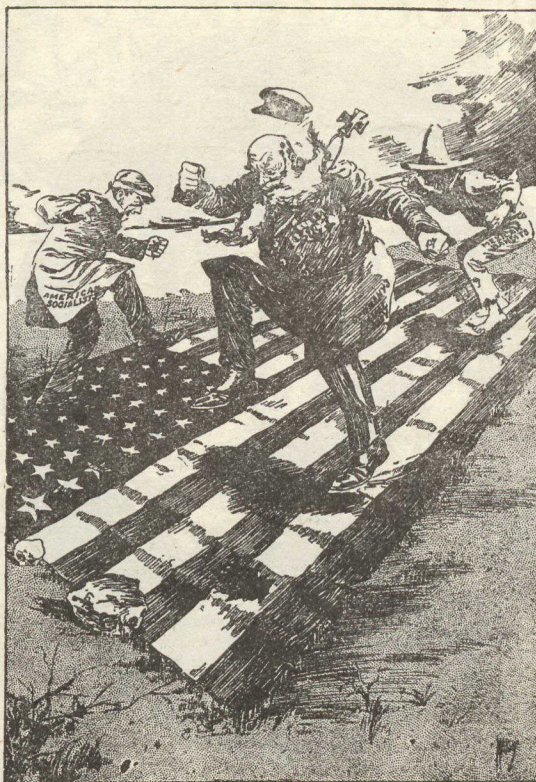


THREE RECENT AMERICAN CARTOONS



THE RISING TIDE.

Congressional graft is menaced by public opinion.
Harding, in Brooklyn Eagle.



"EVERYBODY'S DOING IT."
Isn't it about time to stop the favourite sport?
From The New York Times.



THE PRIZE AVIATOR.

Helpless victim to Aeronaut Wilson: "Hey! Come down! Come down!"

Carter, N. Y. Sun.

Some suit his style and others do not. The orator must speak to the masses, and lead a popular party, for he speaks the mother-tongue of the democracy. That is at once his endowment and his limitation. If he had this gift alone, he would remain to the end of his days a leader of revolts and a champion of proletarian causes, more often in opposition than in power. The other art conflicts with the Orator's endowment. He has the instinct for compromises. He is always on the lookout for what he calls in familiar speech "a deal." An opponent is always for him a man with whom he may one day form a combination.

Only a rash prophet would dare to cast the horoscope of such a man. He will have made at least three fresh crises in the Cabinet—if it survives—before these pages have crossed the Atlantic. One can, however, see the lines on which he is moving. He is following in the steps of our last great demagogue, Joseph Chamberlain, who also turned midway in an ambitious career from radicalism to imperialism. He will take over the standard of aggressive imperialism. He will drop the fetters of radical tradition in such matters as conscription and free trade. He will aspire to lead a "national" party, equally divorced from the old Toryism of class privilege, and the old Liberalism of difficult principles. He lacks indeed the robust English brutality of Mr. Chamberlain. He will retain something of the sentiment of the school in which he grew up. He will not turn crudely from his old pacifism to a doctrine of force and revenge, for pacifism makes an effective note in oratory, but he has learned that the wider success must be won by an appeal to the simpler passions of imperial self-consciousness. He will embark on the new venture with the resolve to say much and to do something for the cause of the poor and for constructive social reform. That also was Mr. Chamberlain's intention. In the event he will probably learn that the support of such forces as are represented by the Times and the Daily Mail must be paid for. The classes which will help him to establish conscription and to destroy free trade will not applaud further essays in the super-taxation of unearned wealth, or fresh campaigns against the landed interest.

I question whether we shall ever see him in the place which his ambition assigns to him, as a Premier at the head of a national party. English prejudices demand a more stable, a less mercurial leadership. The public school tradition is merciless, moreover, to a man who affects an easy attitude towards the conventional loyalties and decorums. His fate, I suspect, is to be rather the brain and the tongue than the titular president of some new coalition. By what process of disruption the new group will crystallize is still obscure. The risk at present is that Mr. Lloyd George's silent work of intrigue behind the scenes may lose him the following which is his asset. At present his alliance with Lord Northcliffe, his manoeuvres against Mr. Asquith, and

the whispers of his infidelity to cherished Liberal principles, have shaken his position, while for lack of oratorical opportunity he has made no new converts. His power will be manifest only when he has made some three or four speeches in the new direction. It is a real power, and it will survive while he can shape a peroration.

Buying a Farm

IN buying a farm, Francis Copeland thinks it wise to study many points, including the question of markets for your products. In an article in the World's Work he goes on to point out how, around every centre of population, there naturally grows a truck farming community; and around the great northeastern population centre of the country the trucking business spreads out a thousand miles, with New York as the centre of a series of concentric arcs. The radii of these arcs are governed by two considerations: the number of hours from New York and the season of the year the crops come in. Take two cases: one farmer lives ten hours from New

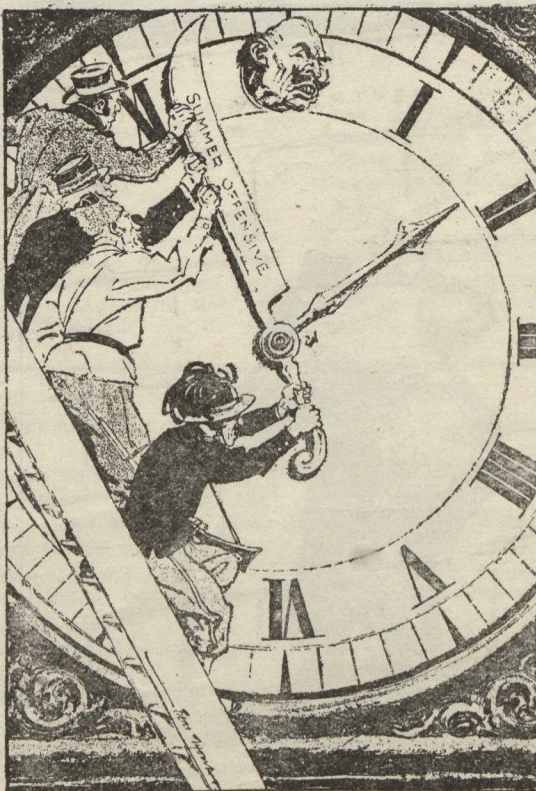
York, and, during the season, he can gather his truck in the morning, load it in refrigerator cars in the afternoon, and have it delivered in New York at 4 o'clock the next morning. Another farmer lives fifteen hours from New York: he has not got time to gather and load his produce on the same day as farmer No. 1, so he might as well be twenty-four as five hours farther away from New York. This is just a simple case—there are many ramifications of it; it is worth while studying markets.

Mind you, I am not decrying farming. Farming is the ideal life. But I am trying to show you the great mistakes of the man who was indignant about the farm that he bought. After all, it was his own fault, for he did not take the ordinary precautions of a good business man. He knew nothing about what he was buying. He has gone back to his Northern home with an unsalable farm on his hands. If he had spent 10 per cent. of the money he has lost in either personally investigating or sending some reliable man to investigate before buying the land he would have saved both his pocketbook and his indignation.

When buying a farm remember that farming is as much of a business as making bricks is, and investigate as closely as if you were about to buy a business. If you satisfy the following six essential rules, you cannot go far wrong:

1. Be perfectly certain that your neighbours are congenial, for farming in an uncongenial neighbourhood is impossible.
2. Locate near a school and a church—you can get labour easier even if you do not use them yourself.
3. Be sure the country is healthful—and the water pure.
4. Look well into the transportation facilities; roads, railroads, and rates.
5. Find out where the markets are.
6. Then buy a good piece of farm land.

THE BIG PUSH



It will be alright in the Summer Time.
—From London Opinion.

Harden Silenced Again

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN said great things when the war began, telling the world in general and the German people in particular, that now was Germany's opportunity to become the masters of Europe. They intended to do it and would do it, and might as well be frank enough to admit it. So said one of the foremost intellects of Germany, who a few weeks ago struck a far different note in his paper Zukunft, and said that Germany might as well admit she never could beat the Allies. For this utterance his paper was suppressed.

In pre-war days, according to J. M. Hone, in Everyman, Maximilian Harden was scarcely known in England except as the daring publicist who had brought to light those unsavoury scandals in Prussian high places which resulted in the trials of von Moltke, Eulenburg, and the Kaiser's cousin, William von Hohenhan. But throughout the Continent, and