic feet of timber, which is nothing like one-half of the quantity of coniferous wood annually imported for the maintenance of our industries. Above and beyond all that our existing British woodlands now produce for this purpose, the imports of hewn timber merely for pit-wood and mine-props during 1903 and 1904 averaged two and a third million loads, or over 93,000,000 cubic feet, valued at £2,500,000 per annum.

WANTED, A DEPARTMENT OF FORESTRY.

To provide the requisite departmental machinery, Mr. Nisbet advises the nation—

(1) To amend the Board of Agriculture Acts of 1899 and 1903, so as to constitute a Board of Agriculture, Fisheries and Forestry, with a special Forestry branch under an Assistant Secretary; and (2) to abolish the Commission of Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues of the Crown by incorporating it with, and distributing its work between, the Board of Agriculture and the Board of Works and Public Buildings, which was formed in 1832 to perform certain duties previously belonging to the office of Woods and Forests.

Legislation would be necessary to acquire land compulsorily for timber planting; and for the provision of funds Mr. Nisbet counsels the formation of a "Waste Land Planting Fund" through the issue of guaranteed 2½ per cent. stock, like the Irish Land Purchase Fund. Prevention of ruin by rabbits and railway engine sparks and by exorbitant railway rates would also have to be secured by law.

Mr. Nisbet's careful survey of the problem places all interested in its solution under obligation.

HOW TO DISH THE RADICALS.

A CONSERVATIVE APPEAL TO THE GREAT LANDLORDS.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity." The defeat of the late Government seems to be inducing a readiness among some of its followers to adopt a more progressive attitude towards certain social reforms. Here, for example, in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. T. E. Kebbel, writing on Conservative organisation and the agricultural labourers, advocates a policy which it is known has not been acceptable to most of the great landowners. He first of all advises party managers to "fix their attention on the political centre of all rural proselytism," which is not in the lecture room or reading room, but in the public-house. The village Solon with his circle of admirers must, he urges, be caught and employed.

THE WAY TO CAPTURE HODGE.

But how to capture the agricultural labourer? By becoming the champion of the agricultural interest—and making liberal grants of small holdings! He says:—

If Conservative reorganisation could proceed hand in hand with wise agrarian reform, a great work might be accomplished. If the English aristocracy knew the things belonging to their peace, they would take up this question and make it their own while there is yet time. The Socialist party have their eye upon the land, and, unless forestalled by the timely intervention of the present proprietors, may kindle an agitation which it will be very difficult to allay. The example of Russia is not lost upon them, and unless our great territorial magnates can be beforehand with them, and, in happy phrase, "take their water," they may expect trouble.

TO CIRCUMVENT THE SOCIALIST.

To circumvent the Socialists, he argues, let a strong "Country Party" be formed, and regain the counties:—

The way to regain the counties is to satisfy the villagers. And for this purpose a large and well-organised system of peasant-farming should be inaugurated by the great landowners. It must not be the work only of a few individuals; there must be a combination of the whole body throughout the kingdom. Every landowner with estates of a certain magnitude should be able to set aside so many acres to be let out in small holdings. If he were a pecuniary loser by the process he would be a gainer of what is far more valuable in the security which he would purchase for the rest of his property. Such a system as this, inaugurated and kept on foot by the whole landed aristocracy, would bind the peasantry to their natural leaders, checkmate the agrarian agitator, and insure to the agricultural and landed interest sufficient weight in the House of Commons.

CO-OPERATIVE LANDOWNERS.

To this end the writer advocates the formation of a great Landowners' Association, in which the richer ones must pay for the poorer, and all together meet the cost of putting up new farm buildings and home-steads. The demand for small holdings among the peasantry is, he says, on the increase; and he hopes that the landowning class will keep the great agrarian reform in their own hands, "notwithstanding that the Radical Party claims it as their special watchword." And "the thorough and hearty reconciliation of these ancient friends, the peasantry and the gentry, would mean the desiccation of other social sores."

THE EDUCATION BILL.

Archdeacon Wilson, writing temperately from the standpoint of a Liberal Churchman in the *Independent Review*, deplors the opportunities lost by the Education Bill. He reminds us that voluntary schools, though often behindhand in certain ways through want of funds, achieved some of the best results in education, and laments that so few reflect that till the year 1870 all elementary education was due to the initiative of religious people, wholly at their cost till comparatively recently, and under their control.

SECULARISM AND CRIME.

He contends that a qualification of knowledge of the Bible, and an expressed willingness to teach, have none of the evils of a test of belief. Much of his argument is based on his statement that

in those nations in which practically nearly the whole of education has been detached from the religious bodies long enough to see the effect on the second, third, and fourth generations, the increase of crime, and specially of juvenile crime, has been steady and even accelerating, while in England alone it has been steadily diminishing.

In support of this statement, he cites the editor of the French criminal statistics. Any superintendent of police knows that juvenile, and, after a time, adult crime come from "the residual areas"—the population not attached to any religious body; and the writer's argument is that the growth of undenominational schools means the growth of this area, and therefore the growth of crime. His suggestion is that:—

The well-tested German principle of denominational schools, that is, the provision of separate schools for Roman Catholics, Church of England, and undenominational, should be adopted provisionally in all towns large enough to provide children for each school; and in determining the number of children necessary for a separate school, it should be borne in mind that small schools are extraordinarily educating, and that many teachers are specially suited to such small schools, with the opportunities they offer for intimate relations with children.

"THE PRIVILEGE OF CONFISCATION."

In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Herbert Paul discusses the prospects of the Bill, and puts rather pungently the Liberal view of the hollowness of the Church cry, "We want Religion, not Rent." He says:—

The cry of confiscation has heralded one of the most amusing parliamentary dramas that the oldest inhabitant of St. Stephen's can remember. After the Government and the Liberal party had been denounced for months as sacrilegious robbers of denominational schools, it suddenly dawned upon the minds of the intelligent gentlemen who have constituted themselves in the House of Commons the spokesmen of a Church far better represented on the other side that the local authority might refuse to contribute some Voluntary school more plentifully provided with dog-mats than with drains. There was a panic, almost a hubbub. A tyrannical Ministry, bent upon oppressing and insulting a Church to which most of its members belong, was about to withhold the privilege of confiscation from Church schools in defiance of right and justice. The essential absurdity of the situation is not lessened by the fact that no local body which consisted of sane men would throw away the money of the ratepayers on building new schools when there were old schools fit for the purpose.

THE NATIVE QUESTION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir Alfred E. Pease, late Administrator of Native Affairs in the Transvaal, contributes many valuable pages of temperance wisdom to the *Contemporary Review* on the native question in the Transvaal. It is a sad picture that he draws of the demoralisation introduced among the Kaffirs by contact with the white races. They gain, he says, little from our civilisation, and gather much of the worst that it can give.

We have been accustomed to despise the Portuguese treatment of natives, yet in a note Sir Alfred states a fact which is not very flattering to our national *amour propre*. He says in the Transvaal and in British Colonies the clear evidence of coloured origin places the half-breed in the category of native. In Portuguese territory the opposite principle prevails, the natives with Portuguese blood are recognised as Portuguese. He reminds us that the common idea that we had ousted the Kafir from their own lands is historically incorrect. When the white men first landed the only natives were Hottentots and bushmen. The great hordes of Bantus were later invaders than the whites.

RELIGION AND DRESS.

He speaks kindly but disparagingly of the missionaries. "Christian Kaffir" in the Transvaal is synonymous with impudent rogue. Mission Kaffir women, he says, are less virtuous than the kraal girls. The missionaries in finding themselves disliked by the whites should not by way of reprisal set the black against the white. They should not insist on the natives imitating European attire:—

The man who can secure the adoption by the natives of a becoming and effective dress will do more than all the missionary societies have done yet to raise them in their own and the white man's respect.

LABOUR FOR THE MINES.

Sir Alfred suggests that the recruiting of Kafir labour for the mines should be taken out of the hands of a monopolist labour association and entrusted to the Native Affairs Department. He adds:—

There would, in my opinion, then be no need of Chinese nor of talk about "compelling" the lazy native to work. I think mine managers generally would agree that provided the supply were regular as well as adequate, native labour is more efficient, more economical and in every way preferable to Chinese. No Chinese are employed in any mines outside the Rand. In the Barberton, Lydenberg and Zoutpansberg and other goldfields and mining districts no Chinese can be employed under the Ordinance.

A PROGRAMME OF REFORM.

Sir Alfred summarises the suggestions that he advances as follows:—

1. Subjects deserving our attention at home, and especially of missionary societies: The qualification of missionaries; the personal attitude of missionaries towards the European community; handbooks collaborated with Colonists advising intending settlers in respect of the training and treatment of natives; native dress and personal cleanliness; the native naturally delights in bathing and washing—the close quarters provided for him by Europeans have made him filthy; the cultivation of such native tastes as those for singing, instrumental music, and decoration; in-

struction in domestic duties and behaviour; the substitution of some system of supervision over native girls for the restraining influences of the tribal system.

2. Reforms, more particularly of the Colonial province, which, in my opinion, are urgent and practicable: Superintendence of native education by the State, with State provision for technical instruction in such subjects as husbandry, gardening, cookery, laundry work, etc.; the creation of a Native Labour Bureau; simplification of the present harassing Pass Laws; registration of native marriages with the ultimate recognition of one marriage only by the State; permission to natives to brew Kafir beer of low alcoholic strength for domestic use; suppression of witch doctors as "smellers out," as distinguished from medicine doctors; individual tenure of land in small holdings; suitable accommodation for natives in urban locations and private premises; permission to hunt game on specified lands at specified seasons.

3. Reforms desirable in the near future: Native representation in a Central Native Indaba distinct from any European Legislature; the substitution of the Dutch law of division amongst children, with provision for widows, for the native law of primogeniture.

With this paper should be read again the well-informed article on the Imperial Control of Native Races, which Mr. H. W. V. Temperley contributed to the *Contemporary* for June. In reviewing Mr. Temperley's proposals, we did not perhaps make sufficiently clear the excellent and first-hand sources from which his facts and judgments were drawn.

WHAT MAKES THE SUCCESSFUL LAWYER?

In the *Grand Magazine* a more than usually interesting symposium is devoted to success in the law. In the essential qualifications good health figures prominently. There is difference of opinion as to how far a certain private income to tide the briefless over the time of waiting is an advantage. There is little difference of opinion as to the importance of influence, especially influence with solicitors. A judge who is nameless, and who speaks with remarkable plainness, says that he knew two students, one much the better at examinations and much more gifted. The less gifted has a large practice, and knew 120 solicitors the day he was called. The other can but just scrape along, and knew one. Given that a man is not utterly incapable, influence is the great thing. Most authorities agree, however, that there is a great sifting out of able men from fools in the legal profession. The plain-speaking judge thus sums up the qualities most essential to the successful lawyer; power of making himself believe in his cases—in other words, power of self-deception, though he does not say so; willingness to work up the facts of a case, which is rare; and common sense enough neither to overrate nor underrate the intelligence of judge and jury.

In an article on Underground Berlin, contributed in the June number of *Felbgang*, Dr. Curt Rudolf gives us a graphic picture of the great technical difficulties which have to be contended with in the laying of pipes and cables in cities. The streets of Berlin, like those of other great cities, have below the surface a perfect network of rail-roads, cables and pipes connected with the supply of gas, water, and electricity, not to speak of the telephones, underground railways, etc.

THE JAPAN OF EUROPE :

WITH KING CHARLES I. AS MIKADO.

The first position in the new number of the *Fortnightly Review* is given to Mr. Alfred Stead's paper on "King Charles I. of Roumania," who celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his accession to the throne on the 20th of last May.

THE MIKADO OF THE NEW JAPAN.

Mr. Alfred Stead's devotion to Japan and its rulers is so pronounced that it was with some surprise I find King Charles and his Roumanians exalted to the same lofty pedestal where stands the first object of his fond idolatry. He says:—

King Charles of Roumania has only one rival among his royal or imperial peers, and that is the present Emperor of Japan. To these two monarchs alike has been given to see in forty years incredible chances in their States, and in both cases these chances, this progress, are due to the guiding hand of the Chief of State. Roumania may well be proud to be called the Japan of Europe—now a term of praise and highest honour. She has achieved in the midst of the incessant jealousies and opposition of Europe, much that the free Empire of the Far East has accomplished. But, in all justice, it must be recorded that the progress of Roumania, if less great, is perhaps more meritorious even than that of Japan. To a small State, which was hampered at every turn by Turkish reaction and European greed or ignorance, with frontiers marching with great empires, the opportunities of progress were much less facile than in the island Empire of Japan, comparatively free from outside influence. King Charles came a stranger to a strange, walled country, with only his own unalterable determination, his strong sense of duty, and his Hohenzollern ancestry to back him up. But he was not daunted, and recognised to the full that saying of the Japanese Emperor, "Sinto-kyo. The people's happiness is my happiness, the people's misfortune is my misfortune." "God sends to men trials in order to enable them to prove their moral force and their generosity."

HOW HE BEGAN HIS REIGN.

When he was summoned to the throne he was advised by Prince Bismarck to accept the position and "face Europe with a *fait accompli*—a protest only remains on paper, a fact cannot be revoked"—advice which the Iron Chancellor was apt to give to his friends, and illustrate by his own example. He owed his nomination largely to the influence of three ladies Madame de Cornu, the friend and agent of Napoleon III., Madame Drouyn de Shuys, and Baronne de Francke. He entered Roumania, near the Bridge of Trajan, with a Swiss passport under the name of Charles Hettingen. His path was full of thorns. But by judicious submission to the Sultan on one side, and resolute insistence on his rights against the great Powers on the other, he succeeded in holding his own. In 1876 the sympathies of the Roumanians were so strongly in favour of France that the Hohenzollern prince was on the very brink of abdication. From this he was saved by M. Sturdza, who dominated the National Assembly, and averted a grave crisis.

THE CRUCIAL MOMENT.

When the Russians embarked on their liberating war in Bulgaria they at first coldly refused King Carl's offer of assistance:—

In a memorandum on May 17th the Russians declared that "Russia has no need of the assistance of the Roumanian army. The forces which Russia has put in motion to attack the Turks are more than sufficient to attain the

high end that the Emperor has undertaken in beginning the war."

But on July 31st the King

received the following appeal by telegram from the Grand Duke Nicholas, Russian Commander-in-Chief:—"The Turks, having massed very great numbers at Plewna, are despoiling us. Please make a junction, demonstration, and, if possible, the passage of the Danube which you desire. . . . This demonstration is indispensable, in order to facilitate my movements." On August 18th the Grand Duke wrote:—"The Roumanian army will maintain its individuality, and will find itself placed for all details, under the direct command of its immediate leaders." Three days later came a second telegram:—"When can you cross? Do this as soon as possible." On the 28th the Prince visited the Tsar and the Grand Duke, and was offered the command of all the troops, Russian and Roumanian, before Plewna.

After the fall of Plewna the proclamation of the Kingdom of Roumania was only a matter of time. The Prince had repudiated the Sultan's suzerainty in 1877; he assumed the regal title in 1881.

SOME ACHIEVEMENTS OF HIS REIGN.

Mr. Alfred Stead says:—

The efforts of King Charles have been principally devoted towards internal development. Railways have increased and improved since the State purchased them in 1886, at an outlay of 237,500,000 francs. There were 1407 kilometres; in 1903 these had increased to 3177. In the Dobruja, given to Roumania after the war with Turkey, the King has created a great commercial port at Constantza, whence the grain and petroleum of Roumania can flood the market. From here will radiate a Roumanian merchant marine, which will bear the Roumanian flag to all parts of the world. Agriculture has been carefully cherished, and to-day the country is one of the greatest grain-exporting countries of the world, and the lot of the peasant, formerly so low, has been improved. An educational system has sprung into being, owing much to the direct support and aspiration of the Royal family. The finances have been put on a stable footing, and although the nation has already acquired a sufficiency of debt, the peasant, formerly dangerously beset, thanks to the discovery of extensive petroleum fields, Roumania has been strengthened and raised from the position of a country relying solely on the rain and sun for its prosperity.

This is all very well, but it hardly sufficient to warrant us in placing King Carl side by side with the author of the greatest revolution of our times.

"SOMETHING FOR OUR TAXES."

Sir Oliver Lodge is evidently one of the higher "sensitives" who receives impressions vibrating through most diverse spheres of life. He has quite accustomed us to consider him a dynamometer in theology. Now in the *Contemporary* he breaks out as a financier, and expresses in his persuasive fashion feelings that are crystallising into more or less conscious conviction in the mass of his fellow-countrymen. He entitles his paper "Squandering a Surplus." He indulges in some party reference to the repeal of the duty on corn and tax on coal. But his main contention is that the Government surplus is as a rule squandered instead of being applied to purposes of positive benefit to the nation. He says:—

It is all nonsense to behave as if we were nationally poor. A couple of millions per annum, which would amount perhaps to a farthing in the pound of our aggregate national income, could be expended in such an enlightened orbit each year of peace without conscious effort on the part of anybody; and people would feel they were getting something for their taxes. The need for extreme economy is not really felt so long as there is no wastage so long as something tangible is obtained by the expenditure.

ALL WE GET NOW.

He remarks on the fact that no one has opposed the extra million a year involved in the present Edu-

cation Bill. There would be as little opposition to the much-needed expenditure of two and a-half millions on higher education. He says:—

Besides, the poorest would not grudge a farthing per quarter pound of tea if they could feel some pride in its expenditure, even if it were unproductive expenditure; if, for instance, by aid of a fraction of it the National Gallery were made the pride and envy of Europe. Still less would they grudge it if they could feel that it relieved some burden or contributed to enjoyment. And in selecting tea as an instance, I select the severest test of all. Why should we pay taxes and get nothing for them but bare necessities? Are we never to use a surplus for the good of the country, for developing its possibilities, for encouraging all their energies on the part of its citizens? At present, what besides necessities, for the larger part of their contribution to the national exchequer, is some pleasure in the Royal Family and some opportunity for spectacular display in Army and Navy.

THE ETERNAL WANT OF PENCE.

He inveighs against that eternal want of pence which vexes public men, and says:

The world, as managed by man, is a strange spectacle—it is full of earnest effort and all kinds of human endeavour for the amelioration of society and the good of mankind; private enterprises are striving to improve their labour, but largely of their means also, to help on this cause and that; but in spite of all this admirable effort the world seems smitten with a mania for just spoiling every effort at improvement by withholding the financial condition of success. In the midst of any amount of self-sacrificing labour for the good of the community, this is the blight. Every public and beneficent enterprise is hampered by poverty, and is left to the capricious goodwill of the benevolent.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE WITH SURPLUSES

He mentions agriculture, and the feeding of the people:—

Then there is the whole subject of pathology, and the investigation of obscure diseases. Here, ever since Pasteur, is territory crying out for exploration; discoveries must be lying ready to be picked up almost. Splendidly-trained young men, who would rather die or see another die at the root of diseases which kill people like flies, but they are hampered by lack of means. In tropical medicine something has been begun, largely by private and University enterprise, but there are many other branches also. I cannot think that people really prefer to die or see another die of cancer rather than pay for a proper investigation of it.

I feel sure that some result—meteorological and other—would result from the electrification of the atmosphere on a large scale. Growing crops might be assisted; rain might be produced; fog might be dissipated. No one can tell for certain what would happen until the experiment is tried; it would be costly, but laboratory experiments sufficiently justify the attempt, and the result may be one of considerable importance in some regions of the British Empire.

I do not touch on housing questions, and the unemployed, and unfed children, and old age pensions; for all these are difficult and painful subjects, the treatment of which demands detailed knowledge, but unless we apply wisdom and enterprise to public expenditure, the nation will have to immerse itself in wretched problems such as these, which it ought to have overcome long ago, and it will become decadent.

A rich nation, he says in closing, by the judicious administration of its superfluous revenue, could contribute its quota towards elevating the standard of humanity and increasing the spiritual momentum of the world.

A PLEA FOR REGIMENTAL OFFICERS.

By LORD DOUGLAS COMPTON.

The *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution* publishes a paper by Major Lord Douglas J. C. Compton of the 9th (Queen's) Royal Lancers which deserves attention. The Army, he points out, is suffering from a serious shortage of regimental officers. Under the stress and strain of recent agitation British officers are being compelled to study as

if they were all qualifying for Staff appointments. As a result the sons of country gentlemen and of soldiers, and others who have hitherto supplied the bulk of commissioned officers, are not going into the Army. The pay is too small, the work is becoming too hard. Lord Douglas Compton boldly proposes to recognise facts as they are, and, as he cannot get more money, to put up with less work. At present the Army consists of commissioned officers, non-commissioned officers, and rank and file. He would subordinate the first class into staff officers and regimental officers, and he would exempt the latter from the grind of studies which could only be useful to them if they joined the Staff. He thus summarises his own proposals:—

1. Insist only on officers doing the work necessary to make them thoroughly efficient as regimental officers, but give every facility for, and encouragement to, all officers to study the higher and all branches of their profession.

2. Enlarge the Staff College, abolish competitive examination for admission to it, encourage all officers recommended by the officer commanding their unit to go through the course, and make no exception to the rule that after a term of staff employment an officer must serve a term with his regiment.

3. Adopt a system of specialists for all branches of military science which it is not necessary for every officer to know, such as signalling, field engineering, an military sketching, giving any officers who wish opportunities of attending classes where these subjects are taught.

4. Insist on the number of officers really required being present with their corps, and leave it to the officers commanding units to grant leave to the surplus as they think fit.

5. Avoid all interference with the way in which officers choose to spend their spare time and money; there are many easier and more unwholesome ways than playing polo, driving a drag, or even giving a ball. The most that should be done is to insist that all subscriptions to regimental clubs, entertainments, etc., be voluntary, with the exception, of course, of those of mess, band, and furniture funds.

HENRIK IBSEN.

Blackwood's Magazine, in "Musings Without Method," asserts that "no man of letters in our time has fought a keener fight and enjoyed a greater triumph than Henrik Ibsen." And his greatest triumph is "that he has survived the pitiful indiscretions of the Ibsenites";—

Confident of his own powers, he has endured hostility, indifference, and what is yet harder to bear, the wilful misunderstanding of enthusiasts.

Rather than do un congenial work, he would run into debt or condescend to begging-letter writing!

Ibsen's was the artistic temperament which could not be thwarted or denied. Many different sections of opinion have tried to enrol him under their banners, and nothing annoyed him more than to have his work judged from the political rather than from the æsthetic standpoint:—

The socialists, with whom he had not the smallest sympathy, claimed his sturdy individualist for their own, and how bitterly he resented the claim appears again and again in his letters.

Though a severe critic of his own work, he had no doubt that it would ultimately triumph:—

"My book is poetry," said he of the much-abused "Peer Gynt." "And, if it is not, then it will be. The conception of poetry in our country, in Norway, shall be made to conform to the book. There is no stability in the world of ideas. The Scandinavians are not Greeks." These are brave words, bravely spoken, and so far as "Peer Gynt" is concerned, time has entirely justified them.

THE FIRST MONTH OF THE DUMA.

In the *Independent Review* M. Paul Vinogradoff subjects the first month's working of the Duma to a severely searching but nowise unkindly criticism. He admits that "there has hardly ever been in history a task equal in magnitude and difficulty to that which has been placed before the first Russian Parliament":—

The Russian revolutionary movement is aimed not only at a complete reversal of a rotten political system, but also at a renewal of society itself by the most sweeping reforms of modern times. And, at the same time as the efforts of popular representation are concentrated in St. Petersburg in a death struggle with Ministerial bureaucracy, all the conquests and acquisitions achieved by Russia in the course of three hundred years are challenged by the minor nationalities subdued, but not reconciled, to Russian rule. And the predominant people itself seems to have entirely lost all sense of national personality, and all wish to assert its claims.

A TWO-HEADED, TWO-BRAINED EMPIRE.

Georg Brandes has said that the Russian crest (the double-headed eagle) reminded him of those double-headed monsters whose birth is sometimes chronicled by the newspapers—a comparison apt enough at the present time, when "the Russian Empire has certainly two heads and two brains," resulting in paralysis of the whole system.

THE COMPONENT PARTIES IN THE DUMA.

Though there is hardly any other House of Representatives which has recorded so many unanimous votes as the Duma, and though the most diverse men—men hardly able to understand one another's speech—unite in any resolution condemning the Government's policy, yet the Assembly really consists of several parties. The Extreme Right (the Reactionaries) are absent, though present in the Council of the Empire. The Octobrists, who condemn revolutionary agitation and advocate moderate reforms (who seemed once likely to become the ruling party, to attract the propertied and commercial classes, and the well-to-do peasants), had only a score of men at first, and now have fewer still. As the writer says such a party, to be effective, must have some authority. "If it is driven to oppose and condemn all the acts and officials of the monarchy it wants to support, it is left with nothing but a shadow to defend." Moderate and Octobrist must at present stand by and join in the vituperations which are the order of the day.

The most powerful party in every way are the 150 Constitution Democrats, the "Party of the People's Freedom" as they style themselves. They are fairly despotic in their way, but on important occasions can rally various minor groups to their side. Their programme and that of their allies is drawn up on Western models; and, though certainly

containing much absolutely essential to a country wishing to reorganise its institutions on a parliamentary basis, it is nevertheless *doctrinaire*, and does not sufficiently take into account the peculiar conditions of Russia. The Constitutional Democrats, the writer thinks, will learn by experience, but it will be dear-bought experience. Moreover, they constantly hold the Damocles sword of revolt over the head of the Government.

The Labour group numbers some 100, chiefly peasants, with the few artisans who have got into the Duma. Their leaders are downright Socialists, and all are bent on radical agrarian reforms. There remain the Autonomists, composed of the representatives of the minor nationalities of the Empire, with a good many Russians. Here are Poles, Jews, and Ukraina Russians; and here, it is expected, will be found the Caucasian and Siberian deputies. The political and social creeds of this group seem hardly less diverse than their racial types. Their one common ground is the pledge to strive for self-government for the nationalities of the Empire. There are also a large number of independents, fitting right or left according to the moment.

SOME MISTAKES OF POLITICAL YOUTH.

In their dealings with the Amnesty question, M. Vinogradoff thinks, the Duma acted not wisely. They might have demanded amnesty in such a way that their demand found acceptance. As it was, considering that they overlooked terrorism and revolutionary brigandage, and fulminated about the high moral standard of assassins, he does not wonder that the Tsar and his advisers are not anxious to accede to their demands. The Duma's propositions, in fact, are far too crude, too radical, ill-thought out, and, it might be contended, ill-advised, even impossible for the present. Such is the substance of the writer's criticisms. The great problem is to provide the "noble abstractions" of the Address with flesh and blood, to embody them in working institutions. Moreover, in any other country, a Ministry in the position of the Russian Ministry would either have resigned their seats, instead of inciting the Assembly to fury, or the Duma itself would have been dissolved. Not so in Russia, where

It is evidently thought possible and useful to have two violently opposed Governmental centres in the country—a Ministry without a shadow of moral authority, and a Parliament bereft of the means to exert practical authority.

THE WAY OUT.

The writer's suggested way out of the present deadlock is to hand the Government over to the Constitutional Democrats, who, with all their failings, are still the most enlightened group in the Duma. He does not know how far the destructive forces would be checked by such a measure, but it is the only course with any chance of success.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

WHOM THE PEERS REPRESENT.

Mr. Frederick Harrison in the *Positivist Review* presents a sobering survey of the position of the Upper House. He bids the nation remember the strength of the House of Lords. From the first Reform Act of 1832 down to the third of 1885, the Peers were neither strong nor respected—

But the formation of a genuine democratic constituency by the legislation of 1885 altered all this. It was seen that the Lower House was, or would be, fallen under the influence of the Labour masses, and that Labour was being rapidly coloured by a more or less indefinite Socialism. When an eminent Whig aristocrat had gaily declared, "We are all Socialists now," the whole of the capitalists and trading class began to distrust the House of Commons as a palladium of property, religion, and order; and they turned to the House of Lords as the last stronghold of our ancient social institutions and the rights of property, whether inherited or acquired in business. For a whole generation the House of Peers has become a model, but unofficial Legislature of the Empire. Bills are debated in the Commons; but no measure of Reform, vitally affecting society or property, could pass unless it be approved by the Lords.

THE CHAMPION OF THE CLASSES.

Mr. Harrison derides the obsolete cry that the Peers represent nothing but themselves. He says:—

The exact contrary is the truth. To-day they represent the preponderant power of all the rich, educated, and trained classes, the learned professions, the tradesmen, the owners of property real and personal, the titled orders down to the cadets of a city knight. And to these they add the interests of the Clergy, the Universities, official societies, the Army and Navy, and the miscellaneous classes whose capital is invested in the Empire, in agriculture, food, and drink. Of course, they only represent all these widespread interests in silent, secret, irregular and obscure ways. They could hardly maintain their cause in any formal and direct conflict. All that they could do would be by indirect means, obstruction, procrastination, and false issues to stave off any fundamental change in any of the great social institutions, material or moral.

THE LAST BULWARK OF CAPITALISM.

Mr. Harrison refers to the gain in prestige and popularity of the Crown during the seventy years of Victoria and Edward, and thinks—though the inference is somewhat questionable—that the Peers as a sort of Society Lodge-guard of the Crown have also gained not a little in popular interest. Mr. Harrison is careful to say that he does not accept the claim of the Lords to be the ultimate power in legislation. He only deprecates "the ignorant babble of the democrats who say, 'Leave the Lords to us.'" He expects that the Lords will defy the Commons on some definite point whereon considerable sections of the Liberal Party are disheartened and divided:—

They silently represent immense forces of Wealth, Tradition, Experience, Self-Interest. All questions and parties here, as elsewhere, are becoming fused in the great antagonism of Conservative Capitalism against Democratic Labour. Now the Lords, however, so late their special privileges have become, are now the last bulwark of the former, whilst the Commons are, in only modified degrees, the representatives of the latter.

Mr. Harrison presents a rather gloomy outlook. He says:—

By the law of the Constitution, the Lords may claim to reject any Bill that is not plainly desired by the nation.

If led with skill and courage, they may force on a new Dissolution—possibly even a second. A dissolution is a cruel tax on the Commons, but only a pleasant holiday to the Lords. Drained by election expenses and jealousies, torn asunder by Catholics, Dissenters, Irishmen, Home Rulers, pro-Boers, pro-Bengalees, Socialists, Trade Unionists, Imperialist Liberals, disappointed Radicals, and all the heart-burnings of a huge composite majority, the national verdict of 1906 might be doubtful in 1907-09. There, "like a cornorant," the Spirit of Evil sits, ever on the watch. And before the nation knew it, the food of the People might be taxed to fill the pockets of an organised conspiracy of capitalists.

A CONSERVATIVE "REFORM."

Sir Herbert Maxwell in the *Nineteenth Century* calls attention to the new responsibilities flung upon the House of Lords by the appointment of Standing Committees to save the time of the House of Commons. The hours at which these Standing Committees meet will involve the whole working day of the member of Parliament being absorbed, leaving, Sir Herbert fears, this important committee work to members of leisure, therefore of pleasure, to Labour and Irish M.S.P. This forms a preamble to Sir Herbert's main purpose, which is to propose a reform of the Upper House. He quotes Oliver Cromwell in favour of a Second Chamber as needful "to prevent tumultuary and popular spirits." He regrets that the history of last century, being mostly written by Liberals, has not dealt fairly by the House of Lords. He agrees with the late W. H. Smith that reform must come from the Conservative Party and from the Peers themselves. The reform he advocates he sums up in three points: (1) Reduce the number of Peers in Parliament to two-fifths of the number of the House of Commons, the actual proportion at the accession of George III. This would now mean an Upper House of 268 Peers. (2) Let these 268 be elected at each new Parliament by the 600 and more who are now Peers. (3) No more hereditary peerages; the existing hereditary titles to continue to descend until they expire in the course of nature, only life peerages to be created henceforth.

As the present Peers are overwhelmingly Conservative, the "reform" advocated by Sir Herbert would presumably result in practically no Liberal Peers being elected! A concentrated committee of Tory Peers is hardly the kind of Second Chamber the country is likely to approve.

In a recent number of *Original Papers* Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden, who writes on Woman and Music, tries to explain why we have had as yet no female Bach, or Beethoven, or Wagner. He thinks it is due in a great measure to inadequate training:—

Take the typical illustration of Mendelssohn and his sister Fanny. The Mendelssohn biographers are unanimous in their testimony that the lady had the finer musical organisation, and in her early years offered the greater musical promise. But what happened? The training of brother and sister gradually diverged—stopped short, in fact, with the girl, while the boy was encouraged and assisted by every available means.

PROFESSOR RAMSAY ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.

World-renowned as a scholar, archaeologist and historian, Professor W. M. Ramsay this month descends into the arena of modern international politics. In the *Contemporary Review* he supplies a suggestive historical study of the war of Moslem and Christian for the possession of Asia Minor between A.D. 641 and 1615.

WHY ROME FELL.

He makes a pregnant remark on the secret of the fall of the Roman Empire. He says:—

The great fault of the Roman Empire, the failure to appreciate the necessity for public education, proved its ruin. The Christian organisation suffered from the same cause. There seems to have been in the Church less insistence on the importance of education during the fifth century and later than there had previously been. In 429, at the Council of Constantinople, a bishop who could help to make the laws of the Universal Church was unable to append his own signature because he had not learned his letters. Christianity is the religion of a highly-educated people, and when the Church lost its grasp of this fundamental principle it lost its real vitality.

He finds that Islam deteriorated through its long welter of war, but that its fatal error was the low estimate of women, which he suggests may have been due in part to the reaction against the cult of the Mother of God.

THE STRUGGLE FOR ASIA MINOR.

He concludes his study with the following passage, which serves as a transition to his other article:—

The struggle for possession of Asia Minor has not ended; it is going on now, but in recent years the weapons with which it is waged are schools and colleges and railways. Yet there are strong forces that tend to bring in again the method of war. Pan-Islamism aims determinedly at destroying by massacre and war the growth of civilisation in Turkey, and through the quarrels of Germany and England we have been drifting steadily towards that end. The American schools and colleges are the great civilising agency, because they aim at creating an educated class among all nationalities, not converting their pupils to a foreign and un-Oriental form of religion, but making Greeks better, Orthodox Greeks, Armenians better, Gregorians, Bulgarians better, Bulgarians, Turks better, Mohammedans. For my own part, I feel that a right development of the great ideas inherent in Mohammedanism is possible, that it is making some progress, that this is the only useful and hopeful path, and that the necessary first step in it—the creation of ideals and aspirations among the Moslem women—is being made at the present time.

GERMAN INFLUENCE A DELUSION.

In the *World's Work and Play* he writes on the Bagdad Railway. He tells how he was freed from a common delusion:—

When, in 1901, I began to make the Anatolian line the basis of my explorations, I was full of the idea that the German railway was spreading German enterprise and trade and men along its course. This belief, derived from reading, was found to be a mistake. Unless you search minutely, you will not discover a German along the line.

The name on all the rollings-stock and papers is *Chemin de Fer Ottoman d'Anatolie*; and knowledge of French, not German, is the requirement for station-masters.

There is not much German trade along the line. One single English firm in Constantinople makes up a tenth of the entire goods traffic. I heard that a German who came up the line this year to see this mighty extension of German influence, departed full of wrath at the facts which he discovered. The German railway is not a patriotic, but a financial enterprise.

Owing to the unfortunate terms on which the railway is held under the Turkish Government, which result in the line being starved, the Germans have become the most hated nation in Turkey. The Germans are said to be "locusts eating everything and leaving nothing." The old affection for England has revived.

THE SULTAN'S AMBITIONS.

The Sultan has a rival line in view—the Hedjaz Railway—which is destined to link Arabia and Turkey. Since 1882 there has been a great revival of Mohammedan feeling, which the Sultan has utilised by making himself Caliph. Professor Ramsay has a high opinion of the Sultan. He says he exercised greater influence on history than any other sovereign of the day. But the necessary foundation on which the Caliphate must rest is the possession of the Holy City of Mecca. The Hedjaz Railway, in conjunction with the Bagdad Railway, is to connect Constantinople with Arabia and enable him to send troops to Arabia without using the Suez Canal. It is quite understood in Turkey that England is fomenting the Arab revolt with a view to bringing Arabia under British rule.

WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE BAGDAD RAILWAY.

Professor Ramsay's own position is thus stated:—

The plan on which the German Anatolian Railway and the first stage of the extension to Bagdad have been wrought out—namely, animosity to England and support of Pan-Islamic combinations—is the path of mischief, war, and incalculable harm, alike to Turkey, to England, and to Germany. Since the dangerous frontier incident at Tabah has been silently ended, there is no reason why the new start should not be made along the peaceful road of co-operation. Each of the three Powers has much to gain from the railway enterprise which has forced itself to the front, and which will in some way be carried out. This railway is the form under which the never-ending struggle, sometimes friendly, generally hostile, between Asia and Europe, now presents itself; and according to the spirit in which this question is solved will be the future course of events. In the electric impulse generated in the contact of Asia and Europe, more than in any other force or cause, the motive power which drives the world onwards has resided throughout the course of history.

THE "CHRISTIAN" TEST OF PROGRESS.

This Eastern question has of late been obscured until the victories of Japan have brought it again to the front. Professor Ramsay says of the sequel:—

Amongst the one trustworthy criterion of civilisation and influence in the world's councils is the ability to kill the largest number of men in the shortest lapse of time and at the greatest distance. That is the supreme European test of civilisation. Tried by that test an Asiatic Power has justified its claim to a place amongst the leading civilised Powers of the world, and elevates along with it by the right of sheer strength the Asiatic races in general to a different place in European valuation.

The Turks, who followed the progress of the war with most lively interest, have drawn the inference that Asiatic armies were after all superior to European. "The effect," he adds suggestively, "may be seen in the recent frontier incident at Tabah, which with weak handling might have had a serious issue, for it was the first step in a great plan."

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

In the *National Review* Mr. A. C. Benson writes on this subject, which is rarely touched in periodical literature. Having been seven years as a boy and nineteen years as an assistant master at Eton, and believing the system of religious education there to be very similar to that in force in other public schools, he confines his remarks to the Eton system. He begins by saying:—

Before I embark on my main subject, there is nothing that I would more unhesitatingly affirm than that, in the course of the thirty years during which I have been familiar with the inner life of Eton, from first to last, the increase in personal religion, and the growth of religious life and religious influences among the boys has been extraordinarily marked. Not to travel far for instances, the celebrations of Holy Communion are far more frequent, and infinitely better attended, than was the case when I was a boy, and this is a very important fact, because there is not the slightest pressure put upon boys in the matter. . . . Again, when I was a house-master, it seemed to me that the number of boys who read the Bible in the evening, before going to bed, was far larger than I recollect to have been the case when I was a boy at school.

SUNDAY AT ETON.

On Sunday every Eton boy has to answer a set of questions on paper, mainly on the Old Testament, but also concerning the portion of the Greek Testament then being read in school. There is a system by which all boys go to their private tutors for a short period of religious instruction; and besides this, there is the Sunday morning sermon, sometimes preached by a master, sometimes by an outsider, but often not by the most well-selected people, nor on the subjects most suitable for boys, thinks Mr. Benson. With all this, and two full choral services, and possibly an early celebration, one can well believe that "the Sundays tended to be overfull at Eton," and instead of being days of rest they were, to slowly working boys, very tiring days, and also a hard day for the tutors.

The house-masters usually prepare boys for confirmation, and the great majority are confirmed. With this system Mr. Benson thinks parents, on the whole, are satisfied, mainly because they themselves are mostly moderate Anglicans, and they feel sure that the teaching will be sound, simple, and orthodox, not as a rule aggressive or leaning to any section of the Church. The tutor of a boy, the writer says, should be able to discuss points with him, if he raises them, as justly and temperately as possible. "But the general object should be to make boys good Christians rather than good Anglicans. The instruction they receive should be of a positive and central kind, and should avoid as far as possible controversial aspects."

THE DIFFICULTY OF MODERN CRITICISM.

There comes in, of course, the difficulty of knowing what line to take about the Old Testament, with which, as with the Gospel narratives, the writer

thinks it highly important to familiarise boys as much as possible:—

And here I can only say that it is high time for the authorities of the Anglican Church to make some definite pronouncement as to how the Old Testament is to be read and studied. If some leading prelate or high ecclesiastic of unimpeachable orthodoxy would but state in a little book, frankly and without reserve, what is essential to Christian faith to hold with regard to the Old Testament, how much may be looked upon as legendary and unhistorical, and how, at the same time, even what is legendary and unhistorical may be fairly regarded as an inspired vehicle of Divine teaching, it would be an immense relief to hundreds of very earnest schoolmasters.

The result at present is that the parents do not feel competent to discuss Old Testament criticism, and the masters will not, so that when the boy goes into the world, and finds much of the Bible regarded as fabulous, and religion looked on as a feminine and clerical thing, the whole of his faith goes by the board.

In questions of Biblical criticism, also, Mr. Benson insists on the necessity for more direction and guidance for masters. Many parents do not know now what to think; they put the responsibility for religious instruction of their sons on the schoolmaster, and he dares not take it. A certain amount of Church history was some years ago added to the Eton curriculum, of which the writer does not approve. It is generally biased, and if not biased, would be highly unedifying. He would, in preference, let boys read the lives of such men as Francis of Assisi, Father Damien, Wesley, and Bishop Heber.

"THE FALL OF WOMAN."

A glorious jumble of Scripture, Darwinism, mysticism, and what may be termed Christian eronics appears under this head, and above the signature of George Barlow, in the *Contemporary Review*. That "there was in heaven" suggests to him the truth which he holds lies behind Darwin's theories, and he suggests that sex issues may have played an important, or probably a determining, part in the angelic conflict.

"BECAUSE OF THE ANGELS."

Then he quotes the passage in Genesis about the sons of God taking their wives of the daughters of men.

He maintains that we need the Bible theory of revelation of a fall from the angelic sphere to supplement Darwin's theory of an ascent from the animal sphere. This is Mr. Barlow's account of what has happened:

Satan, in striking at woman, has struck right at the heart of God, for, by introducing disorder into the un-fallen feminine nature, he delivered a deadly blow at the purest and tenderest thing in the whole universe, and blocked the channel through which the purest and tenderest Divine life-currents should flow out to the world and to man. . . . The crimes, the wars, the horrors, the agonies, which have since ensued have been the inevitable sequel, the planned and purposed sequel, of this one stupendous stroke. . . . The pollution of the soul of woman would, evidently and certainly, bring about results that would affect the whole condition, material and physical, of our planet. Such disorderly influences would be introduced into

human life that a state of affairs might very well follow which, later on, would necessitate, for its amelioration, just such a huge upward effort as Darwin discerned and described. . . . One can readily imagine that, if the Creator of our universe is indeed a dual Being, feminine and masculine in nature, as is clearly indicated in the Bible, and if the unfallen woman was a direct emanation from the feminine side of God, and was expressly charged to convey to the world the glory, the tenderness, the beauty, resident in that side of the Divine—one can easily believe that, if this is so, any definite deterioration of the soul-structure of woman, any perversion of her being by lower magnetic currents, would bring about a disaster almost inconceivable in its magnitude.

This is an application of the principle *cherchez la femme* on a colossal scale! It is next said to supply the central doctrine of the Christian religion:—

We can infer that the fall of woman may have made the Incarnation a necessity, as a sort of Divine counter-stroke. We are, in fact, brought back in a very curious way, through what may be termed the theology of science, to something resembling the theology of Milton.

SHELLEY'S INSIGHT.

Shelley's idea of woman, he goes on to say, was always of the unfallen woman:—

He never saw woman as she really is. He met the eyes of the unfallen Eve, and did not realise the significance of the change that has taken place. He did not understand that woman, having once allowed a lower magnetism to possess and dominate her, henceforth operated only partly as the accredited messenger from the Most High—partly also as the skilful and subtle exponent of dangerous and destructive forces.

Yet, the mystic proceeds:—

Love, even as the poets conceive it, is a weak and frail thing compared to the spiritual reality. There is, somewhere in the universe, a sex-less, unspeakable in its purity, inconceivable in its intensity, and a joy of which we can hardly dare to dream.

VISION OF WOMAN RESTORED.

So he finds the sex problem becomes more easy to understand. He closes with an enraptured vision of what is yet to be:—

It is well also to bear in mind that if, as I have been suggesting, the shock of the Fall of Woman was felt throughout the whole material universe, that whole universe, on the other hand, would instantly be thrilled into diviner life by her redemption and restoration.

There is not a single star throughout the measureless regions past which the star-rays travel; not one smallest blossom amid the unending multitude of flowers whose scent each summer fills forest upon forest, meadow after meadow, hill-side beyond hill-side; not one bluest wavelet among the innumerable ripples of lake or river or sea; there is not one of these which will not in some way, not merely metaphorical but strangely literal, respond to the sceptre of woman the slave when she becomes woman the queen. No lily can win its noblest whiteness, no iris its true royal purple, no rose its most passionate perfume, till woman herself is restored to her rightful empire. For only with the eye of love can we discern the glory of the outward universe; that glory resides not in material things, but in our loving apprehension of them. It is the human passion of love that bestows its passionate beauty upon rose and lily, its golden splendour upon sun and star, and to create and sustain that passion of noble love in the heart of humanity is, and will ever increasingly be, the prerogative of woman.

CAMPING OUT.

WHY PAY RENT OR HOTEL BILLS?

Mr. R. T. Mecredy, in *Fry's Magazine* for July, asks this question in all serious earnest. He main-

tains that it is cheaper and healthier to live in tents. He says:—

Take the case of a man of moderate means. If he is a bachelor, he could rent a tiny plot of ground for a few pounds a year and erect a small marquee such as mine, measuring 10 ft. long by 9 ft. wide, by 9 ft. high, which I purchased for the sum of £5 from Messrs. Saunders and Son, of Wisbech. This he could use as his sleeping apartment. To this should be added a small wooden room, which he could use for a combined kitchen and sitting-room, with a primitive lavatory attached. The whole cost would be trifling when divided over a term of years, and if he wished to entertain friends, it would only be necessary to erect another tent.

In the case of a married man with a family the idea could be amplified. Instead of merely existing in a wretched, over-crowded, stuffy house, he and his family would have ample elbow-room, unlimited, pure, fresh air, and enjoy such robust health that any trifling hardships that such a life might entail would make no impression on the sum of their happiness and contentment.

He asserts in the most positive fashion that there is no such thing as catching cold even when you sleep with the tent door wide open in the midst of a snowstorm. Quoting his own experience, he says that his wife, who was always susceptible to colds—

passed the winter without catching a severe cold, and personally I found that I was able to continue wearing my summer clothes all the winter through without discomfort or risk. I also found that it increased my available day by at least one and a half hours, for sleep under canvas is so sound and refreshing that the man who retires at 11 p.m. awakes at about 6.30 a.m. so fresh and alert that he has no inclination to lie longer.

A camping outfit for two cyclists weighs between 10 lbs. and 12 lbs. This includes a tent, measuring about 6 ft. 6 in. in length and 5 ft. 9 in. in breadth, and weighing less than 3 lbs., poles of the lightest bamboo, a gossamer rubber ground-sheet, an eiderdown quilt, a baby Primus stove, and an aluminium cooking outfit, consisting of two good-sized pots, two pans, cups, plates, spoons, knives and forks, etc. With a silk tent of the wigwag type this outfit can be further reduced by about 12 lbs. With such an outfit the cyclist is independent of inns, trains, wind, and weather. He is genuine *en plein air* living in complete comfort at a cost of from 1s. to 2s. per day, according to his taste.

Readers who desire to occupy the Hollybush Tents, Hayling Island, this summer, are requested to apply by letter to Mrs. Stead, 5 Smith Square, Westminster.

"MUCK-RAKING" AS A PROFESSION.

Mr. Maurice Low's article on "American Affairs" in the current *National Review* contains the following passage:—

What with the life insurance scandals, the crimes of the meat packers, the "graft" disclosures affecting the Pennsylvania Railway Company, and the predatory methods of the Standard Oil Company, "muck raking" ceases to be a term of reproach, and becomes a recognised and honoured profession. For everyone, from the President down, is now engaged in muck raking, not because it is a pastime to appeal to the cultivated taste, but because it is necessary. Mr. Roosevelt has delved deep into the muck of the Chicago stock-yards, the Inter-State Commerce Commission has uncovered the Pennsylvania Railway's code of ethics; another Government Commission is writing one of those extraordinary chapters that constitutes the literature of the Standard Oil; an investigation of the Burlington Railroad has shown the close connection between bribery and railroad management.

MILLIONS WASTED IN CITY CHURCHES.

Such is the title of a most interesting article in the *Sunday Strand*. Mr. W. Gordon and Mr. Neil Lynch call attention to the fact that the City of London, though more richly endowed with churches than any other equal area in the world, has the least use for them, and even this diminished use is growing steadily less year by year. The population of the city was 37,702 in 1891; in 1901 it had sunk to 26,923.

MANY REDUCTIONS.

A century or so ago there were 100 of these city churches. Now, however, there are only 54, the sites having been sold, and the incomes having gone to increase poor livings. For instance, All Hallows, Staining, was demolished, and from the proceeds of the sale of its site three new churches, in Bromley, Stepney, and Homerton, have been built, each endowed with £500 from its income. Instead of 121 people, about 25,000 are now ministered to.

MUCH SCOPE FOR MORE.

The writers then proceed to show that there is plenty of scope still for reduction of city churches. The cost per head per parishioner in the Rural Deanery of the East City is £5 16s., and it provides 2750 seats for 1473 parishioners. In the West City Deanery things seem even worse. Whereas in the Rural Deanery of Bethnal Green there is one church with 12,000 parishioners and only 500 seats. Its incumbent gets £200 a year, while the incumbents of the seventeen city churches get £12,777 a year. A dozen churches would meet all requirements of the city at present.

Some time ago the writers visited half-a-dozen of these churches on successive Sundays and the experience was as depressing as it was instructive. In one church, the rector of which has twenty-nine parishioners, and draws nearly £1000 a year, the congregation numbered seven persons, of whom the majority were members of the clergyman's own family; in a second church an excellent sermon was delivered to ten listeners, scattered over a dreary desert room; while in the four other churches the congregations ranged from twelve to twenty-five. On a recent Sunday morning the aggregate congregation of ten City churches, the rectors of which receive £2500 a year, numbered 213 worshippers—an average of a little over twenty-one worshippers in each church.

THE VALUE OF THE CITY CHURCH SITES.

The ground about Lombard-street is valued now at about £2,000,000 an acre, and the site of All Hallows in that street is said to be worth £800,000, "a sum sufficient to build and endow forty churches," and yet the entire population of the parish is not nearly 500, and average congregation of the church but 26. The site of St. Michael's, Cornhill, is said to be worth £750,000, with a parish of 162 souls and an average congregation of 71. St. Michael's and St. Peter's, Cornhill, together stand on sites worth nearly a million and a-half. Other city churches are little less valuable. For scanty attendance, St. Mildred, Bread-street, is first, with a parish of 71 souls and an average congregation of two. It has been seriously proposed to demolish 32 city churches and sell their sites, of an estimated value

of £3,500,000, which would be used in building churches in the East End and the suburbs. The writers even suggest that the sum might be used in propagating the Gospel by means of Church Army Van Missions, so strongly commended by the late Archbishop Benson.

FROM THE OCCULT REVIEWS.

In the *Annals of Psychical Science* for June Professor Carl Lombroso describes his experience in the investigation of haunted houses.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE SOUL.

Professor Elmer Gates explains what he is trying to do in investigating the possibility of photographing the soul. He says:—

Vast new fields of research are being opened up relating to radiant emanations or streams of ions and other kinds of particles, travelling at a speed of light, and capable of making shadow pictures or skiagraphs of bodies composed of atomic matter—such as X-ray pictures. It may be that radiant matter may be found capable of making a skiagraph of the soul, if there is one, as I hope.

He adds that "Clear proof that we live again would more profoundly impress and influence the world than any other thing whatsoever."

THE IRRESPONSIBILITY OF MEDIUMS.

Madame Ellen Letort, who does not hesitate to say that Eldred and Craddock are most powerful materialising mediums, discusses the question how it is that men possessing such unmistakably genuine powers should yet be detected in clumsy and vulgar fraud. She attributes it to their incapacity to resist suggestions. They are like persons under hypnosis:—

The greater their mediumship, the greater the dangers to which they are exposed. The most powerful mediums are those who are the most impressionable. But as mediums thus become simply instruments for the use of other wills, terrestrial or extra-terrestrial, they can evidently be used for evil as well as for good, and they receive impressions and suggestions which, according to Dr. du Prel, it is sometimes impossible for them to resist. Is it not also probable that a very sensitive medium may, in a trance during which he evidently passes through different states of impressionability, receive suggestions which he will act upon outside of the scenes, even when he appears to be in his normal state?

RETRIBUTION AFTER DEATH.

An anonymous writer in the *Hindoo Spiritual Magazine* for May, writing on Vasco da Gama, declares that when any man in this life causes serious mischief to others, his victims in the other world mete out to him the same injuries he has done to them. In support of this he quotes from Mr. Buel's "Discoveries in Strange Lands" as to the fate of Vasco da Gama. The famous Portuguese discoverer treated the Indians of the Malabar Coast with savage ferocity:—

One of his favourite pastimes was to maim his victims. Mr. Buel states (and he makes the story clear by a very impressive illustration) that, now and then, fishermen of the Malabar Coast see a strange sight at the dead of night. They see a bearded, ferocious-European flying, with shriek after shriek—all of them piercing and unearthly and heart-rending—to escape from his numerous pursuers. These are the shades of the Indians he had maimed. The shade of Da Gama shows that he too has been maimed by his victims. The picture shows as if Da Gama is trying to elude his pursuers, but he is eventually caught and cut to pieces, and then the vision vanishes. But yet the same scene is enacted again and again, even now. His sin has not yet been expiated. The story is told not by the Indians, but by European eye-witnesses.

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."—BURNS.

TRIO

WE WALK ALONG THE GAS LIT STREET IN A DREADFUL
ROW, WE THREE,
THE WOMAN I WAS AND THE WOMAN I AM AND THE
WOMAN I'LL ONE DAY BE



Bulletin]



Westminster Gazette.]

The Government as Seen by a Bishop.

This is an attempt on the part of our artist to realise the point of view of some of the excited critics of the Government with regard to the Education Bill.

["The Liberals came with a mighty majority a majority which was won under false—ay, base—issues. Some people said they ought to be courteous to these men. What! courteous to black guards—courteous to thieves?"—Speech by Dr Gordon, B.C. Bishop of Leeds, May 27th, 1906.]



Mr. Balfour and the Guillotine.

"I know it's the only way—but they might have given me more time."—F. C. G. in the Westminster Gazette.



The Tribune.]

"When the Can Was Opened."

The official report of the inquiry commission confirms many of the allegations made against the meat-canning houses.



N.Z. Free Lance]

The Legislative Council.

THE HEAD SERVANT: "Begging your pardon, sir, for disturbing you, but this under-servant is getting a bit old, and I've got no use for him. Won't you give him the sack, sir?"

N.Z.: "Oh, go away! Don't bother me! I was never consulted about his appointment. Why should you consult me about his dismissal? Do what you like. Don't mind me."



Melbourne Punch.]

The Civil Service Under Political Control.

Mr. Bent takes back Separate Representation, but surrounds the Civil Servant with severe political restrictions.)

EMANCIPATED PUBLIC EMPLOYEE: "By Jove, here's a politician! All look the other way. Remember, it's a hanging matter if you're caught speaking to him."



Melbourne Punch.]

The Archbishops Differ.

DR. CLARKE: "The Church rattle is a pernicious thing. Let me at it!"

DR. CARR: "Aisy, now, aisy! Sure, where's the harm in our small and pleasant game? There's no encouragement to gambling at all, becaze no one iver wins. Isn't the m'n that gets the doll persuaded to put it up again for the good of the Church?"



Kikeriki.]

Uncle Edward the European Polypus.

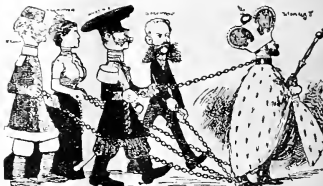


Kladderadatsch.]

[Berlin.

New Saints and Old Saints.

The new saints have not been a success; we must put up the old ones again.



Neue Glucklichter.] The Tsar in Chains.

[Vienna.

No wonder the Tsar grants no amnesty; he is a political prisoner himself!



Slavo.]

A Cabinet Minister in Russia.

Formerly, the Minister was comfortably settled.



[St. Petersburg.

Now he is ready to turn out at any moment.



Wahre Jacob.]

Mechanical Loyalty

[Stuttgart.

In spite of all police precautions, there are yet people in Berlin who sit still on the benches of Unter den Linden when the Imperial automobile whizzes past. At last an end has been put to this disrespectful behaviour. In future, whenever the Imperial auto. arrives on the horizon, the police on duty touch a button, and the desired expression of loyalty to the monarch at once appears, in consequence of an automatic backward movement of the seats. It will be seen that this has the additional advantage of raising the festive mood of everyone present to the highest pitch of Patriotism.

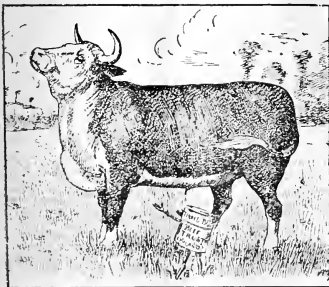


La Silhouette.]

A Merry Party.

[Paris.

WILLIAM OF GERMANY: "Won't you ever play with me any more?"



Westminster Gazette.]

A Fictitious Claim.

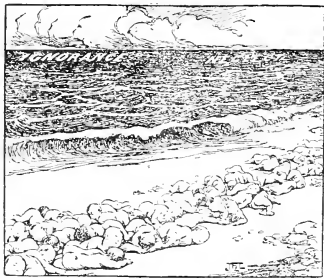
THE TIN: "You are my long-lost brother!"
THE OX: "No, I'm not—I don't know you, and I've no connection with you!"



Cornubian.]

The Escaped Coolie—the Terror of the Rand.

"Solid Cornwall" wants to know what the Liberal Government is doing to render the Rand possible for Cornish miners to work in?



The Tribune.]

Cast Up.

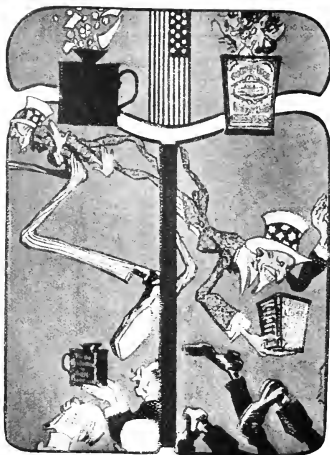
"There are, roughly, 100,000 lives sacrificed in some form or another every year, not to man's inhumanity, but to neglect, carelessness, thoughtlessness and ignorance."—Mr John Burns at the National Conference on Infantile Mortality.



Minneapolis Journal.]

Wireless Telegraphy.

King Edward seeks closer connection with America.

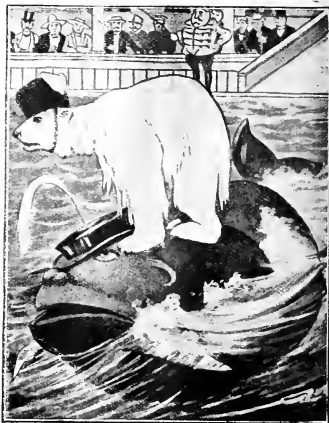


Kladderadatsch.]

Collecting Boxes.

[Berlin.

Uncle Sam is grateful for every contribution to help San Francisco. | But he is equally ready to give of his surplus to Europe.



Kladderadatsch.]

The Anglo-Russian Understanding.

The feat of breaking them in has succeeded; the English whale and the Russian bear are now getting on very well together.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

The optimism, which is one of the most valuable endowments of the American temperament, shines out in Dr. Shaw's survey of events in June. The sensational disclosures respecting life assurance, railroad management and the tinned meat trade only show, he says, that the republic has passed through a period of enormous increase of wealth which, though attended with incalculable advantage to the nation, has been attended by serious abuses; the time has come for the correction of these faults; and President Roosevelt has taken on the task. This cheery view of affairs is apparently shared by the President, who "thinks the United States is a country that is making fine progress, and has as little to worry about as any healthy or vigorous man in this or in any other country." As to the meat scandals, the President is in fact fighting the battle of the stock-farmers and cattle men. Now is the time for model packing-houses! Put white glazed tiles for damp and rotting wood; send every employe to his work through a compulsory shower-bath establishment. So it is quite feasible to "turn harmful notoriety into profitable advertisement."

There is quite a sheaf of special articles of general and exceptional interest. Mr. J. E. Sullivan gives a very vivid sketch, enhanced by the help of the camera, of American successes at the Olympian Games. He reports a growing conviction that the games must be held, not in other countries, as was first attempted, but in Greece. Only there can sufficient popular interest be excited.

Rural depopulation is a subject of which we hardly expect to hear in the United States, but Mr. W. S. Rossiter shows its prevalence not merely in the Old East but in the middle West. Excluding newly organized States and States mostly urban, of the remaining 514 counties 38.4 decreased between 1900 and 1905. In the same period seventy-seven out of ninety-nine counties in Iowa decreased. Rural districts in New York State have gone down because the Near and Far West undersell their products in New York City. The proportion of young children in them has decreased one-third in forty years.

Mr. C. F. Spence writes on France as an investor, who, he says, is now playing the *role* of the world's banker: "England lost her claim to the title when she went to war in South Africa." Industrially inferior to Germany, and with a commerce much below that of Great Britain, France owes her high position to her domestic thrift. French investors trust their bankers, but fearing Socialistic encroachments prefer foreign to home investments (other than their own national debt). They are developing a taste for American securities. They have only recently put £2,000,000 in New York City Bonds, £10,000,000 in the Pennsylvania Railroad, and so on.

The growth of Political Socialism is traced by Mr. W. D. P. Bliss. Its immediate significance lies, he says, in what it compels other parties to do. Everywhere in Europe a political minority, Socialism everywhere sets the pace. "In Great Britain it dominates municipal policy, and makes of London in some respects the greatest Socialist city of the world."

THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

Mr. George B. Abraham, writing in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for July on the Highest Climbs, asks, Can Mount Everest be climbed?

THE HIGHEST CLIMB ON RECORD.

It is the vastness of the Himalayas and the inaccessibility of even the bases of the highest peaks (he writes) which makes their conquest almost impossible. Mount Everest is 110 miles from Katmandu, the capital of Nepal, and this is the nearest civilised place to its base. Nepal at present is a prohibited province, and therefore it is still impossible to take barometrical and boiling-point measurements of the supposed loftiest peak on the globe. The most accessible part and the best starting-place for mountaineering is Darjiling; and Kangchenjunga, the third highest mountain, is about forty-five miles distant. Kabru is the only peak which has yet been climbed, and even the last fifty feet proved too much. This is the highest climb yet made, the climber, Mr. W. W. Graham, making the ascent with two Swiss guides. The party felt no discomfort from the rarity of the air.

PLANTS, ASLEEP AND AWAKE.

In the same number there is an interesting article by Mr. S. Leonard Bastin on the Feeling of Plants. The writes notes the various plants which open and close their flowers, and he gives us pictures of several asleep and awake. The leaves of certain plants are also affected by changes in the light. The leaves of clover, for instance, droop together round the stem in the evening. The chrysanthemum, too, droops its leaves at night. The tobacco plant, on the other hand, sleeps by day and opens its flowers after sunset. We know how the sensitive plant shrinks at a touch, and how the tendrils of Virginian creepers prefer the dark cracks and crevices to the light. Most curious of all is the behaviour of the insectivorous plants.

PICTURES ON PALETTES.

Mr. Frederic Lees has a little article on Pictures on Palettes. Some years ago Georges Beugnot had the happy idea to start a collection of palettes with pictures painted on them by the artists who had used them, and in order to obtain them he handed to each artist from whom he bought a picture a new palette in exchange for the old one, and asked the artist to make a little sketch on it as a souvenir of their transaction. The next owner of the collection, Georges Bernheim, has added to it considerably, and there are now about 121 of these interesting palettes.

The *Young Man's Magazine* (New Zealand) for July is full of splendid matter, which no young man or older man can read without having his moral fibre stiffened. A charming description of Lowell with some of his choicest lines are given by Sir Robert Stout. To commence it means to read every word. Sir Robert's comments are in his usual thorough clear manly style. To-day, when social reform is so much in evidence, his words are most apt and inspiring.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

The July number has in it much that is unusually interesting

A PARTY IN NEED OF REFORM.

Mr. W. G. Howard Gritten pleads for the reform of the Unionist Party. He frankly admits that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has come to stay, and the Opposition must be "disciplined and purged." He says:—

Mr. Balfour will nobly have to resign in favour of some leader more consistent, more determined, more energetic than he; not a leader who will defend opportunist positions with abstract dialectics, but one who shall stand possessed of conscientious convictions capable of definitive exposition. Whether Mr. Chamberlain will be persuaded to modify his self-denying ordinance or whether the mantle must fall on other shoulders, is a matter of detail.

Mr. Gritten also asks for improved organisation and better instructed candidates. He has a sorry tale to tell of some of the defeated:—

One candidate was forced to confess that he had never heard of a sinking-fund; another could not define a State-aided school; another, and he the former Member, so far from being aware that the sections of the Trade Disputes Bill are completely a work of the Common Law, blandly intimated to a questioner that "he could not recall the name, but had no doubt that, whatever that Bill was, he had done right in voting against it." Instances of the like fatuity could be indefinitely multiplied, to say nothing of the vast mob of those who lacked the most rudimentary knowledge of political economy, though venturing to make a difficult economic question the chief plank in their election platform.

It is to be feared that the writer has not quite taken the measure of the Labour men when he says:—

Men grounded in the fundamentals of political philosophy, constitutional law, and sociology from Plato downwards, can with ease rebut these Cleons of the factory and dock-yard. For the rant of the demagogue is based on no foundation of systematised learning.

WORK FOR THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

Mr. Geoffrey Drage urges a sensible plea for more knowledge of Imperial questions from a business point of view, and common sense practical reforms on non-controversial and non-party lines. He presses for common statistical methods throughout the British Empire, and goes on to say:—

There is no doubt, to my mind, that cheap postal and telegraphic communications will do more for the unification of the Empire than any other single reform. A cheap telegraphic service ensures that in every morning paper in our Colonies and dependencies there will be a full account of the topics which are interesting people at home, and vice versa. In the telegraphic service at this moment there are many anomalies; for instance, a cable to Havana costs 1s. 6d. a word, a cable to Trinidad 5s. 1d. a word, and a cable to Demerara 7s. a word.

Cheap postal rates for letters mean the maintenance of regular communication between colonists, however poor, and their people at home. Cheap postal rates for newspapers and periodicals mean the introduction, for instance, into Canada, of English journals and reviews which cannot now compete with their American rivals. Reviews and periodicals cost one cent per lb. from the United States to Canada, and eight cents per lb. from Great Britain to Canada, a rate which is, under the circumstances, almost prohibitive.

He strongly advocates Sir Frederick Pollock's scheme of an Imperial Advisory Council and Intelligence Department.

THE SECRET OF GERMAN SUCCESS.

Dr. Louis Elkind finds the commercial prosperity of Germany to be real, and not merely apparent. As causes of her unexampled development he would unhesitatingly put patriotism first, next education. The

pains taken to master foreign languages has, he considers, contributed in no small degree to German prosperity. German thoroughness is perhaps more than anything else the cause of the present abounding prosperity. To-day, he says, Germany is the third greatest commercial power in the world, pressing closely upon Great Britain and the United States. The figures for 1904 are as follows:—

	Imports.	Exports.
United Kingdom	£481,040,000	£300,818,000
Germany	314,549,000	258,625,000
United States	215,814,000	297,031,000

IBSEN'S DEBT TO FRANCE.

Mr. William Archer discusses Ibsen's craftsmanship, and traces the influence on his early work of the then dominant school of Eugène Scribe. Excepting his three dramas in verse, Mr. Archer traces the influence of Ibsen's close study of some seventy-five French dramas in all his plays from "Lady Inger" right down to "A Doll's House." Movement is, he says, the secret of Ibsen's theatre, as it is of Scribe's, but the former is spiritual instead of material. He goes so far as to say:—

If I were asked to name the perfect model of the well-built play of the French school, I should not go either to Augier or Sardou for an example, but to Ibsen's "Pillar of Society." In symmetrical solidity of construction, complexity combined with clearness of mechanism, it seems to me incomparable. Yet, at the same time, I should call it by far the least interesting of all the works of his maturity.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. W. H. Mallock subjects to severe criticism Sir Oliver Lodge's four positions on Life and Matter, and declares that Sir Oliver's theology is not the deliverance of science, but merely the output of a "lay clergyman." A pathetic interest attaches to a sketch of "The Turn of the Year" by the late Fiona Macleod. The art of dancing in Japan is prettily described by Marcella A. Hincks. Mr. T. A. Cook contrasts English and American rowing, to the disadvantage of the latter, which, he says, is too much subject to the influence of nerves. There is a gruesome story by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes entitled "According to Meredith," intended to show the tragic possibilities which lie in the suggestion of ten-year marriage contracts.

THE OCCULT REVIEW.

The *Occult Review* ought to be welcomed even by the most obturate of sceptics on the same ground as he is glad to include fairy tales in the necessary reading of childhood. It supplies month by month stories that revive the wonder of the Arabian Nights, with the added charm of modernity. The July number contains a paper on "Magical Metathesis" by Dr. Franz Hartmann, noticed elsewhere, which vies with the achievements of the Arabian djinn. More abstruse is the paper by Mr. E. T. Bennett on the magic of numbers. The occult lore of William Blake, the poet, is brought into high relief by Mr. E. J. Ellis. Mr. Mark Fiske explains the mystery of the clothing of apparitions. The explanation suggested is that the ghost first creates in his own mind a concept of clothes, and next finds that other minds have some suggestions to perfect the concept. "Clothes are thus the result of the combined thoughts of the manufacturer, the designer, the tailor and the wearer, and, possibly, the friends of the wearer. The mental image thus becomes objectified in some form of matter which can be recognised by sense perceptions." One only wishes that one had the power of a ghost thus to clothe oneself at will without the sequel of a tailor's bill.

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

In *Pearson's Magazine* for July the editor has an article on the Curse of the Cigarette, in which he maintains that cigarette-smoking is undermining the youth of the nation, stunting the growth of boys, blunting their minds, and leading to other vices. He quotes the opinions of eminent men in support of the theory—Major-General Baden-Powell, Sir William Broadbent, Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, and many more. He adds that juvenile smoking is prohibited in America, Japan, and in many Colonial possessions.

There is a discussion or symposium on a health topic, "How I Keep Fit," but most people know how to keep fit, circumstances or carelessness being the chief causes of bodily troubles. A strenuous outdoor life or violent physical exercise may do for some people, but moderation in all things is much more likely to keep it the greater number.

An art article is devoted to the work of M. François Brunyer, a painter of priests. He has painted not only portraits of eminent prelates, but a number of other pictures in which priests are included, such as "The Tedious Conference," now in the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

The *Contemporary Review* for July is a very good number. Quoted elsewhere are the papers by Professor Ramsay, Sir Alfred Pease, Sir Oliver Lodge, Harold Spender, and Mr. George Barlow.

FRENCH COMMON SENSE.

Mr. Laurence Jerrold writes on French politics and the French people. In France, he says, politics is more of a game than in England. French politicians and editors by no means represent the sturdy good sense of the French people. He sums up the situation by saying:—

The French have always been a level-headed nation, but they have never yearned for a quiet life so earnestly as to-day. They look, not coldly, but coolly, on Russia, awaiting developments, for after the original fever of friendship that now can be the only businesslike attitude. They threw over M. Delcassé because he was suspected of adventurousness in his policy. They recovered, by an admirable recall of self-possession, from the three weeks' scare of war with Germany a year ago. After mature and at first cool consideration, they have finally accepted the *entente cordiale*, which has been the clearest sign in international affairs of the French people's common sense policy.

Paul Sabatier discusses religious events in France with a dash of Protestant acerbity. The victory of the *Bloc* was the victory of the principle of solidarity, which is the essence of French Catholicism. He bears witness to a deeper interest, both in France and Italy, in religion, and jubilates over the enlightenment of the younger priests.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Lady Susan Townley writes a long article describing the chequered career of the Panama Canal, with an interesting description of a visit she and her husband paid to the Isthmus, and of the aspect of the country about Panama. The article, which is too long to quote, and cannot well be summarised, contains the chief arguments for a canal with locks (just decided upon), as against one at sea-level. One of the great troubles in constructing the Canal will be the labour supply. Coloured labour Lady Townley regards as absolutely necessary on account of the climate. This labour will come chiefly from Jamaica, but also from Martinique and Barbadoes. The Jamaican negro is lazy, and will only work just as much as necessary, and with him the writer evidently

thinks the American foreman is going to have an unenviable task. She therefore suggests Jamaican foremen for dealing with Jamaican negroes, they being already accustomed to exact as much work as possible from them on plantations.

THE PROGRESS OF OCCULT RESEARCH.

Mr. A. P. Sinnett's article on this subject is one which everyone should read who wishes to know why those who will have nothing to do with ordinary "spiritualists" still regard occultism or "higher spiritualism" as of sovereign importance. I make one extract from it:—

In reality faith plays no part at all in the progress of occult research. Explanation from above must be found consonant with the pupil's reason, or he is emphatically discouraged from accepting it. The qualified pupil must verify its truth for himself before he is regarded as entitled to adopt it as an article of belief. Every detail of occult science hangs together in one stupendous concatenation. As a philosophy of life, occult teaching is the most coherent and logical system by which human thinking has ever been enlightened. But it would be as easy to embody in one brief review a complete record of all that has been accumulated as knowledge by the chemist and the electrician, as to set forth the results of occult research, even up to the stage of its present achievement.

THE ENGINEERING MAGAZINE.

The paper of most human interest in the July number is that by Egbert P. Watson on typical factory systems and their practical results. He distinguishes three systems—(1) the purely commercial, looking to immediate results at the lowest possible cost; (2) the mechanical, seeking the largest turnover that the best output of machinery can produce; (3) a combination of mechanical perfection, with certain accessions in the way of moral and physical welfare of all the employes. He draws an interesting contrast between types of the first and the third. The first picture is exceedingly black; the third, which is located in Waltham, Massachusetts, is a factory which has provided for the welfare of the workers in a way regardless of expense. The neighbourhood of the first factory was a sink of immorality; of the second, most estimable and praiseworthy. Of Waltham he says:—

The attitude of the operatives towards each other is more like that of the family in its best estate, than of factory "hands," so-called, where the beatitudes are unknown, and everyone's hand is against the other. Philanthropy, and business have joined hands with the result that both thrive.

Mr. Clarence Heller discusses, from inspections of the San Francisco ruins, the effects of earthquake and fire on modern buildings. The steel buildings, he reports, stood the shock admirably. They suffered more from the fire, but the dynamite used to limit the fire was the most serious cause of destruction. He emphasises the need of painting the columns before coating with masonry. Castiron posts stood the heat better than steel.

General H. L. Abbot discusses the rival projects of a sea level canal and a lock canal at Panama. He sums up strongly in favour of the latter.

Mr. H. M. Chance suggests that for the Culebra cut—the carrying the canal through a wall of rock eight miles long and two hundred feet high—mining methods should be adopted—the tunnel transportation system, rather than the ordinary surface methods.

A study of electric railway operating cost and revenue, by Mr. H. S. Knowlton, shows the very high cost of street railway operations in large cities, and that the rides *per capita* increase with the population, as does the traffic density. In Boston taxes amount to more per car mile than either motive power cost or maintenance of way. The other papers are mostly technical.

MEN AND WOMEN OF INDIA.

Men and Women of India is, I understand, the first publication of its kind in India. It is a very fully illustrated monthly record of life and work in India. A great many pictures appear of the recent Royal tour—among the very best I have seen. The portraits are not only of Governors and their wives, judges and their ladies, and other prominent Anglo-Indians, but a large proportion are of prominent natives. A native lady appears on the cover of one of the numbers. The most curious picture is of the famous Orissa twins, joined by the side, not as the Siamese twins were joined. The magazine is published in Bombay, the annual subscription being Rs. 7.8, or 10.0 post free; and the London agents are Messrs. E. J. Reid and Co., Basinghall Avenue, E.C.

C. B. FRY'S MAGAZINE.

The July number is as bright and breezy as usual. The out-of-door man is Lord Desborough, who is described as one of the few men who do all things excellently well. There is a very interesting account of the Olympian Games by Mr. A. E. Johnson, illustrated with most instructive photographs. He says that from the onlooker's point of view no finer building than the vast white marble amphitheatre could be devised. The stadium seats 60,000 people at the same time, and to every one a clear view of everything that happens in the arena is possible. He attributes the American success in the flat racing to the fact that they had four men out of the eight contending. The throwing of the javelin was one of the most popular events, but it was the Marathon race which caused the greatest excitement. The course runs from Marathon to Athens, about twenty-six miles in length. It is simply and solely a test of endurance. The blazing heat of the sun burning in a cloudless sky, the rough road and the thick dust strewn the track with the men who fell overpowered. Sherring, the Canadian who won the race, owes his victory to his having familiarised himself with the track.

As befits the season, there is much chat about lawn tennis, with a special illustrated paper on the American service of lawn tennis by Mr. P. A. Valle. The knack of throwing is illustrated in all forms of athletic contortions by Mr. G. L. Jessop. The art of diving is encouraged and described by Mr. Charles L. Hammond, also with a great variety of action photographs. The charm of living in tents as described by Mr. McCreedy is separately noticed. A dash of history is imparted in a paper by E. V. Lucas on John Nyren, the man and his book, a great cricketer who died in 1837.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* for July is a very good number.

It opens with an interesting article, by Mr. W. Calvert, on Dartmouth, "the most quaint and picturesque old town in the West." At one time Dartmouth rivalled the Cinque Ports in importance, and Chaucer chose it as the probable residence of his "Shippeman." An interesting street is the Butter Walk, containing old houses of the Elizabethan period. Dartmouth is one of the towns which once possessed the right of coinage, and specimens of Dartmouth halfpennies still exist. A painter of interesting bits and scenes of Dartmouth is Mr. J. L. Wimshurst, whose "Return of the Privateers" is reproduced as one of the illustrations of the article.

Another article, by Mr. George Dennison, is that on the Prince of Evil, with illustrations of the demon

of Notre Dame and the Lincoln devil, as representations in stone, and reproductions of a number of old prints and pictures, giving various artists' conceptions of Satan—Doré, Lietzsch Mayer, J. P. Laurens, etc.

Mr. R. Weston writes on the peculiarities of French authors. Molière is represented reading to his house-keeper, Delille dictating to his wife, and Paul Verlaine at a café, with paper, pen and ink, and a glass of absinthe before him. Lafontaine wrote his fables in the midst of brilliant society, taking no notice of the people round him. Racine could not work if he caught the smell of apples. Buffon could only write with valuable lace cuffs on his sleeves. Voltaire had several desks, on each of which lay open his various unfinished manuscripts; and Rousseau was always longing for a wild and lonely life in the forest.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The June number of the *Atlantic Monthly* opens with an article, by Mr. Benjamin F. Trueblood, on the Hague Conferences and the Future of Arbitration.

A PERIODIC CONGRESS OF THE NATIONS.

Arbitration, he writes, is no longer an experiment but the settled practice of civilised nations when disputes arise between them. During the last decade there have been wars, certainly, but during the same period there have been almost a hundred settlements by arbitration. In reference to the next Hague Conference the writer concludes:—

"The greatest service which the governments can do along this line will be the preparation of a treaty providing for a permanent periodic congress of the nations. The demand for the inauguration of a world organisation of some sort has within a few years become very strong. The subject has been taken up by the Interparliamentary Union, as well as by all the other leading peace agencies, and the conference will, in all probability, be compelled by the force of public opinion to make it the leading topic of its action, as the conference of 1899 was obliged in the same way to give its foremost attention to that of a permanent international tribunal.

"A periodic congress of the nations, even if at first it had no legislative functions, but only the power of recommendation, would be of the very greatest value to civilisation, not only directly, in its discussion of questions of common interest to the nations, but also in facilitating the work of the Permanent Court by the development and better statement of international law which would inevitably result from its periodic deliberations and conclusions."

HOW OUGHT WEALTH TO BE DISTRIBUTED?

This article is followed by one on the Distribution of Wealth, by Mr. T. N. Carver. He suggests that the old formula, "From every one according to his ability, to every one according to his needs," should read "Let every one produce according to his ability, and consume according to his needs," and adds:—

The individual whose moral development will lead him to respond to such an appeal can be reached as effectually under the present social system as under any other, while he who will not respond voluntarily could not be reached under any system.

The real work of the social reformer, however, is thus summed up:—

The reformer who works toward the fuller realisation of the principle of distribution according to worth, usefulness or service will be working in harmony with the laws of social progress, and his labours will, therefore, be effective. Otherwise, he will be attempting to turn society backward, or to shunt it off on a sidetrack.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

There is a great deal of fiction in the July issue of the *Century Magazine*.

DRY FARMING IN THE WEST.

Mr. John L. Cowan has an article on a method of producing beautiful crops, without irrigation, in the semi-arid regions of the West. Arid America, he says, covers a territory extending north and south for a distance of 1200 miles, and east and west for 1300 miles; that is to say, a territory embracing four-tenths of the total area of the Republic, or one thousand million acres of land, but in exactly half the area of the United States the rainfall is insufficient for the cultivation of ordinary crops. Irrigation alone is not a satisfactory solution of the problem, and the governments of the States are waking up to the fact that some scientific soil-culture or dry-farming method ought to be tried. But it is a continuous process, and eternal diligence is the price which the farmer must pay for his crops. The system is thus described:—

After the land has been deeply ploughed, the under-soil packed by the sub-soil packer, and the surface harrowed and pulverised, a full year should elapse before the first crop is planted in order to obtain the best results. This season is needed for the collecting and storing of water. In the winter and early spring heavy snows cover the ground. When these melt in the spring, instead of draining off the surface or evaporating, as they have done for ages, they sink into the reservoir prepared for their reception.

As soon as the surface is dry enough the ground is harrowed over again and again, to place the soil mulch in proper condition. This is repeated after each rain until seeding time arrives. The seed is then drilled in just deep enough to place it below the soil mulch in the moist, compacted soil beneath, causing germination in the quickest possible time.

After planting, the dry farmer continues to harrow over the ground after each rainfall until the growing crop is too far advanced to permit of this without causing its destruction. By that time it covers the ground fairly well, protecting it to some extent from the sun and hot winds, and making the constant loosening of the soil mulch less imperative.

No sooner is the crop harvested than preparation begins for the next seeding.

More ploughing, more harrowing, in other words, persistent stirring of the soil, must be kept up to attain good results.

THE FARM-FODDER.

In another article Mr. L. H. Bailey asks, Why do the Boys leave the Farm? and he puts before his readers the reasons given by the boys for choosing other careers than an agricultural one in America, the chief one being that farming does not pay. Another reason is the hard physical labour. Some seek social and intellectual ideals which farming cannot offer, but forty per cent. of those to whom the writer addressed a circular letter desire to leave the farm because it is not remunerative.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

In *Chambers's Journal* for July there are so many articles that it is impossible to notice more than one or two.

PROTECTION AGAINST MOSQUITOES.

Mr. Gordon Wilson offers some hints on Protection against Mosquitoes, and his remedy is so simple that anyone can easily put it to the test. He recommends that common vaseline should be rubbed lightly over the parts of the body likely to be exposed to the mosquito—face and neck, hands and arms, and feet. As a preventive and a cure of malarial fever he recommends Warburg's tincture, preferably in liquid form, and as a means for destroying the larvæ of the mosquito he has proved the efficiency of a solution of potash permanganate.

THE WALKING PARSON.

The Rev. Arthur Nevile Cooper contributes to the

same number a short article entitled "A Tramp's Lesson-Book." He is very enthusiastic about walking tours, and he himself has walked over the greater part of Europe. In a week's holiday he walked through a large part of Belgium, and he walked round Holland in a fortnight. It took him three weeks to tramp across Denmark, and a month to do France from Dieppe to Monte Carlo. In a six weeks' holiday he walked to Rome, and so has done the grand tour in a very interesting way. One great advantage of a tour in a strange land is, he says, that it brings out the best side of you, and this is true in a walking tour.

THE QUIVER.

The *Quiver* opens with the descriptive article on Lord and Lady Aberdeen and their London house. The magazine is more generally interesting than usual, and contains, in addition, a paper on the Nurses' Institution at Mildmay, Stoke Newington, and another on the rather well-worn theme of the giants used in Belgian processions.

HOW THE POOR FARE.

The most entertaining paper is by Mr. Hugh B. Philpott on "How the Poor Fare." He says that poor children make excellent shoppers; they early become keen bargainers, and are more likely to get round the shopkeeper's heart than the older members of the family. He also says that the low prices obtaining in shops with poor customers is not due to inferior goods, for in the matter of food the poorest customers are often the most exacting, and it is a great mistake to suppose that in back streets there is no demand for meat, fish, or groceries of the highest quality. Prices, however, are 25 to 30 per cent. less than in more aristocratic establishments, a difference in price mainly due to lower rent, no calling for orders, no delivery of goods, and (as a rule) no credit. The halfpennyworths and farthingworths sold in small shops are generally good value for the money. Many poor families, it is well known, buy in very small quantities, sometimes even purchasing their little screw of tea for every meal. This Mr. Philpott does not think so extravagant as most of us have been taught to think it. Small quantities tend to abstinence; if you have only two teaspoonfuls of tea in the house, you cannot put three in the pot:—

A working man's wife was asked why she did not purchase a large pot of jam instead of many very small ones. She replied that it was much cheaper to buy the small pots because of the great rapidity with which her husband made the jam disappear when a generous supply appeared on the table.

LA REVUE.

Jean Ajalbert, who writes the opening article in *La Revue* of June 1st, deplors the ignorance and the indifference of France with regard to her Colonies.

INDO-CHINA IN PERIL.

After the Russo-Japanese War France seemed to wake up and show some concern about the defences of her territories in Asia, but the uneasiness lasted only a few weeks. Yet the occasion was opportune for a discussion of the position of Indo-China. Before the war, generals, admirals, and governors had decreed that there was nothing to fear; when the war broke out, it was suddenly apparent that the enemy had but to choose his time, and he would meet with no resistance.

The contingent of land troops is nothing to count on; besides, the number is generally reduced by one-third owing to fever and dysentery. And there is no fleet. One vessel is at the arsenal and cannot be re-

paired, another has broken down in the Bay of Along, while those which ought to complete the squadron cannot take the sea for several years. When they are ready, it will be difficult to know what to do with them, there being no naval base for the fleet. The natives form the only serious defensive force of Indo-China. The native soldiers have been trained according to European methods, but France has taken no pains to secure their loyalty. There will be no lack of arms when the natives care to fight against France.

In the second June number the writer returns to the subject, and shows that France has done everything to make a small empire out of a large one.

THE END OF THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

In an article on "The Birth and Death of the Triple Alliance" which Alexander Ular has contributed to the second June number, the writer notes the radical transformation which has taken place in the principles which govern the management of affairs between the Congress of Berlin and the Algeiras Conference, the cradle and the tomb of the Triple Alliance. Nothing illustrates so well the great change in the character of European politics as the position of the reporters twenty-six years ago and to-day. At the time of the Congress of Berlin the press was considered the natural enemy of diplomatists, and Bismarck would turn in his grave if he knew how his successors and their colleagues treated the newspaper correspondents at Algeiras.

As to the Alliance itself, the union of Austria and Germany was a very natural arrangement between two German dynasties, and one not likely to cause disquiet to the rest of Europe, except, perhaps, to Russia. It was the admission of Italy which gave the Alliance its formidable character. The conditions under which the Alliance came into existence are clear enough. Germany required two instruments—one directed against Pan-Slavism and the other against regenerated France. The consequences have been fatal for everybody, and it is to be hoped that in future it will not be the immediate interests of the reigning dynasties but the real interests of the people which will determine the character of international relations.

THE REVUE DE PARIS.

In the two June numbers of the *Revue de Paris* François Simiand writes on the condition of the workers in mines in France.

THE LOT OF THE FRENCH MINER.

Public indignation, says the writer, is always vented against insufficient precautions and inhumane economies which have fatal results, but public feeling takes on another tone when the victims are the victims of their labour. The work of civilisation may bring its risks, but every means should be applied to reduce those risks. We little know what a mine is like and what is the life of a miner, and we are surprised to learn that a considerable proportion of the workers in mines are not miners at all. Out of 171,600 workers in the French coal mines in 1904, 11,000 were boys from thirteen to sixteen years of age, and 9400 from sixteen to eighteen, and 6100 were women or girls, so that only 145,100 were men over eighteen.

The miner has had to work hard to have fixed hours of labor, but his wages seem to be anything but stable. Every time there is a new settlement as to wages, he is at the mercy of a power against which, in his isolation, he can do nothing. But it is not only with reference to his wages and the conditions of his work that he feels the weight of a distant anonymous power, in relation to which his personal

desires and legitimate independence as an individual count absolutely for nothing. The miner population is more isolated than any other. The people are massed together in great dwellings in artificial cities close to their work, and it is difficult or impossible for the miner to have the feeling of being at home at the end of the day from the interference of his employer. His house belongs to the company, he burns the coal of the company, the doctor and the chemist belong to the company, his children are taught in the schools of the company before taking up the work in the mine, and women and girls all serve the company. Even the church belongs to the company.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

Léo Claretie, who writes on the Hungarian crisis in the first June number of the *Nouvelle Revue*, bases his article on unpublished notes by Count Albert Apponyi.

IS HUNGARY TO BE HUNGARIAN?

Hungary, writes the Count, has always been considered an independent kingdom, a sovereign state, a nation, even though it had contracted a permanent alliance with the other countries, under the sceptre of the same dynasty. But Austria has never abandoned the idea of founding, with all these countries, Hungary included, a unified Empire, and it is the antagonism of these two fundamental ideas which has produced innumerable convulsions during the past four centuries. The compromise of 1867 seemed to have put an end to the dream, but to-day we are obliged to admit that it was a vain illusion. The law guaranteed unity of command and organisation of the whole army of the two countries, but the Emperor has made German the language of command and the Austrian arms the arms of Hungary, in defiance of the recognised principle of Hungarian independence and of the laws which proclaimed the Hungarian language the State language of Hungary, and promised the use of the Hungarian colours and arms in all State institutions in Hungary.

What nation in its national military life would sacrifice its money and its children for anti-national military institutions? At last a crisis arrived, and there was a strong opposition for a year and a-half, 1903-4. After upsetting two Ministries, a sort of compromise was effected, and there was a six months' truce. But the discontent was not appeased, and the resignation of M. Tisza was the ending of the first act of the drama. The last scene of the second act was the Parliamentary debate in February of the present year, and the third act has only just begun.

THE DUTCH REVIEWS.

The article which takes the premier place in the current issue of *De Gids* is Mr. G. Busken Huet's essay on "The Swan Knight and His Mother." This is the story of Lohengrin, made known to most of us through Wagner's opera of that name. The author enters into the history of this legend, showing that it dates back several centuries; he gives us many interesting details of the variations of Lohengrin and Parsifal, as they are to be seen in folk-lore, and he concludes with a few instances of the curious notions that prevailed among primitive peoples concerning the birth of children. In order to prevent the evil spirits from injuring the child, parents appear to have pretended that the woman had also given birth to some small animal, evidently with the belief that the dumb creatures would be selected as the prey and that the child would thereby escape.

Prof. Kuiper continues, in *Onze Eeuw*, his chatty articles on Hellas, Old and New, dealing with Delos

and Thera. Among other contributions are two of historical importance: one concerning Holland and Spain, the other dealing with Holland and France. The story of "Phillip's William" is a curious and little-known piece of history; William was the eldest son of William the Silent, and Philip was the famous King of Spain who gave us so much trouble with his Armada. William was taken as a prisoner to Spain and kept there for thirty years; he was well treated and his education attended to, for he was but thirteen when taken from his people; the idea was to have him ready to act as the tool of Spain in the Netherlands when the proper time arrived. After his release William tried to return and enter into possession of his own, but the Protestants, although not numerous, were against this Catholic Prince, and sided with his brother. Then we are told of William's visit to Rome, of his journeys and efforts to obtain recognition by his people, who requested him to stop away, and his death through the ignorance of a surgeon. It is a pitiful story.

Johan, or Jan, de Wit is the subject of the second article. This statesman was accused of entering into secret negotiations with Louis XIV. to overthrow the Prince of Orange, and ever since 1672 there has been a division of opinion about the accuracy of the charge. Some Dutchmen would like to raise a statue to his memory, others would burn his effigy as a mark of contempt. The author of this article arrives at the conclusion that De Wit was not false to his country.

Elsevier is a good issue. The opening article on Dutch Sculpture is fresh and interesting. The article on the magnolia is also worth mention.

The first of the three contributions to *Uragen des Tijds* is on the vexed question of Paternity. In Holland, inquiry into the paternity of a child born out of wedlock is not permitted; it was not always so, as the writer shows. Should the law be altered? On the grounds of humanity, and for other reasons, yes! Illegitimate children, where the father is known, should have the same rights as the legitimate. The author realizes that the inquiry may be fraught with difficulty and also with risk, but on the whole the reasons for permitting it outweigh those for forbidding it.

THE SCANDINAVIAN MAGAZINES.

Nylænde (No. 11) contains an outspoken article by Dr. Agnes Mathilde Wergeland, now Professor of History and French at Wyoming University, on "Why Norsemen Emigrate." One of the reasons would seem to be that Norway, by very nature of her rugged, majestic beauty, is too cold, too barren and unyielding to afford to her children more than the barest of livings—and men cannot live on beauty alone. But

in her own mind Dr. Wergeland is convinced that the chief reason is neither this nor that the Norse do not love their homeland enough, but that they love each other too little! There under the high heavens spread over breezy field and fjord, there is such an oppressive spiritual atmosphere of narrow-minded intolerance, of unloving readiness to raise teacup storms, of enviling, of insolence, private and political, of clerical and æsthetic arrogance that the Norseman, though scarcely knowing why, longs to get away from it all and to breathe a fresher, sweeter air. No wonder the people emigrate, exclaims Dr. Wergeland.

There is a peculiar hardness and unbendableness in the Norseman's nature, and the mild virtues of forbearance grow but sparsely in his surroundings. That is perhaps the reason why the Norse emigrant brings to his new homeland for the first four or five years nothing but an open mouth and a silent tongue—speechless astonishment! And that is why, to come home after spending some years abroad, is so often like coming from open fields into narrow alleys, where the fancies and prejudices of centuries still lie sleeping in the gutters.

But Dr. Wergeland, true to her name, is too good a patriot to have written in this fashion without a definite hope that it would do good. Her object is to try to exorcise that spirit of intolerance which is a curse to any land, and to rouse a spirit of love, of youthful gladness and enthusiasm, and of genial emulation of foreign progressiveness. To the charge that Norway is a poor country, she replies that Norway is rich in opportunities. Let but a spirit of love link her children together in a patriotic resolve to find these out and make the most of them, and their reward will not be wanting.

Dansk Tidsskrift has an essay by Adolf Hansen on "English Influence on Danish Literature in the Eighteenth Century," which contains much about Ludvig Holberg, "who, it may be said, taught the Danes and Norwegians to read," even as it is with some truth said that the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* taught the English to read.

In *Kvingsjaa*, Dr. August Koren, junr., describes a new method (invented by himself) of watering gardens. Without the illustrations, however, an explanation would occupy too much space. Briefly, the apparatus consists of one or more long wooden gutters fixed at the desired height on either side of the portion to be watered, which may be of any size. Along these the water is conveyed by means of hose, and the watering itself is done from broad flat sieves fixed from gutter to gutter and moving along by means of small wheels. It is claimed that this method of irrigation ensures a gentle, systematic, even watering unattainable by other means.





IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET.

BY H. G. WELLS.

BOOK THE FIRST—THE COMET.

CHAPTER THE SECOND—NETTIE—(Continued).

SYNOPSIS: The narrator tells the story of the Great Change. When a young man he was a clerk in a pot-bank in Clayton. He is refused an increase in wages and gives up his position. His intimate friend is a socialist, Parload, a man of his own age, who has, besides, a taste for science and is deeply concerned about a comet whose path is approaching the earth's orbit. Why continue to think about socialism, he argues, when there is a possibility that the comet will hit the earth? Times are bad in England, on account of overproduction and the intrusion of American products in the English market. Strikes and lockouts exist throughout the country. The narrator has been engaged to marry Nettie Stuart, but the engagement has been broken on account of his socialism and religious doubt. However, he longs to see the girl again, and one Sunday afternoon arrives at her home in Checkshill.

IV.

When Nettie and I had been sixteen, we had been just of an age and contemporaries altogether. Now we were a year and three-quarters older, and she—her metamorphosis was almost complete, and I was still only at the beginning of a man's long adolescence.

In an instant she grasped the situation. The hidden motives of her quick-ripened little mind flashed out their intuitive scheme of action. She treated me with that neat perfection of understanding a young woman has for a boy.

"But how did you come?" she asked.

I told her I had walked.

"Walked!" In an instant she was leading me toward the gardens. I *must* be tired. I must come home with her at once and sit down. Indeed, it was near tea-time (the Stuarts had tea at the old-fashioned hour of five). Everyone would be *so* surprised to see me. Fancy walking! Fancy! But she supposed a man thought nothing of seventeen miles. When *could* I have started!

And all the while, by imperceptible manœuvres, keeping me at a distance, without even the touch of her hand.

"But, Nettie! I came over to talk to you!"

"My dear boy! Tea first, if you please! And besides—aren't we talking?"

The "dear boy" was a new note, a dissonance, that sounded oddly to me.

She quickened her pace a little.

"I wanted to explain——" I began.

Whatever I wanted to explain, I had no chance to do so. I said a few discrepant things, that she answered rather by her intonation than her words.

When we were well past the shrubbery, she slackened a little in her urgency, and so we came along the slope under the beeches to the gardens. She kept her bright, straightforward-looking girlish eyes on me as we went; it seemed she did so all the time, but now I know, better than I did then, that every now and then she glanced over me and behind me towards the shrubbery. And all the while, behind her quick, breathless, inconsecutive talk, she was thinking.

Her dress marked the end of her transition.

Can I recall it?

Not, I am afraid, in the terms a woman would use. But her bright brown hair, which had once flowed down her back in a jolly pigtail tied with a bit of scarlet ribbon, was now caught into an intricacy of pretty curves above her little ear and cheek and the soft, long lines of her neck; her white dress had descended to her feet; her slender waist, which had once been a mere geographical expression, an imaginary line like the equator, was now a thing of flexible beauty. A year ago she had been a pretty girl's face sticking out from a little unimportant frock that was carried upon an extremely active and efficient pair of brown-stockinged legs. Now there was coming a strange new body that flowed beneath her clothes with a sinuous insistence. Every movement, and particularly the novel droop of her hand and arm to the unaccustomed skirts she gathered about her, and a graceful, forward inclination that had come to her, called softly to my eyes. A very fine scarf—I suppose you would call it a scarf—of green gossamer, that some new-wakened instinct had told her to fling about her shoulders, clung now closely to the young undulations of her body and now streamed fluttering out for a moment in a breath of wind, and like some shy, independent tentacle with a secret to impart, came into momentary contact with my arm.

She caught it back and reproved it.

We went through the green gate in the high garden wall. I held it open for her to pass through; for this was one of my restricted stock of stiff politenesses, and then for a second she was near touching me. So we came to the trim array of flower beds near the head gardener's cottage and the vistas of "glass" on our left. We walked between the box edgings and beds of begonias, and into the shadow of a yew hedge within twenty yards of that very pond with the goldfish, at whose brim we had plighted our vows, and so we came to the wistaria-smothered porch.

The door was wide opened, and she walked in before me. "Guess who has come to see us!" she cried.

Her father answered indistinctly from the parlour, and a chair creaked. I judged he was disturbed in his nap.

"Mother!" she called in her clear, young voice.

"Puss!"

Puss was her sister.

She told them, in a marvelling key, that I had walked all the way from Clayton, and they gathered about me and echoed her notes of surprise.

"You'd better sit down, Willie," said her father, "now you *have* got here. How's your mother?"

He looked at me curiously as he spoke.

He was dressed in his Sunday clothes, a sort of brownish tweeds, but the waistcoat was unbuttoned for greater comfort in his slumbers. He was a

brown-eyed, ruddy man, and I still have in my mind the bright effect of the red-golden hairs that started out from his cheek to flow down into his beard. He was short but strongly built, and his beard and moustache were the biggest things about him. She had taken all the possibility of beauty he possessed, his clear skin, his bright hazel-brown eyes, and wedded them to a certain quickness she got from her mother. Her mother I remember as a sharp-eyed woman of great activity; she always seems to me now to have been bringing in or taking out meals, or doing some such service, and to me—for my mother's sake and my own—she was always welcoming and kind. Puss was a youngster of fourteen, perhaps, of whom a hard, bright stare and a pale skin like her mother's are the chief traces on my memory. All these people were very kind to me always, and among them there was a common recognition, sometimes very agreeably finding expression, that I was—clever. They all stood about me as if they were a little at a loss.

"Sit down!" said her father. "Give him a chair, Puss."

We talked a little stiffly; they were all surprised by my sudden apparition, dusty, fatigued and white-faced; but Nettie did not remain to keep the conversation going.

"There!" she cried suddenly, as if she were vexed. "I declare!" and she darted out of the room.

"Lord! what a girl it is!" said Mrs. Stuart. "I don't know what's come to her."

It was half-an-hour before Nettie came back. It seemed a long time to me, and yet she had been running, for when she came in again she was out of breath. In the meantime, I had thrown out casually that I had given up my place at Rawdon's. "I can do better than that," I said.

"I left my book in the dell," she said, panting. "Is tea ready?" and that was her apology.

We didn't shake down into comfort even with the coming of the tea-things. Tea at the gardener's cottage was a serious meal, with a big cake and little cakes, and preserves and fruit, a fine spread upon a table. You must imagine me, sullen, awkward and preoccupied, perplexed by the something that was inexplicably unexpected in Nettie, saying little and glowering across the cake at her, and all the eloquence I had been concentrating for the previous twenty-four hours miserably lost somewhere in the back of my mind. Nettie's father tried to set me talking; he had a liking for my gift of ready speech, for his own ideas came with difficulty, he was pleased to hear me pouring out my views. Indeed, over there I was, I think, even more talkative than with Parload, though to the world at large I was a shy young lout. "You ought to write it out for the newspapers," he used to say. "That's what you ought to do. I never heard such nonsense."

Or: "You've got the gift of the gab, young man. We ought to ha' made a lawyer of you."

But that afternoon, even in his eyes, I didn't shine. Failing any other stimulus, he reverted to my search for a situation, but even that did not engage me.

V.

For a long time I feared I should have to go back to Clayton without another word to Nettie. She seemed insensible to the need I felt for a talk with her, and I was thinking even of a sudden demand for that before them all. It was a transparent manœuvre of her mother's, who had been watching my face, that sent us out at last together to do something—I forget now what—in one of the greenhouses. Whatever that little mission may have been it was the merest, most barefaced excuse, a door to shut, or a window to close, and I don't think it got done.

Nettie hesitated and obeyed. She led the way through one of the hothouses. It was a low, steamy, brick-floored alley between staging that bore a close crowd of pots of fern, and behind big, branching plants that were spread and nailed overhead so as to make an impervious cover of leaves; and in that close, green privacy she stopped and turned on me suddenly like a creature at bay.

"Isn't the maidenhair fern lovely?" she said, and looked at me with eyes that said, "Now."

"Nettie," I began, "I was a fool to write to you as I did."

She startled me by the assent that flashed out upon her face. But she said nothing, and stood waiting.

"Nettie," I plunged, "I can't do without you. I—I love you."

"If you love me," she said trimly, watching the white fingers she plunged among the green branches of a selaginella, "could you write the things you do to me?"

"I don't mean them," I said. "At least not always."

I thought really they were very good letters, and that Nettie was stupid to think otherwise, but I was for the moment clearly aware of the impossibility of conveying that to her.

"You wrote them."

"But then I tramp seventeen miles to say I don't mean them."

"Yes. But perhaps you do."

I think I was at a loss; then I said, not very clearly, "I don't."

"You think you—you love me, Willie. But you don't."

"I do. Nettie! You know I do."

For answer she shook her head.

I made what I thought was a most heroic plunge. "Nettie," I said, "I'd rather have you than—than my own opinions."

The selaginella still engaged her. "You think so now," she said.

I broke out into protestations.

"No," she said shortly. "It's different now."

"But why should two letters make so much difference?" I said.

"It isn't only the letters. But it is different. It's different—for good."

She halted a little with that sentence seeking her expression. She looked up abruptly into my eyes and moved, indeed slightly, but with the intimation that she thought our talk might end.

But I did not mean it to end like that.

"For good?" said I. "No! Nettie! Nettie! You don't mean that!"

"I do," she said deliberately, still looking at me, and with all her pose conveying her finality. She seemed to brace herself for the outbreak that must follow.

Of course I became wordy. But I did not submerge her. She stood entrenched, firing her contradictions like guns into my scattered, discursive attack. I remember that our talk took the absurd form of disputing whether I could be in love with her or not. And there was I, present in evidence, in a deepening and widening distress of soul because she could stand there, defensive, brighter and prettier than ever and in some inexplicable way cut off from me and inaccessible.

You know we had never been together before without enterprises of endeavor, without a faintly guilty, quite delightful excitement.

I pleaded, I argued. I tried to show that even my harsh and difficult letters came from my desire to come wholly into contact with her. I made exaggerated, fine statements of the longing I felt for her when I was away, of the shock and misery of finding her estranged and cool. She looked at me, feeling the feeling of my speech and impervious to its ideas. I had no doubt—whatever poverty my words, coolly written down now, might convey—that I was eloquent then. I meant most intensely what I said—indeed, I was wholly concentrated upon it. I was set upon conveying to her with absolute sincerity my sense of distance, and the greatness of my desire. I toiled toward her painfully and obstinately through a jangle of words.

Her face changed very slowly—by such imperceptible degrees as when at dawn light comes into a clear sky. I could feel that I touched her, that her hardness was in some manner melting, her determination softening towards hesitations. The habit of an old familiarity lurked somewhere within her. But she would not let me reach her.

"No," she cried abruptly, starting into motion.

She laid a hand on my arm. A wonderful new friendliness came into her voice. "It's impossible, Willie. Everything is different now—everything. We made a mistake. We two young sillies made a

mistake, and everything is different forever. Yes, yes."

She turned about.

"Nettie!" cried I, and still protesting, pursued her along the narrow alley between the staging toward the hothouse door. I pursued her like an accusation, and she went before me like one who is guilty and ashamed. So I recall it now.

She would not let me talk to her again.

Yet I could see that my talk to her had altogether abolished the clear-cut distance of our meeting in the park. Ever and again I found her hazel eyes upon me. They expressed something novel—a surprise, as though she realised an unwanted relationship, and a sympathetic pity. And still—something defensive.

When we got back to the cottage, I fell talking rather more freely with her father about the nationalisation of railways, and my spirits and temper had so far mended at the realisation that I could still produce an effect upon Nettie, that I was even playful with Puss. Mrs. Stuart judged from that that things were better with me than they were, and began to beam mightily.

But Nettie remained thoughtful and said very little. She was lost in perplexities I could not fathom, and presently she slipped away from us and went upstairs.

VI.

I was, of course, too footsore to walk back to Clayton, but I had a shilling and a penny in my pocket for the train between Checkhill and Two Mile Stone, and that much of the distance I proposed to do in the train. And when I got ready to go, Nettie amazed me by waking up to the most remarkable solicitude for me. I must, she said, go by the road. It was altogether too dark for the short way to the lodge gates.

I pointed out that it was moonlight. "With the cemet thrown in," said old Stuart.

"No," she insisted, "you must go by the road."

I still disputed.

She was standing near me. "To please *me*," she urged, in a quick undertone, and with a persuasive look that puzzled me. Even in the moment I asked myself why should this please her?

I might have agreed had she not followed that up with: "The hollies by the shrubbery are as dark as pitch. And there are the deerhounds."

"I'm not afraid of the dark," said I. "Nor of the deerhounds, either."

"But those dogs! Supposing one was loose!"

That was a girl's argument, a girl who still had to understand that fear is an overt argument only for her own sex. I thought too of those grizzly, lank brutes straining at their chains and of the chorus they could make of a night when they heard belated footsteps along the edge of the Killing Wood, and the thought banished my wish to please her. Like most imaginative natures, I was acutely capable of

dreads and retreats, and constantly occupied with their suppression and concealment, and to refuse the short cut when it might appear that I did it on account of half-a-dozen almost certainly chained dogs, was impossible.

So I set off in spite of her, feeling valiant and glad to be so easily brave, but a little sorry that she should think herself crossed by me.

A thin cloud veiled the moon, and the way under the beeches was dark and indistinct. I was not so preoccupied with my love affairs as to neglect what I will confess was always my custom at night across that wild and lonely park. I made myself a club by fastening a big flint to one end of my twisted handkerchief and tying the other about my wrist, and with this in my pocket, went on comforted.

And it chanced that, as I emerged from the hollies by the corner of the shrubbery, I was startled to come unexpectedly upon a young man in evening dress smoking a cigar.

I was walking on turf, so that the sound I made was slight. He stood clear in the moonlight, his cigar glowed like a blood-red star, and it did not occur to me at the time that I advanced toward him almost invisibly in an impenetrable shadow.

"Hello!" he cried, with a sort of amiable challenge. "I'm here first!"

I came out into the light. "Who cares if you are?" said I.

I jumped at once to an interpretation of his words. I knew that there was an intermittent dispute between the house people and the villager public about the use of this track, and it is needless to say where my sympathies fell in that dispute.

"Eh?" he cried in surprise.

"Thought I would run away, I suppose," said I, and came close up to him.

All my enormous hatred of his class had flared up at the sight of his costume, at the fancied challenge of his words. I knew him. He was Edward Verrall, son of the man who owned not only this great estate, but more than half of Rawdon's pot-bank, and who had interests and possessions, collieries and rents, all over the district of the Four Towns. He was a gallant youngster, people said, and very clever. Young as he was, there was talk of Parliament for him; he had been a great success at the university, and he was being sedulously popularised among us. He took with a light confidence, as a matter of course, advantages that I would have faced the rack to get, and I firmly believed myself a better man than he. He was, as he stood there, a concentrated figure of all that filled me with bitterness. One day he had stopped in a motor outside our house, and I remember the thrill of rage with which I had noted the dutiful admiration in my mother's eyes as she peered through her blind at him. "That's young Mr. Verrall," she said. "They say he's very clever."

"They would," I answered. "Damn them and him!"

But that is by the way.

He was clearly astonished to find himself face to face with a man. His note changed. "Who the devil are you?" he asked.

"My retort was the cheap expedient of re-echoing, 'Who the devil are you?'"

"H'll," he said.

"I'm coming along this path if I like," I said. "See? It's a public path—just as this used to be public land. You've stolen the land—you and yours, and now you want to steal the right-of-way. You'll ask us to get off the face of the earth next. I shan't oblige. See?"

I was shorter and I suppose a couple of years younger than he, but I had the improvised club in my pocket gripped ready, and I would have fought with him very cheerfully. But he fell a step backward as I came towards him.

"Socialist, I presume?" he said, alert and quiet and with the faintest note of badinage.

"One of many."

"We're all socialists nowadays," he remarked philosophically, "and I haven't the faintest intention of disputing your right-of-way."

"You'd better not," I said.

"No!"

"No."

He replaced his cigar, and there was a brief pause. "Catching a train?" he threw out.

It seemed absurd not to answer. "Yes," I said, shortly.

He said it was a pleasant evening for a walk.

I hovered for a moment, and there was my path before me, and he stood aside. There seemed nothing to do but to go on. "Good night," said he, as that intention took effect.

I growled a surly good night.

I felt like a bombshell of swearing that must presently burst with some violence as I went on my silent way. He had so completely got the best of our encounter.

VII.

There comes a memory, an odd intermixture of two entirely divergent things, that stands out with the intensest vividness.

As I went across the last open meadow, following the short cut to Checkshill station, I perceived I had two shadows.

The thing jumped into my mind and stopped its tumid flow for a moment. I remember the intelligent detachment of my sudden interest. I turned sharply, and stood looking at the moon and the great, white comet, that the drift of the clouds had now rather suddenly unveiled.

The comet was perhaps twenty degrees from the moon. What a wonderful thing it looked floating there, a greenish-white apparition in the dark-blue depths! It looked brighter than the moon because

it was smaller, but the shadow it cast, though clearer cut, was much fainter than the moon's shadow. I went on noting these facts, watching my two shadows precede me.

I am totally unable to account for the sequence of my thoughts on this occasion. But suddenly, as if I had come on this new fact round a corner, the comet was out of my mind again, and I was face to face with an absolutely new idea. I wonder sometimes if the two shadows I cast, one with a sort of feminine faintness with regard to the other and not quite so tall, may not have suggested the word or the thought of an assignation to my mind. All I have clear is that with the certitude of intuition I knew what it was had brought the youth in evening dress outside the shrubbery. Of course! He had come to meet Nettie!

Once the mental process was started it took no time at all. The day which had been full of perplexities for me, the mysterious, invisible thing that had held Nettie and myself apart, the unaccountable, strange something in her manner, was revealed and explained.

I knew now why she had looked guilty at my appearance, what had brought her out that afternoon, why she had hurried me in, the nature of the "book" she had run back to fetch, the reason why she had wanted me to go back by the highroad, and why she had pitied me. It was all in the instant clear to me.

You must imagine me a black, little creature, suddenly stricken still—for a moment standing rigid—and then again suddenly becoming active with an impotent gesture, becoming audible with an inarticulate cry, with two little shadows mocking my dismay, and about this figure you must conceive a great wide space of moonlit grass, rimmed by the looming suggestion of distant trees—trees very low and faint and dim, and over it all the domed serenity of that wonderful, luminous night.

For a little while this realisation stunned my mind. My thoughts came to a pause, staring at my discovery. Meanwhile my feet and my previous direction carried me through the warm darkness to Checkshill station with its little lights, to the ticket-office window, and so to the train.

I remember myself, as it were, waking up to the thing—I was alone in one of the dingy third-class compartments of that time—and the sudden, nearly frantic, insurgence of my rage. I stood up with the cry of an angry animal, and smote my fist with all my strength against the panel of wood before me. . . .

Curiously enough I have completely forgotten my mood after that for a little while, but I know that later, for a minute perhaps, I hung for a time out of the carriage with the door open, contemplating a leap from the train. It was to be a dramatic leap, and then I would go storming back to her, denounce her, overwhelm her; and I hung, urging

myself to do it. I don't remember how it was I decided not to do this, at last, but in the end I didn't.

When the train stopped at the next station, I had given up all thoughts of going back. I was sitting

CHAPTER THE THIRD—THE REVOLVER.

I.

"That comet is going to hit the earth!"

So said one of the two men who got into the train and settled down.

"Ah!" said the other man. "They do say it is made of gas, that comet. We shan't blow up, shall us?"

What did it matter to me?

I was thinking of revenge—revenge against the primary conditions of my being. I was thinking of Nettie and her lover. I was firmly resolved he should not have her—though I had to kill them both to prevent it. I did not care what else might happen, if only that end were insured. All my thwarted passions had turned to rage. I would have accepted eternal torment that night without a second thought, to be certain of revenge. A hundred possibilities of action, a hundred stormy situations, a whirl of violent schemes, chased one another through my shamed, exasperated mind. The sole prospect I could endure was of some gigantic, inexorably cruel vindication of my humiliated self.

And Nettie? I loved Nettie still, but now with the intensest jealousy, with the keen, unmeasuring hatred of wounded pride and baffled, passionate desire.

II.

As I came down the hill from Clayton Crest—for my shilling and a penny only permitted my travelling by train as far as Two-Mile Stone, and thence I had to walk over the hill—I remember very vividly a little man with a shrill voice who was preaching under a gas lamp against a hoarding to a thin crowd of Sunday evening loafers. He was a short man, bald, with a little, fair, curly beard and hair and watery blue eyes, and he was preaching that the end of the world drew near.

I think that is the first time I heard anyone link the comet with the end of the world. He had got that jumbled up with international politics and prophecies from the Book of Daniel.

I stopped to hear him only for a moment or so. I do not think I should have halted at all but his crowd blocked my path, and the sight of his queer, wild expression, the gesture of his upward-pointing finger, held me.

"There is the end of all your sins and follies," he bawled. "There! There is the star of judgments, the judgments of the most High God! It is appointed unto all men to die—unto all men to die"—his voice changed to a curious flat chant—"and after death, the judgment! The judgment!"

in the corner of the carriage with my bruised and wounded hand pressed under my arm, and still insensible to its pain, trying to think out clearly a scheme of action—action that should express the monstrous indignation that possessed me.

I pushed and threaded my way through the bystanders and went on, and his curious, harsh, flat voice pursued me. I went on with the thoughts that had occupied me before—where I could buy a revolver, and how I might master its use—and probably I should have forgotten all about him had he not taken a part in the hideous dream that ended the little sleep I had that night. For the most part I lay awake thinking of Nettie and her lover.

Then came three strange days—three days that seem now to have been wholly concentrated upon one business.

This dominant business was the purchase of my revolver. I held myself resolutely to the idea that I must either restore myself by some extraordinary act of vigour and violence in Nettie's eyes or I must kill her. I would not let myself fall away from that. I felt that if I let this matter pass, my last shred of pride and honour would pass with it, that for the rest of my life I should never deserve the slightest respect or any woman's love. Pride kept me to my purpose between my gusts of passion.

Yet it was not easy to buy that revolver.

I had a kind of shyness of the moment when I should have to face the shopman, and I was particularly anxious to have a story ready if he should see fit to ask questions why I bought such a thing. I determined to say I was going to Texas, and I thought it might prove useful there. Texas, in those days, had the reputation of a wild, lawless land. As I knew nothing of calibre or impact, I wanted also to be able to ask with a steady face at what distance a man or woman could be killed by the weapon that might be offered me. I was pretty cool-headed in relation to such practical aspects of my affair. I had some little difficulty in finding a gunsmith. In Clayton there were some rook-rifles and so forth in a cycle shop, but the only revolvers these people had impressed me as being too small and toylike for my purpose. It was in a pawnshop window in the narrow High-street of Swathinglea that I found my choice, a reasonably clumsy and serious-looking implement ticketed, "As used in the American army."

I had drawn out my balance from the savings bank, a matter of two pounds and more, to make this purchase, and I found it at last a very easy transaction. The pawnbroker told me where I could get ammunition, and I went home that night with bulging pockets, an armed man.

The purchase of my revolver was, I say, the chief business of those days, but you must not think I

was so intent upon it as to be insensible to the stirring things that were happening in the streets through which I went seeking the means to effect my purpose. They were full of murmurings; the whole region of the Four Towns scowled lowering from its narrow doors. The ordinary, healthy flow of people going to work, people going about their business, was chilled and checked. Numbers of men stood about the streets in knots and groups, as corpuscles gather and catch in the bloodvessels in the opening stages of inflammation. The women looked haggard and worried. The ironworkers had refused the proposed reduction of their wages, and the lockout had begun. They were already at "play." The Conciliation Board was doing its best to keep the coal miners and masters from a breach, but young Lord Redcar, the greatest of our coal owners and landlord of all Swathinglea and half Clayton, was taking a fine, upstanding attitude that made the breach inevitable. He was a handsome young man, a gallant young man; his pride revolted at the idea of being dictated to by a "lot of bally miners," and he meant, he said, to make a fight for it. The world had treated him sumptuously from his earliest years; the shares in the common stock of five thousand people had gone to pay for his handsome upbringing, and large, romantic, expensive ambitions filled his generously-nurtured mind. He had early distinguished himself at Oxford by his scornful attitude towards democracy. There was something that appealed to the imagination in his fine antagonism to the crowd—on the one hand, was the brilliant young nobleman, picturesquely alone; on the other, the ugly, inexpensive multitude, dressed inelegantly in slop clothes, under-educated, underfed, envious, base and with a wicked disinclination for work and a wicked appetite for the good things it could so rarely get. For common imaginative purposes one left out the policeman from the design, the stalwart policeman protecting his lordship, and ignored the fact that while Lord Redcar had his hands immediately and legally on the workmen's shelter and bread, they could touch him to the skin only by some violent breach of the law.

He lived at Lowchester House, five miles or so beyond Checkshill; but partly to show how little he cared for his antagonists, and partly no doubt to keep himself in touch with the negotiations that were still going on, he was visible almost every day in and about the Four Towns, driving that big motor car of his that could take him sixty miles an hour. The English passion for fair play one might have thought sufficient to rob this bold procedure of any dangerous possibilities, but he did not go altogether free from insult, and on one occasion, at least, an intoxicated Irish woman shook her fist at him.

A dark, quiet crowd, that was greater each day, a crowd more than half women, brooded, as a cloud

will sometimes brood permanently upon a mountain crest, in the market place outside the Clayton town-hall, where the conference was held. . . .

I considered myself justified in regarding Lord Redcar's passing automobile with a special animosity because of the leaks in our roof.

We held our little house on lease; the owner was a mean, saving old man named Pettigrew, who lived in a villa adorned with plaster images of dogs and goats, at Overcastle, and in spite of our specific agreement he would do no repairs for us at all. He rested secure in my mother's timidity. Once, long ago, she had been behindhand with her rent, with half of her quarter's rent, and he had extended the days of grace a month; her sense that some day she might need the same mercy again made her his abject slave. She was afraid even to ask that he should cause the roof to be mended for fear he might take offence. But one night the rain poured in on her bed and gave her a cold, and stained and soaked her poor old patchwork counterpane. Then she got me to compose an excessively polite letter to old Pettigrew, begging him as a favour to perform his legal obligations. It was part of the general imbecility of those days that such one-sided law as existed was a profound mystery to the common people, its provisions impossible to ascertain, its machinery impossible to set in motion. Instead of the clearly written code, the lucid statements of rules and principles that are now at the service of everyone, the law was the muddled secret of the legal profession. Poor people, over-worked people, had constantly to submit to petty wrongs because of the intolerable uncertainty not only of law but of cost, and of the demands upon time and energy proceedings might take. There was indeed no justice for anyone too poor to command a good solicitor's deference and loyalty; there was nothing but rough police protection and the magistrates' grudging or eccentric advice for the mass of the population. The civil law, in particular, was a mysterious, upper-class weapon, and I can imagine no injustice that would have been sufficient to induce my poor old mother to appeal to it.

All this begins to sound incredible. I can only assure you that it was so.

But I, when I learnt that old Pettigrew had been down to tell my mother all about his rheumatism, to inspect the roof, and to allege that nothing was needed, gave way to my most frequent emotion in those days, a burning indignation, and took the matter into my own hands. I wrote and asked him, with a withering air of technicality, to have the roof repaired "as per agreement," and added, "if not done in one week from now we shall be obliged to take proceedings." I had not mentioned this high line of conduct to my mother at first, and so when old Pettigrew came down in a state of great agitation with my letter in his hand, she was almost equally agitated.

"How could you write to old Mr. Pettigrew like that?" she asked me.

I said that old Pettigrew was a shameful old rascal, or words to that effect, and I am afraid I behaved in a very undutiful way to her when she said that she had settled everything with him—she wouldn't say how, but I could guess well enough—and that I was to promise her, promise her faithfully, to do nothing more in the matter. I wouldn't promise her.

And—having nothing better to employ me then—I presently went raging to old Pettigrew in order to put the whole thing before him in what I considered a proper light. Old Pettigrew evaded my illumination; he saw me coming up his front steps—I can still see his queer old nose and the crinkled brow over his eye and the little wisp of grey hair that showed over the corner of his window-blind—and he instructed his servant to put up the chain when she answered the door, and to tell me he would not see me. So I had to fall back upon my pen.

Then it was, as I had no idea what were the proper "proceedings" to take, the brilliant idea occurred to me of appealing to Lord Redcar as the ground landlord, and, as it were, our feudal chief, and pointing out to him that his security for his rent was depreciating in old Pettigrew's hands. I added some general observations on leaseholds, the taxation of ground rents, and the private ownership of the soil. And Lord Redcar, whose spirit revolted at democracy, and who cultivated a pert, humiliating manner with his inferiors to show as much, earned my distinguished hatred for ever by causing his secretary to present his compliments to me, and his request that I would mind my own business and leave him to manage his. At which I was so greatly enraged that I first tore this note into minute, innumerable pieces, and then dashed it dramatically all over the floor of my room—from

which, to keep my mother from the job, I afterward had to pick it up laboriously on all fours.

I was still meditating a tremendous retort, an indictment of all Lord Redcar's class, their manners, morals, economic and political crimes, when my trouble with Nettie arose: to swamp all minor troubles. Yet not so completely but that I snarled aloud when his lordship's motor-car whizzed by me, as I went about upon my long, meandering quest for a weapon. And I discovered after a time that my mother had bruised her knee and was lame. Fearing to irritate me by bringing the thing before me again, she had set herself to move her bed out of the way of the drip without my help, and she had knocked her knee. All her poor furnishings, I discovered, were cowering now close to the peeling bedroom walls; there had come a vast discoloration of the ceiling and a washtub was in occupation of the middle of her chamber.

It is necessary that I should set these things before you, should give the key of inconvenience and uneasiness in which all things were arranged, should suggest the breath of trouble that stirred along the hot, summer streets, the anxiety about the strike, the rumours and indignations, the gatherings and meetings, the increasing gravity of the policemen's faces, the combative headlines of the local papers, the knots of picketers who scrutinised anyone who passed near the silent, smokeless forges. But in my mind, you must understand, such impressions came and went irregularly; they made a moving background, changing undertones to my preoccupation by that darkly shaping purpose to which a revolver was so imperative an essential.

Along the darkling streets, amidst the sullen crowds, the thought of Nettie, my Nettie, and her gentleman lover made ever a vivid, inflammatory spot of purpose in my brain.

(To be continued.)

SOME KINDLY COMMENTS.

"We have taken 'The Review of Reviews' for some years. For real solid information, and keeping in touch with the important events daily taking place the world over, we find no other magazine so valuable."

"I wish again to express my appreciation to 'The Review,' and to congratulate you on the reduction in price. It is particularly useful to country people who have no opportunity of seeing the English magazines. I find it all interesting, and read every page, though I was especially attracted by the articles by Mr. Meggy and Professor Nansen."

"I agree with most but not all your views, and I like very much the fair-minded way in which you allow policies with which you do not agree, to be advocated, and both sides of a question to be heard."

"I am glad to see you are attacking gambling, as I consider it the most dangerous vice in Australia, because it is so common."

"You have made 'The Review' a magazine which is a credit to Australia, and I hope you will be able to increase greatly its circulation and influence."

GO AHEAD, AUSTRALASIA!



Employees at Ballarat Workshops.

It would be a difficult matter to decide the exact position in the scale of human progress which should be assigned to inventive genius, but it is an undoubted fact that the ability to create, to "make," and to find the quickest and easiest methods of making, should be placed amongst the first attributes which go to the development and maintenance of a nation. This applies more especially to the science of mechanics, and in reviewing the condition of the world we find, in the past as in the present, that those nations lacking in that quality have inevitably gone to the wall. Many of these have possessed, it is true, a creative genius of a very high order from the artistic standpoint, but where the merit is purely artistic, with a consequent ignoring of the utilitarian aspect, the nation possessing it has invariably had to give place in the struggle for precedence to the communities of hard-handed hard-headed toilers who make things for "use."



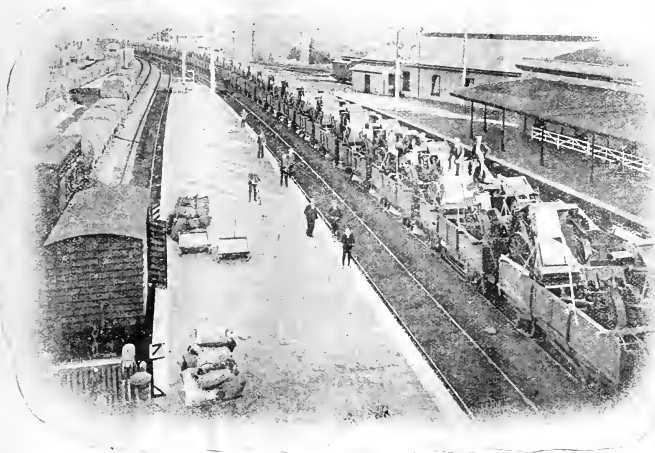
Mr. H. V. M. Kay.

If, again, in the same community, we find two bodies of men complementary to each other, one working honestly to produce the primary necessities of life, and the other with active brains and clever fingers making it easier for the first to produce more and more abundantly; if, in fact, we get the farmer who will grow the crop, and the agricultural implement maker who will supply him with the means of harvesting it cheaply, quickly, and without waste, we get the safest combination for the making of a strong, self-reliant and virile nation that it is possible to have. Here, in Sunny Australia, we have such a combination. We have a strong, hardy and willing body of primary producers distributed over our large areas. Sparsely distributed, we must admit, at the present time, but that is not the fault of the land. But it is not in our province to discuss that aspect of the question here. In the various centres, we have groups of men who have not only been fashion-

ing the tools they were asked to give, but have ever been endeavouring to produce what would improve the position of the Australian farmer, and make him able to compete on more than equally advantageous terms with the world's growers. The constant watchfulness and never-tiring activity of a group of agricultural implement makers have been second only to the agriculturist in the development of Australia, and, indeed, they have been an absolutely necessary factor in its progress. We could give many illustrations of our argument, but perhaps the most striking is that of the Stripper Harvester.

With the modern Harvester of the "Sunshine"

more modern reaper and binder. These only cut the grain, but after the sheaves were thoroughly dried in the stooks it had to await the arrival of the threshing machine or, in more primitive times, it was trodden by oxen or beaten with the flail. The Stripper Harvester is purely an Australian invention. To Mr. Ridley, of S.A., belongs the credit of first devising a machine to strip the heads of wheat from the straw in the field. This was as far back as 1843. Some twenty-five years later, the idea of a complete Harvester—that is, one that would not only take the grain from the ear, but separate the chaff as well—was evolved. Mr. Rid-



Half-a-mile of Sunshine Harvesters leaving Ballarat for the North-East

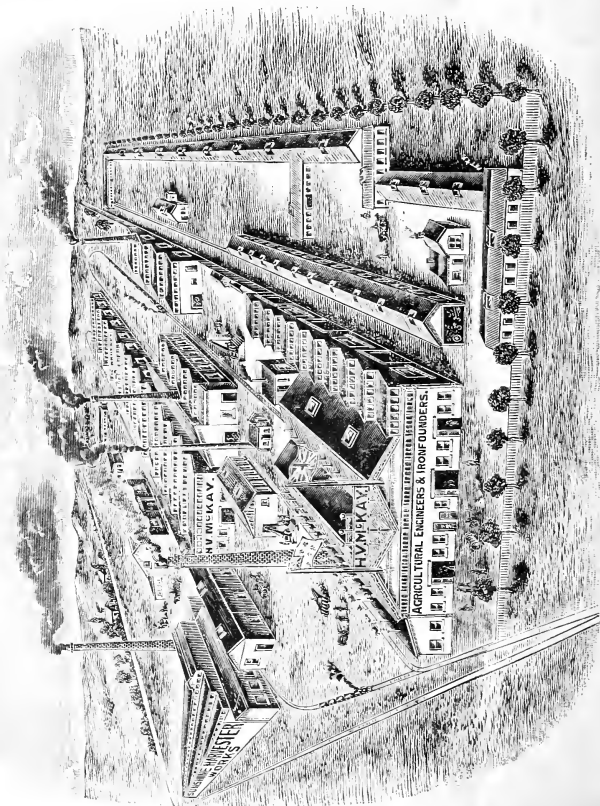
pattern, invented by Mr. H. V. McKay, a farmer starts his machine on his crop of wheat, and takes the grain from the machine, clean, wholesome and without chaff, bagged and all ready for the market. The "Sunshine" Harvester does not take long to do it either. At Gulgare, S.A., on the farm of Mr. D. F. Allan, last year 202 bags of grain, sewn up and ready for market, were taken off one Harvester between sunrise and sunset, whilst in the Wimmera district of Victoria it is quite a common thing for a "Sunshine" machine to harvest 15 acres per day. Compare this with the old time methods of harvesting—the sickle, the scythe, the horse-mower and the

ley, with several other inventors, endeavoured to materialise the idea, and the South Australian Government offered a premium of £4000 for a successful exhibit. Over thirty competitors entered for the prize: fourteen brought their machines to the testing-field, but they all came short of the requirements, and the premium was withheld, only a small amount being allotted to the more praiseworthy attempts.

It was during the harvest season of 1884 that the first successful Stripper Harvester was made by Mr. McKay. As a boy in his teens on his father's farm he recognised how unsatisfactory the old method

of using the stripper and winnower, worked by men, showed itself to be. Instead of accepting what generations had come to regard as the inevitable, he set himself to beat the existing conditions, and, appropriating the old farm smithy as his own for the time being, out of old tins, fencing wire, and the scrap iron lying about, he constructed the first Strip-

per Harvester. It was an unsightly contrivance, and the neighbours laughed at its appearance, but it was effective. He started out to prove to the world the value of his invention, but it was not all sunshine, and it is only in recent years that he has begun to reap the harvest of his indomitable pluck, energy and perseverance. The first Stripper Har-



Sunshine Harvester Works, Braybrook.



Sunshine Harvester at Work at Willaura, Vic.

vester of the "Sunshine" type was produced at Ballarat in 1894, when Mr. McKay began to manufacture on his own account.

Since then the demand for the "Sunshine" Harvester has increased every year, and Mr. McKay has had repeatedly to enlarge his works, until at the present time the Braybrook works alone cover an area of from five to six acres.

The result of the introduction of the Harvester to the farmers of Australia has been to place them in a position which is enjoyed by the farmers of no other country in the world. The cost of harvesting their grain has been very much lowered, only amounting to about 2s. per acre, not including oil and sacks. Outside Australia the farmer pays from 12s. to 18s. per acre for the same work, not including bags, oil, or wear and tear of machinery.

Looking at it from another standpoint, with the "Sunshine" Harvester and other up-to-date farming implements, one man can do, himself, the whole work of tilling, sowing and harvesting the wheat on 150 to 200 acres.

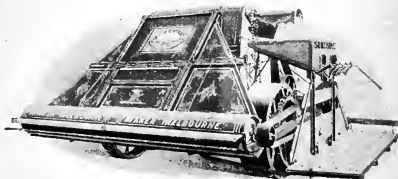
These are obvious advantages to the agriculturist, whether he be called Squatter or Settler, but there are some very decided advantages to the community, which are perhaps sometimes overlooked. Mr. McKay's policy is a forward one, and in building up one of the largest manufacturing concerns in Australia he has always adopted methods which would develop the powers of those associated with him. He recognises that, in the making of machinery of any kind, perfection will never be attained. There will always be room for improvement, not only in the finished product, but in the method of turning it out. Thus, although the harvesting season is necessarily a very short one, his men are employed all the year round, from New Year to New Year's Eve, in the making of Harvesters. In consequence, there are from 650 to 700 men employed, who take a keen personal in-

interest in the business. They are sure of work. They are encouraged whilst at work to look for easier methods and to offer suggestions. Every employé, from the heads of departments to the latest apprentice and the office boy, has his own work to do, and his own position to fill. He is imbued with a sense of responsibility, with a feeling that he is an integral and necessary part of the combination, that he must do his work intelligently and thoroughly; that in doing it he must put forth the best that is in him.

This is good for the man. It makes him an individual. It develops his personality, and keeps him from becoming a mere cog in the machinery, and in this con-

nection it is not necessary to enlarge upon the fact that since the inception of the business it has not been necessary to reduce the wages of any one man. It is good for the firm. The workmanship is sound throughout. When the season's orders begin to come in they do not have to engage a large number of indifferent workmen to help to fill them. The stocks are already there, made by their own men, on whom they can rely. It is good for the country, for it is impossible to estimate the influence on the life and thought of any nation of a body of highly-trained, industrious men engaged in an occupation calling for the constant exercise of their intelligence, discrimination and ingenuity. Such a leaven as this in our midst is likely to permeate the whole community with those qualities of cool judgment, far-sightedness, resourcefulness, and personal courage which go to the making of a great nation.

Here we may point out that although the "Sunshine" Harvester of ten years ago was a splendid working tool, not a year has since gone by without improvements having been made in the method of production and in the machine itself which have greatly enhanced its value, both from the standpoint of reliability and simplicity. It now begins and finishes the entire work of harvesting, taking the heads of wheat from the standing crop in the field, thrashing them thoroughly, and separating the grain from the chaff and weed seeds, ultimately de-



Sunshine Push Harvester.

livering it in bags ready to be taken to the railway station. The "Sunshine" "C" Harvester has a width of cut of 6 ft., and is in general use all over

Australia. For the treatment of crops extending over a large area, Mr. McKay introduced during the season of



Ridley's Stripper.

1905 a machine with a width of cut of 11 ft. 6 in. This he called the "Sunshine Push" Harvester. In this machine side draught has been neutralised by having the horses to the rear, yoked to a long shaft projecting from the centre. The horses push the machine along, and the driver is seated at the end of the pole, and can with ease control its operations. The levers for manipulating the stripper comb and steering the machine are conveniently at hand. Another man is needed to attend to the sacks, eight of which can be carried on the platform and put off at convenient intervals. This large machine is built on the same principle as the ordinary "Sunshine" stripper, every part having been nearly doubled in size to cope with the increased inflow of grain. At work this season, both in New South Wales and Victoria, it has proved itself capable of handling any class of crop and doing the same excellent work as the smaller harvester. It has been "stripping in" as much as 40 acres a day, and its average is said to be 35 acres. This enormous machine is only another indication of Mr. McKay's anxiety to keep the Australian farmer well in the forefront of present-day requirements.

Another feature in Mr. McKay's policy is his determination to, as far as possible, use Australian products in the manufacture of his goods. Fully 70 per cent. of the material used in the making of the "Sunshine" Harvester is grown and prepared in Australia. Locally-made belting, paint, varnish, malleable iron, steel castings, bolts, tyres, and a considerable portion of the other iron and steel parts, New Zealand kauri, Tasmanian blackwood, and other Australian woods, enter into the construction of a "Sunshine" Harvester. It is an Australian invention, made almost entirely of Australian material, and apart from those directly associated with its manufacture, a large number of workers in the complementary trades are sure of constant employment. Mr. McKay has succeeded, but his success, unlike that of many other less scrupulous captains of industry, has hurt nobody, and has increased the well-being and prosperity of many hundreds of his fellow-countrymen.

The saving to the country in hard cash is shown in the following table, which covers a period of

twenty years. The low estimate of ten years is set down as the effective life of a Harvester, and it is calculated that one Harvester treats annually 200 acres, or 2000 acres during the ten years of its life:—

New Harvesters used.		Total acreage treated by each year's machine to date.		Compared with binder method saving, calc. at 10s. per acre.
1886	20	x 2000	40,000	
7	50	"	100,000	50,000
8	100	"	200,000	100,000
9	200	"	400,000	200,000
1890	300	"	600,000	300,000
1	350	"	700,000	350,000
2	370	"	740,000	370,000
3	400	"	800,000	400,000
4	500	"	1,000,000	500,000
5	500	"	1,000,000	500,000
6	600	10 yrs. in use x 2000	1,200,000	600,000
7	1000	9yrs. .. x 1800	1,800,000	900,000
8	1100	8yrs. .. x 1600	1,760,000	880,000
9	1200	7yrs. .. x 1400	1,680,000	840,000
1900	1500	6yrs. .. x 1200	1,800,000	900,000
1	1500	5yrs. .. x 1000	1,500,000	750,000
2 (crop failure)	500	4yrs. .. x 800	400,000	200,000
3	2000	3yrs. .. x 600	1,200,000	600,000
4	3500	2yrs. .. x 400	1,400,000	700,000
5	4000	1yr. .. x 200	800,000	400,000
20	19,670		19,080,000	£9,540,000

This shows a net gain to the country by the "Sunshine" Harvester, when compared with the best harvesting appliances manufactured abroad, of £9,540,000 for the twenty years. These figures are big, but the possibilities are greater still.

In view of these figures, there is no cause for wonder that such advantages are eagerly sought by other grain-producing countries, and a large number of "Sunshine" Harvesters are now annually exported to South America, Africa, and the continent of Europe.

A few words about the "Sunshine" Harvester Works will not be amiss. The original works at Ballarat are in full swing, and we picture at the head of this article a group of men employed there. At Braybrook there are about 6 acres of ground covered in, with room to spread to 20 acres. There is always in stock 1,500,000 feet of Australian timber, seasoning and maturing before being used; there are innumerable smiths kept employed, besides wheel builders, comb makers and others. Some idea of the immensity of the plant may be gathered when we state that the head of a man standing beside one of the fly-wheels would not reach to the top of the axle, and there is a stamping-machine which has a smiting power of 650 tons. At one blow the latter cuts out of the solid steel a Harvester tyre, at the same time punching any number of holes that may be required for spokes.

A WONDERFUL AUSTRALIAN INVENTION.

THE STORY OF STEEL AND IRON ORE CONVERTED BY THE NEW DIRECT PROCESS.

By E.M.D.

In the realms of commerce there is no more interesting subject than the History of the Steel and Iron industry. It is a tale possessing all those elements of tragedy, heroism, cowardice, knavery and ever-rapid motives which most appeal to the inbred lover of sensationalism of our times. Incidentally, it is the story of the Progress of the nineteenth century.

The dramatic development of the steel industry is comprised within forty years. One generation applauded the discoveries of Bessemer and witnessed the flotation of the Billion Dollar Steel Trust of America. One generation laughed at William Kelly, the inventor, as a crank, and regarded with blasé indifference the steel sky-scrapers of New York. The genius of Bessemer and Siemens touched the world like a magic wand, and the lands gave forth iron. The day of stone and mortar passed away. While a child grew to manhood iron ships replaced wooden, steel bridges spanned the widest rivers, steel rails webbed the face of the habitable globe. Armoured battleships tilted the balance of power of the nations. Great guns revolutionised the science of war. While a man grew to middle age the history of the world entered a new phase. The steel age had come.

In the little town of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, John Fritz lives to-day—the man who is the father of the Steel Mill. In Louisville the white-haired widow of William Kelly, who foresaw the Bessemer process, keeps green the memory of her famous and unfortunate husband. The man who rescued the finances of the industry in the stormy days, the man who created from a thousand warring elements the mighty, unified organisation known as "The United States Steel Corporation," is a hale and hearty old man. Carnegie, mill boy and multi-millionaire, is the visible and outward manifestation of a world's transformation. The Steel Trust is the mountain thrown up by a terrific upheaval—the earthquake of the world's greatest industry.

Bessemer's invention sprang from that fertile mother—necessity. The demand for cheap iron arose, and as it is a vital part of our national and social development that a demand when earnest and useful shall be supplied, science answered the world's call. The old order had served its purpose. The crude process of treating iron ore by roasting, fusing and converting in an ore furnace was incompatible with the progress of the manufacturers. Through century after century, from the far-off days of Phœnicia, Babylon, Egypt, India and China,

down to the year 1847, men had been contented to treat ore by that method. When, in that year, Kelly declared that "air alone was fuel," he tore away the veil of the ignorance of two thousand years. No wonder his audience of iron masters, born, bred and trained in the ancient craft, laughed. They mocked him. They refused to deal with him. They crushed and ruined him. Broken, yet unconvinced, he returned to the old methods. But he had sown the seed of a revolution. Ten years later Henry Bessemer, the great English inventor, reaped the harvest. The marvellous expansion of the steel industry began.

New works sprang up, like Jonah's gourd, in a night. Old-established factories, owned by masters employing twenty or thirty hands, became huge corporations, where thousands of men toiled day and night. Steered by Carnegie, the industry weathered the storm of that great boom. When he handed the helm to another, the position of the Steel Trust appeared impregnable and unassailable. No loophole, no weakness, escaped the great Ironmaster's eye. Like Napoleon, this ruler of men had gathered around him, as his executive staff, the most brilliant administrators of the business world. In the office and the laboratory the brightest brains of the age worked ceaselessly to attain a common end—the establishment of a perfect system and the best methods. Only another upheaval such as gave it birth could shake the Titan. Only in the laboratories, where such men as Blair, Chenot and Siemens followed up the germ of a suspicion, was the idea of another Revolution silently maintained. In the forty years since Bessemer fought his patent actions, the world's supply of steel and iron had gone forward with giant strides. In those forty years the world's demand had grown still faster. Insatiable, ever hungry, the markets were clamouring for "Iron—more Iron, and Cheaper." The factories worked double and treble shifts. The blast furnaces roared day and night. Yet the demand grew. As the old system was inadequate forty years before, and was superseded, so the Bessemer process failed to satisfy the voracious appetite of the giant it begat. Again the inevitable law of evolution was to be fulfilled. Science met the world's demand with the "Heskett-Moore Direct Process" for the treatment of ferruginous ore. The Iron, Steel and Metals Manufacturing Company registering the patents of Mr. Heskett's invention in all the steel-producing countries of the world, signalled the new revolution. To consider what this invention means to the world's com-

merce, it is necessary to contemplate figures almost beyond the grasp of the mind. Iron is to-day the source of the world's strength. Last year the consumption was 80,000,000 odd tons. Soon it will exceed 100,000,000 tons. The revenues of the trade are so vast that they can only be guessed at. The income of the Steel Trust alone is the revenue of a nation. The men who control those rivers of wealth wield a power greater than an Emperor. To them, and to the world, the patentees of the Heskett-Moore process can say, "We can reduce your cost of plant by 80 per cent., your cost of production by 25 per cent., your cost of labour to a minimum. We can increase the productiveness of your plant tenfold, for we can make iron or steel in one-tenth of the time that you can under the old Indirect Process."

In plain language, this means millions of pounds saved annually—millions of pounds made annually by increased output and trade. It means to-day that which Bessemer's invention meant yesterday.

It has been demonstrated. On July 26th of this year, in the works of the "Iron, Steel and Metals Manufacturing Company," at South Melbourne, a representative gathering of business men and pressmen witnessed the whole process. They saw crushed iron ore or iron sand fed into the separator, where a magnetic current separated metallic particles from gangue. Into the heating chamber passed only purified iron oxide. Pure ore passed into the long chamber, where the whole volume was brought to a red heat. Still red-hot, it passed down hill to the reducing chamber, where it was played on by gaseous fuel. Here the change wrought was complete deoxidation, without any taking up of sulphur or other impurities unavoidable to the blast furnace stage of the Indirect Process.

Then the iron, reduced from the oxide, travelled to the melting hearth. There the deoxidising gas and the particles of iron protected thereby entered the melting hearth together, the particles falling at once into the bath of molten metal or slag, protected during that brief passage by the effective fire and force woven web of the gases. To summarise the method—the ore was taken into the first stage pure; in the second it was reduced by pure gas; and down it went in another fiery, all-protecting mantle—unpolluted through any contact—to the bath of molten metal or slag. The work was finished. The master regulating his heat, or, if steel is required, his carbonising methods, may draw it as puddled ball, or molten for steel, as commercially pure malleable iron, or as steel of any desired quality. From two to three hours after the crushed ore or iron sand was placed in the separators, iron or steel was drawn through the mouth of the furnace.

This is no theory. In actual work it was demonstrated that under the Heskett-Moore "Direct" process, steel which would take from twenty to twenty-

four hours to make under the "Indirect" system can be made in from two to three hours.

It is a marvellous invention. Writing to the syndicate, Mr. Thomas Edison calls it "the greatest invention of the age," and Australia will do well to remember that it is her own. We have brought forth the shearing machine, the stump jumping plough, and the Universal Harvester. The "Heskett-Moore Direct Process" is to these as the Steel Trust is to the Harvester Process—the parent of a large family to one of the young children.

The "Direct Process" offers to Australia a new future. It offers us expansion in fields of work of which we have not scratched the surface. It offers us a means to make use of some of the waste resources of that vast wealth dormant beneath our feet. It offers work to thousands. It offers to men with brains and means the opportunity to develop in our midst a great industry, which will give us a place amongst the industrial powers of the earth. No nation is strong, no country is self-supporting without iron. We have the iron. The "Direct Process" gives us the opportunity to make use of it, to become a nation self-supporting and defensive.

The object of the Iron, Steel, and Metals Manufacturing Company in Australia is to supply and cope with local demand. A syndicate formed by Mr. J. Earle Hermann, of Sydney, has purchased the patents for the Commonwealth and New Zealand. To establish the works on a basis commensurate to their objects, Mr. Hermann's syndicate intend to float a company with £750,000 capital. It is a big undertaking—the biggest of its kind ever launched in Australia, but it is no greater, in proportion, than those plans which, successfully carried out, lead to such wonderful results in America. The financier is to the inventor that what the building contractor is to the architect. He fulfils and realises the years of thought and research. Kelly's invention brought him bankruptcy and ruin; Bessemer's brought him wealth and high honours. The difference in the two men's lives is that behind Bessemer there stood a great organiser and financier; behind Kelly nought but his own confidence and courage.

The "Direct Process" is an inevitable fact. A process which can show a saving of fuel amounting to 8.54 cwt. for every ton of malleable iron produced, and a saving in flux material of 18½ cwt. for every ton of pure metal produced, cannot be long held back either by indifference, neglect, or doubt. The question is whether Australia will seize and make the utmost use of the invention to which she has given birth, or whether those advantages shall be allowed to pass away from her to some other country.

The future of Mr. Hermann's syndicate, and of the company, will be well worth watching by all who hold dear the development and progress of our country.

LEADING BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, EDUCATION, ETC.

- The Knowledge of God. H. M. Gwatkin. 2 vols. (Clark, Edinburgh) net 12/0
 Christian Theism and a Spiritual Monism. Rev. W. L. Walker. (Clark, Edinburgh) 9/0
 The Freedom of Authority. Dr. J. M. Stierrett. (Macmillan) net 8/6
 Is Religion Undermined? Rev. C. L. Dewhurst. (Loegmann's) net 3/6
 In Quest of Light. Goldwin Smith. (Macmillan) net 4/0
 Truth and Falseness in Religion. Dr. W. Ralph Inge. (Murray) net 5/0
 Synthetica. S. S. Laurie. 2 vols. (Longmans) net 21/0
 Daniel and Its Critics. Dr. C. H. Wright. (Williams and Norgate) 7/6
 Bible Side-Lights from the Mound of Gezer. R. A. Stewart Macalister. (Hodder) 5/0
 Hebrew Religion. W. E. Addis. (Williams) 6/0
 The Apostolic Age. J. H. Ropes. (Hodder) net 3/6
 The Religion of Nature. E. Kay Robinson. (Hodder) 3/6

HISTORY, POLITICS, TRAVEL, ETC.

- Origin of the Anglo-Saxon Race. T. W. Shore. (Stock) net 9/0
 Political History of England, 1801-1837. Vol. XI. Hon. George C. Broderick and J. K. Pottinger. (Longmans) net 7/6
 Under the English Crown. Firmin Roz. (Hodder) 6/0
 The Enemy at Trafalgar. Edward Fraser. (Hodder) net 16/0
 Lady de Lansey's Diary at Waterloo. Major B. R. Ward. (Murray) net 6/0
 George Douglas, Eighth Duke of Argyll, 1823-1900. Dowager Duchess of Argyll. 2 vols. (Murray) net 36/0
 A Varied Life. Gen. Sir T. E. Gordon. (Murray) net 15/0
 The Pageant of London. R. Davey. (Methuen) net 15/0
 Pictorial London. G. Clinch. (Cassell) 12/0
 St. Paul's Cathedral. G. Clinch. (Methuen) net 2/6
 Clerkenwell and St. Luke's. G. E. Mitton. (Black) net 1/6
 The Thames and Its Story. (Cassell) 2/6
 Picturesque Sussex. Clare Jerrold. (Valentine) net 6/0
 The Hastings Road. C. G. Harper. (Chapman and Hall) 6/0
 King's Lynn. W. A. Dutt. (Homeland Association) 2/0
 Derby. A. W. Davidson. (Remrose) 5/0
 Picturesque Lancashire. D. Cromarty. (Valentine) net 2/6
 The Scots Churches in England. Kenneth M. Black. (Blackwood) net 5/0
 Edinburgh. M. G. Williamson. (Methuen) net 4/6
 History of the Scottish Highlands and Isles. W. C. Mackenzie. (Gardiner, Paisley) net 5/0
 Memoirs of the Lord of Joinville. Ethel Wedgwood. (Murray) net 9/0
 Five Fair Sisters at the Court of Louis XIV. H. Noel Williams. (Hutchinson) net 16/0
 Felicity in France. Constance E. Maud. (Heinemann) 6/0
 Picturesque Brittany. Mrs. Arthur G. Bell. (Dent) net 10/6
 The Guilds of Florence. Edgecombe Staley. (Methuen) net 16/0

SOCIOLOGY.

- National Education and National Life. J. E. G. de Montmorency. (Sonnenschein) 3/0
 The Spirit of Our Laws. (Sweet and Maxwell) net 5/0
 Infant Mortality. Dr. G. Newman. (Methuen) net 7/6
 Preservatives in Food and Food Examination. Dr. J. C. Thresh. (Churchill) net 14/0
 British Canals. Edwin A. Pratt. (Murray) net 2/6
 The German Workman. W. H. Dawson. (King) net 2/0
 Robert Owen. F. Podmore. 2 vols. (Hutchinson) net 24/0
 Augustus A. Leigh. W. Anstey Leigh. (Smith, Elder) net 3/6
 History of Warwick School. A. F. Leach. (Constable) net 10/0

ART, ARCHITECTURE AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

- The National Gallery: The Early British School. (Newnes) net 3/6
 Great Buildings in Gothic Architecture. Edith A. Browne. (Black) net 3/6
 English Coloured Books. Martin Hardie. (Methuen) net 25/0
 English Furniture of the Eighteenth Century. R. S. (Hurst and Blackett) net 10/6
 English Seals. J. Harvey Bloom. (Methuen) net 7/6
 Researches in Sinal. Prof. W. M. Flinders Petrie. (Murray) net 21/0

MUSIC.

- Music and Musicians. E. A. Rauphan. (Lane) net 5/0
 Richard Wagner. W. Ashton Ellis. Vol. V. (Keegan Paul) net 16/0

LITERARY BIOGRAPHY, CRITICISM, ETC.

- The Legend of Sir Percival. Jessie L. Weston. (Nutt) net 12/6
 The Shakespeare Symphony. Harold Bayley. (Chapman) net 12/6
 Personal Forces in Modern Literature. Arthur Rickett. (Dent) net 3/6
 Browning's "Sordello." David Duff. (Blackwood) net 10/6
 Mrs. Browning's Religious Opinions. (Hodder) net 2/6
 Robert Burns. John Macintosh. (Gardiner, Paisley) net 2/6
 The Trustworthiness of Border Ballads. Lieut.-Col. Fitzwilliam Elliot. (Blackwood) net 10/6
 Schiller's Dramas and Poems in England. T. Rea. (Unwin) net 3/6
 Oscar Wilde. R. H. Sherard. (Laurie) net 12/6
 Memoirs of My Dead Life. George Moore. (Heinemann) 6/0
 From a Cornish Window. A. P. Quiller-Couch. (Arrowsmith) 6/0
 Sixty Years of Journalism. H. Findlater Bussey. (Arrowsmith) 3/6

POEMS, DRAMAS.

- A Throne of Sorrow, 1547-1553. (Drama.) J. G. Halford. (Simpkin, Marshall) 2/0
 Cranmer. (Drama.) R. Richardson. (Stock) net 5/0
 Cromwell. (Drama.) F. P. B. Ounston. (Keegan Paul) net 5/0
 Short Plays for Amateur Acting. Mrs. Barry Pain. (Chapman) net 1/6
 Song of the London Man and Other Poems. Alice D. Mackay. (Keegan Paul) net 5/0
 My Lady of Dream. (Poems.) Lloyd Milliu. (Frowde) 3/0
 Thoughts for Quiet Moments. (Poems.) Jessie M. Price. (Keegan Paul) net 2/6
 The Mystic Pair and Other Poems. Rev. E. J. Walker. (Keegan Paul) net 3/6

NOVELS.

- Beach. Rex E. The Spoilers of the North. (Harpers) 6/0
 Bindloss. Harold. Beneath Her Station. (White) 6/0
 Brebner. P. J. The Crucible of Circumstance. (Warne) 6/0
 Burmester. Frances G. Clemency Shafto. (Smith, Elder) 6/0
 Deeping. Warwick. Bess of the Woods. (Harpers) 6/0
 Fogazzaro. Antonio. The Saint. Translated by W. Prichard, Agretti. (Hodder) 6/0
 Gerard, Dorothea. The Compromise. (Hutchinson) 6/0
 Godfrey, Elizabeth. The Bridal of Anstice. (Lane) 6/0
 Grosvenor. Hon. Mrs. N. The Bands of Orion. (Heinemann) 6/0
 Hale, Louise C. A Motor-Car Divorce. (Duckworth) 6/0
 Ilorungu. E. W. Raffles. (Nash) 6/0
 Murray. Douglas. Ashes of Power. (Pitman) 6/0
 Mitford, Bertram. Harley Greenoak's Charge. (Chatto) 6/0
 Newman. B. Paul. The Spoils of Victory. (Murray) 6/0
 Rowland, H. C. In the Shadow. (Heinemann) 6/0
 St. Aubyn, Alan. The Red Van. (Long) 6/0
 Sergeant, Adeline. The Coming of the Randolphs. (Methuen) 6/0
 Tynan, Katharine. The Adventures of Alicia. (White) 6/0
 Van Vorst, Marie. The Sin of George Warrenner. (Heinemann) 6/0
 Warden, Florence. Law Not Justice. (Hurst and Blackett) 6/0
 White, Fred. M. The Yellow Face. (White) 6/0
 Wyndham, Horace. Andrey the Actress. (Richards) 6/0

SCIENCE.

- George Bentham. B. Daydon Jackson. (Dent) net 2/6
 The Royal Society: or Science in the State and in the Schools. Sir William Huggins. (Methuen) net 4/6
 My Garden. Eden Philpotts. (Newnes) net 12/6
 Animal Heroes. E. Thompson Seton. (Constable) net 6/0
 The Butterflies of the British Isles. Richard South. (Warne) net 6/0

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

- The London Manual for 1906. R. Donald. (Lloyd) 1/6
 Where to Live Round London. Freeman Bunting. (Homeland Association) net 2/6
 John's Notable Australian. F. Johns. (Simpkin) net 7/6

INSURANCE NOTES.

A Fire Insurance Bill was introduced into the House of Representatives on July 27th by Mr. Frazer (W.A.), and its second reading was set down for August 9th. Its purpose is to ensure that, in event of total loss, the companies shall pay the whole sum on which the premiums have been received, and, in the event of partial loss, unless some agreement is arrived at, shall pay this amount, less the proceeds of a salvage sale. The companies will be protected against fraud, misrepresentation, or neglect on the part of the client to comply with any reasonable conditions. The bill also provides that, after the expiration of 30 days from a fire, or similar event, the company may be sued, without the reference to arbitration at present provided in the conditions of insurance companies.

The Naval Court at Valparaiso has concluded an inquiry into the burning at sea of the barque "Pitcairn Island," from New Zealand to London, the captain and crew of which landed on the coast of Chili. The Court is strongly of opinion that the fire originated by spontaneous combustion amongst the New Zealand flax shipped from Dunedin.

The Prime Minister recently stated in the House of Representatives, that the Ministry proposed to legislate at an early date with respect to those foreign insurance companies which had recently ceased to take new business in Australia.

The San Francisco disaster has been productive of a great lesson to the insuring public. In the past critics have from time to time condemned the accumulation by the companies of huge funds, being the surplus in their trading from year to year. The fact that large sums were able to be put away was used in many quarters as an argument for the reduction of premium rates. How inimical to the public interest the latter course would have been is shown by the calls on the companies over the San Francisco disaster. Had the companies reduced rates, and so have little to put into reserves, the position of the insured in San Francisco would have been a serious one. The British companies, by their wise foresight, are able to meet all their losses, although on an enormous scale, and still have ample protection left for their other policyholders.

A question was asked at the beginning of the month in the House of Representatives as to whether insurance of public servants lives under the Public Service Act was permitted in American Life Assurance Companies. Mr. Groom, on behalf of the Federal Government, answered in the affirmative. A proposal was made in 1901 by the then Prime Minister that such should be permitted only in mutual societies having their head office in the Commonwealth, but this, Mr. Groom stated, did not become law, and the Act appears to enable insurances to be made with any company provided it is registered, and carries on business in the Commonwealth.

A meeting of Australian policyholders in American life insurance societies was held last month at Broken Hill Chambers, Queen-street, Melbourne, to consider what steps should be taken to ascertain their position

THE EQUITY TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, AND AGENCY COMPANY LIMITED.

RESERVE LIABILITY, £100,000; GUARANTEE FUND, £10,000.
 BOARD OF DIRECTORS—Edward Fanning Esq., Chairman; W. Campbell Guest Esq.; H. B. Higgins Esq., K.C., M.P.; Donald Mackinnon Esq., M.L.A.; R. G. M. Cutcheon Esq., M.L.A.
 REGISTERED OFFICE, No. 85 QUEEN ST., MELBOURNE.
 This Company is empowered by special Act of Parliament to perform all classes of trustee business. JOEL FOX, Manager.

SAFES.

HOBBS, HART & CO., LIMITED.

By Special Appointment from Her Late Majesty QUEEN VICTORIA
 By Warrant from His Majesty KING EDWARD VII.

SAFEMAKERS TO THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

STRONG ROOMS, DOORS AND LOCKS, ETC.

F. J. LAWN & CO., SOLE AGENTS,

51 YORK STREET, SYDNEY.

and conserve their rights. Over 100 persons were present, and Mr. Knox, M.H.R., was voted to the chair. The chairman emphasised the fact that the meeting had not been convened in the interests of any company. It was not suggested that the companies were unable to meet their liabilities, but they were justified in meeting to consider matters. In Australia there were 29,907 policyholders in American companies, the total of their policies exclusive of profits being £11,494,328, and the premium £460,713. It was thought that of the large amount of money that was going out of the country in the shape of premiums, there should be retained and invested in Australia, a proportion which could be equal to the present value of the living policies. A resolution was then passed that a committee be appointed to communicate with the representatives of the several American insurance companies in Australia to consider and advise as to the best methods of conserving the rights and interests of policyholders.

The Citizens' Life Insurance Co. has granted an additional advantage to its policyholders. Hitherto the bonuses declared by it, in common with other life companies, did not become payable in the event of the death, unless such event took place after a certain period had elapsed from the taking out of the policy. The company has now decided that bonuses will become payable from the moment it is declared along with the sum assured in event of the death of the policyholder.

The business of the National Union Society Ltd. (Fire and Accident) has been purchased by the London Lancashire Insurance Co.

The conduct of fire insurance business has been distinctly improved by the adoption throughout Australia of uniform fire policy conditions, which came into

force on the 1st July. The fact that each company's policy had a different set of conditions was perplexing to the public, especially to large concerns where a number of policies in different companies were held. Certain things required to be done by the assured under one policy were not required under another, and complications ensued. The conditions of all companies are now alike, and as a whole they are more liberal to the insured than those previously in force. In addition they are marshalled under distinct headings, which give the public greater facility in ascertaining their exact position.

An interesting table of the losses made by British fire offices in connection with the San Francisco disaster was published in the New York "Journal of Commerce," which it stated was compiled from official statements made to it by the companies. The list was as follows, and the figures showed the net loss after deduction of reinsurance:—Atlas, 1,250,000 dollars; Caledonian, 1,193,482 dollars; London Assurance Corporation, 3,750,000 dollars; London Lancashire, 2,500,000 dollars; Liverpool, London and Globe, 3,500,000 dollars; Northern Assurance Co., 2,000,000 dollars; Norwich Union, 1,200,000 dollars; Phoenix, 1,600,000 dollars; Royal, 3,750,000 dollars; Royal Exchange, 2,750,000 dollars; Scottish, Union and National, 1,000,000 dollars; Sun, 1,200,000 dollars.

The thirty-seventh ordinary general meeting of the shareholders of the Equity Trustees, Executors and Agency Company Limited, was held at Melbourne on August 6th. The balance-sheet showed a credit balance of £2658 11s. 1d. Of this a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum was declared; a dividend of 2 per cent. by way of bonus was paid to shareholders; 10 per cent. was written off office furniture account, and a bonus of £172 19s. was paid to the staff. £1000 was carried to the reserve fund, which now stands at £12,500, and a balance of £5963 2s. 1d. was carried forward.

It is more than a British tradition that upon the maintenance of the Mercantile Marine up to a high standard depend the stability and extension of the British Empire. For this reason alone the ship "Melville Island" case is bound to live in the annals of shipping, especially as all the sailors concerned were British-born. The story of the vessel's six weeks' stay at Queenscliff is full of incidents, interesting not only in themselves, but also on account of the issues they decided. It was therefore a happy inspiration to prepare and publish an authoritative history of the case. This has come to us in an illustrated pamphlet of 40 pages, containing a very interestingly written narrative of the striking affair, and a lucid record of its legal points. As a tale of the sea, graphically told, it is of general interest; while as a guide to procedure in maritime disputes, the attractive little book should prove of great value to all sailors, both masters and men, and to the shipping world at large. It is published at sixpence a copy, and is obtainable from Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Melbourne, and all leading newsagents.

THE UNITED INSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1862.

ADELAIDE . . . T. C. Reynolds, Resdt. Secretary
MELBOURNE . . . T. Lockwood, Resdt. Secretary
BRISBANE . . . E. Wickham, Resdt. Secretary
PERTH . . . J. H. Prowse, Resdt. Secretary
HOBART . . . W. A. Tregear, Resdt. Agent.

HEAD OFFICE - SYDNEY.

THOMAS M. TINLEY, Manager. B. HAIGH, Secretary.

THE CREDIT FONCIER

Lends to Farmers in Victoria

£50 TO £2000

At 4½ per cent. for 30 Years, with right to pay off any half-year.

Apply,
INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF SAVINGS BANKS,
MELBOURNE.

THE COLONIAL MUTUAL . . FIRE . .

INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED.

FIRE . . .
ACCIDENT . . .
EMPLOYER'S LIABILITY . . .
FIDELITY GUARANTEE . . .
PLATE-GLASS BREAKAGE . . .
MARINE . . .
BURGLARY . . .

Insurance.

OFFICES.

MELBOURNE—60 Market Street.
SYDNEY—78 Pitt Street.
ADELAIDE—71 King William Street.
BRISBANE—Creek Street.
PERTH—Barrack Street.
HOBART—Collins Street.
LONDON—St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, E. C.

WM. L. JACK,
MANAGER

Essay Competition.

In order to celebrate the important step we are taking in reducing the price of "The Review of Reviews" from 9d. to 6d., so as to touch a still larger constituency, we have decided to offer

A Prize of Ten Guineas

FOR ARTICLES ON

"INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION v. WAR."

The prize money will be divided. FOUR GUINEAS will be paid for the best article the author of which is a pupil in any of the State schools of Australasia, or is a pupil in any of the Secondary schools, and is also under 16 years of age. (This arrangement will equalise matters, as many pupils of Secondary schools are much older than that.) SIX GUINEAS will be paid for the best article the author of which does not come under the conditions relating to the Four-Guinea Prize.

The article must not be above 3000 words in length. Articles become the property of the Editor. The winning articles will be published. Manuscripts must be in our hands by the 31st January next. Only one side of the paper must be written on, and writing must be very legible. A committee of prominent gentlemen will adjudicate.

One of the finest text-books in which to seek for current information upon the subject of the Competition is "The Review of Reviews for Australasia." Take each issue regularly.

Articles must be signed with a nom de plume, the name for which it stands being enclosed in a sealed envelope—

THE EDITOR "Review of Reviews,"

Equitable Building, Melbourne.

9

Nine-tenths of the ills which humanity endures, with more or less patience are unnecessary ills. For instance:—

- | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| Rheumatism | Blood Disorders | Gravel |
| Gout | Anaemia | Stone |
| Neuralgia | Indigestion | Bladder Troubles |
| Lumbago | Biliousness | General Debility |
| Sciatica | Jaundice | Sick Headache |
| | Bright's Disease | |

are readily curable. One and all arise from the failure of the

KIDNEYS AND LIVER.

to efficiently perform their functions. These important organs, when acting healthily, deal with and remove from the system the poisonous matter which causes the disorders.

The Kidneys filter and extract from the blood about three pints of urine every day. In this quantity of urine are dissolved about an ounce of urea, ten to twelve grains in weight of uric acid, together with other animal and mineral matter varying from a third of an ounce to nearly an ounce. When the kidneys are in health, all this solid matter is in solution and is invisible. Directly the kidneys, through either weakness or disease, become unfit to do their duty properly, a proportion of this solid matter remains in the blood, becomes actively poisonous, and causes us to suffer from uric disorders such as **Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Sciatica, Gravel, Stone, Bladder Troubles, and Bright's Disease.** A simple test to make as to the condition of the kidneys is to place some urine, passed the first thing in the morning, in a covered glass, and let it stand until next morning. If it is then cloudy, or there is a brick-dust like sediment, or if particles float about in it, or it is of an unnatural colour, the kidneys are not healthy, and no time must be lost in adopting remedial measures, or **Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or** some less serious but more painful illness will result.

The Liver.—In the liver various substances are actually made from the blood. Two or three pounds of bile are thus made from the blood every day. The liver takes sugar from the blood, converts it into another form, and stores it up so as to be able to again supply it to the blood, gradually, as the latter requires enrichment. The liver changes uric acid, which is insoluble, into urea, which is completely soluble, and the liver also deals with blood corpuscles which have lived their life and are useful no longer. When the liver is inactive or diseased we suffer from **Indigestion, Biliousness, Anaemia, Sick Headache, and Blood Disorders.**

The health of the liver and of the kidneys is so closely connected that it is almost impossible for the kidneys to be affected, and the liver to remain healthy, or vice versa.

It is nearly thirty years since scientific research directed specially to diseases of the Kidneys and Liver was rewarded by the discovery of the medicine now known throughout the world as

Warner's Safe Cure.

It was realised, at the outset of the investigation, that it was necessary to find a curative agent which would act equally upon the kidneys and upon the liver, these organs being so immediately associated in the work of dealing with the body's waste material, and after many disappointments, the medicine which possessed the required action in the fullest degree was at length discovered. **Warner's Safe Cure cures all diseases of the kidneys and liver,** and, by restoring their activity, these vital organs are enabled to rid the body, through the natural channels, of the urinary and biliary poisons, the presence of which, in the system, are the cause of **Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Sciatica, Blood Disorders, Anaemia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Sick Headache, Gravel, Stone, Bladder Troubles and General Debility.** Warner's Safe Cure cures all these disorders simply by removing the cause of the disorder. This is the reason why cures effected by Warner's Safe Cure are permanent cures.

Robur

tea



I'm the Robur Tea Girl.

Please notice the peculiar paper we wrap our tea in—it is manufactured expressly for tea packing—it is very strong and perfectly damp-proof. Tea needs to be carefully packed, you know, otherwise it absorbs dampness from the air or takes the smell of anything that may be near it, and so is spoiled. Our packing keeps in the goodness and at the same time keeps out all odours arising from other goods that may be stored near by.

Robur is never put up in lead packets, because there appears to be just a suspicion that tea so packed may not be too good for one. The leaves rub against the metal (you know how your finger will blacken if you rub it on lead)—and so the lead may get into the infusion and down the drinker's throat—and lead in some forms is not good for human beings.

The following extract from the Government Analyst of Western Australia's report on Robur tea hints that to use lead would be risky. And we never take risks.

Perth, W.A.

"The method of packing (Robur) is especially advantageous and ought to commend itself, for it preserves the quality and prevents the danger of lead-poisoning which might result from the use of that metal."

B. H. WOODWARD, Government Analyst, W.A.

Now might I ask are you using Robur?—if not, you most certainly ought to, for it is really good tea.

N.B.—The line which seems to suit a lot of people for their general use is the No. 2 Grade—it is wonderfully economical tea—Grocers sell it.

Miss Irene Dillon—Photo'd by Stewart & Co., Melb.

Printed and published by John Osborne, 53 Albert-st., E. Melbourne; Sole Wholesale Distributing Agents: Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia and Tasmania, Messrs. R. A. Thompson and Co.; New Zealand and West Australia, Messrs. Gordon and Gotch Pty. Ltd.