DESCRIBES A VISIT TO WIZARD EDISON

Great Inventor Tells About the Chief Problems He Will Attempt to Solve

I was being conveyed to the home of Thomas A. Edison and as we approached Llewellyn park I commanded the driver to stop, that I might alight. I had a vague notion that a milk waggon was not the most dignified conveyance in the world in which to approach the greatest of inventors in search of the ever-elusive interview. The milk waggon was not a matter of choice; it was a necessity; there was no other vehicle at the little station at West Orange; the day was hot, the roads dusty, the writer round of girth—so there you are.

A broad driveway led up a slight knoll to a large, compact, modern country residence, half brick and half frame. Its gable roofs cut the skyline pleasantly and Virginia creepers masked the sharp corners of the building. There were windows everywhere, looking in every direction, as if the architect was uncertain as to the directions in which the sun would rise and set. Just to throw in a few more windows, there is a conservatory at the left wing. The sun has a hard time getting away from the Edison home.

At the push of a button a smiling man servant ushered me into the library to amuse myself as best I could. A book on physiognomy held a prominent place on a table. It was well thumbed; evidently Mr. Edison goes by first impressions.

My thoughts, if I had any, were interrupted by a loud noise like that of stampeding horses, and the next moment the exceedingly active figure of Theodore Edison, age eight, dashed wildly past the library door into the dining room, demanding to know, in a voice of unmistakeable authority, if lunch was ready. Then all was silence. Theodore, no doubt, had been assured it was.

I was reading up in physiognomy now and trying to recall my impressions of the milkman, when the faint chug-chug of an auto sounded. I braced up, I could see it was the great inventor. The hall door dashed open, he stamped noisily and slammed his hat down on a stand, at the same time emitting a loud "Who—e—e!" I jumped a foot and began to wipe beads of cold perspiration from my high brow.

To my further amazement, from all parts of the house, like an echo in some great cavern, came answering "Who—e—e's" in different keys. I began to have the impression that I had entered the wrong place. I was afraid to move, so sat there awaiting further developments, with an eye on the open window.

A voice from somewhere above, safe and sane in its tone, announced that a visitor was awaiting the head of the family in the library.

There was a firm tread in my direction, the door banged open, and Thomas A. Edison was greeting the visitor in a handclasp that would do credit to a presidential candidate. He was sizing me up, and I remembered the book on physiognomy.

"How—do—doo," said the wizard, with a smile winning in its broadness. The voice was pleasant and deep, and listening to it, I had time to take in the man.

With a face like some ancient Greek god, white of hair, steady of eye, firm of mouth, stalwart of frame and standing almost six feet, he looked many years younger than the sixty he claims. There was a boyish light in his grey eyes and he seemed bubbling over with boyish good-nature.

"Do you ever play games?" I queried, expecting one of his youthful spirits to talk earnestly of baseball and other sports.

"No; only in my laboratory," he replied, with a chuckle, as he moved toward the door in answer to a call.

"Yes, he does," whispered Theodore, confidentially, who came to take his father's place. "He plays 'Parchesi.'"

"Anything else?" I asked in the same confidential whisper.

"Naw," said Theodore; "I have a tennis net, if father ever played." Then he added in a disgusted tone, "But he can't run. The only time I ever saw him run was after a train. Oh my! dad was funny. He looked like this."

Whereupon Theodore gave a perfect imitation of a lame crane; tripped over a step and bumped his head.

I asked him if his father did that. He regarded me with a haughty look, but the spell passed and he took me as a friend again.

"But dad caught the train," he added.

This was hardly news, as Mr. Edison generally catches anything he starts out for.

Theodore now informed me how well he could run an automobile. He preferred gasoline to electric, he said—which shows that the younger son does not permit his father's opinions to influence his own.

"We have eight machines," he said, "I like to use a different one every day."

Then he left me on the run and in several minutes he was back, running an electric runabout at break-neck pace in my direction. Having showed me his skill to his own intense satisfaction, the boy chauffeur of Llewellyn park whizzed it back. Now he pointed out to me two miniature cannon he had placed on each side of the main door to guard the entrance. A careful father had withdrawn the charges for his own safety, and Theodore had been shamefully deceived into the belief that they were still loaded.

Now I was introduced to Charles, a reticent youth of 19 and Madeline, who has reached the delicatessen age of sixteen, and bears a striking resemblance to her gracious mother. One could see at a glance that Mrs. Edison was the playmate and confidante of her children, and that the hand with which she governed them was a gentle hand that made ruling easy.

Mr. Edison was in his study, working even during his lunch time. For forty-five years he has worked unceasingly, every day, and a large part of every night, but his force of brain and sinew has been expended with no unnecessary waste of tissue, and, standing on the threshold of old age, his vitality is a thing to cause wonder in younger men. His working hours closely approach eighteen per day, year in and year out; he takes very little exercise and he contends that five hours of sleep is enough for any man.

At 5.30 in the morning he is up and doing, and at 8 o'clock he is in his laboratory, where he remains until 7 in the evening, having taken but a few minutes for a simple lunch. After dinner he retires to the library, where he works until midnight. Edison's greatest pleasure is keeping busy, and he certainly enjoys himself, if we are to judge by the number of his working hours. And this is the man who began his career as a train newsboy, and has written his life and achievements in the history of the century.

He has announced his retirement from active commercial inventing, and is going to devote the remainder of his life to the solution of such problems as he has had in mind for years.

"On my sixtieth birthday," he said, "I made up my mind that I had had enough of business, and that I would give up trying to make money, and devote myself entirely to doing what I have always wanted to do, but never before have had time to take up. It is all science, pure science, no commercialism with me henceforth, and I am working harder than ever in this new chosen field.

"As an inventor I was always engaged in the application of science to industry. Every investigation and experiment had a commercial end in view. It did not deal primarily with fundamental scientific laws, but with concrete things that had a definite commercial value in the market today. Now I am in an entirely different line of endeavor and I care little whether it brings money or not, so long as it adds to the sum total of human knowledge and furnishes some benefit to mankind."

Perhaps the chief of the problems which Mr. Edison will attempt to solve is the depletion of the coal territory. He regards this as one of the most serious conditions which we will have to face in the future. As shown by official statistics, we use five hundred million tons of coal annually; at this rate, and increasing in the same proportion as it has during the greater part of a century, our coal supply will be exhausted within one hundred years, and unless science finds a substitute for coal our descendants will be in a sorry plight for heat and light.

While I had been talking to the great inventor, Theodore had disappeared, and now dashed up in a runabout.

"Come on in—the running's fine," he called as he slowed up.

A ride of a half mile brought us to the great factories stretching out over acres of grounds, all full of the din and whirr of activity. Then we entered the huge, sombre laboratory. I walked along vast gloomy corridors and up flight after flight of stairs, catching glimpses as I passed of rooms filled with every conceivable scientific apparatus and thronging with men engaged at their many tasks.

The rounds had been made now, and as I stood in the plain workroom of Mr. Edison, Theodore, who had been watching the clock, spoke up

"Let's get to the station now," he said. "Your train is due."

And of course I said "Yes, let's."

The British Prime Minister

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has had to maintain the material compactness of his large party, and to keep its moral enthusiasm alive at a period when it was most likely to decline. He has had to maintain his personal ascendency, which he has done by his even hundreds, of miles, loaded with high intellectual quality, and wielding an adroit and unsparing tongue. In all these things he has succeeded. He governs the House with unquestioned authority, leaning upon Mr. Asquith, who, following his leader, identifies himself with the dominant left wing. His personal influence is unrivalled, and is greater because of its touch of intimacy, of understanding the "mass mind" of Parliament. It was that of Gladstone or Disraeli, both men whose ascendency had a touch of haughtiness in it, a suggestion of the intellectual grand seigneur. This ascendency is moral more than intellectual. The majority is convinced of the Prime Minister's sincerity, of his stoutness of heart, and of his belief that large changes in the structure of British life will do no harm and much good to the country.

"Beyond everything, the Prime Minister is trusted because his followers think that he is not moved by the fears and emotions of the 'classes'; because it believes that, while he has a good head, his heart beats more or less in tune with the common people."

SELF AID FOR CRIPPLES

Factory Employs Them to Make the Copper Strips

A factory which is expected to find employment, within twelve months, for 300 crippled girls, has been opened at Hoxton, England.

The factory will be conducted on strictly commercial lines, and the occupation, which is to afford the afflicted girls the means of making themselves independent of charity, is the Bastian-Calvert process of enameling copper strips with glass for use in the manufacture of electric lamps.

"The idea of the Bastian-Calvert system," said a representative of the company, "is to manufacture these glass-coated copper strips to form the conducting wires for electric lamps in place of platinum, which fluctuates in price and touched £8 per ounce last year.

"It was realized that such occupation would be perfectly feasible for cripple girls who have the use of their hands and good eyesight, and would open a new field of labor to many girls incapacitated from active work by hip joint disease.

"The sole employment of cripples has been rendered possible for the co-operation of the Ragged School union and Shaftesbury society, which are bearing the expense of a matron to 'mother' the girls for the first few months of their industrial experience.

"The factory will start with the employment of thirty girls, who during the first month or two of tuition will receive from 3s to 5s a week and 3s a week meals allowance.

"It is estimated that their wages will, in time, rise to 15s a week, and meals allowance, depending on skill, under a bonus system."

An Irishman who wasn't much of a hunter went out to hunt one day, and the first thing he saw to shoot at was a bluejay sitting saucily on the top of a fence. He blazed away at the bird and then walked over to pick it up. What he happened to find there was a dead frog, which he raised carefully at arm's length, looking at it with a puzzled air. Finally he remarked: "Well, begobs, but ye was a devil of a foine-looking burd befur Oi blew ther fithers off o' yerse!"—Judge's Library.

THE BUILDING UP OF SOUND BODY

Routine at Famous Sanitarium As Explained By Elbert Hubbard

Toronto Mail and Empire: Mr. Elihu Root, the American secretary of State is recuperating at "Billy" Muldoon's farm, in the neighborhood of White Plains, New York. Overwork and fatigue had brought the statesman to the verge of breakdown, and he is seeking to recover his lost vigor on the extensive and somewhat remote farm of the champion wrestler. In those same fields many a pugilist has prepared himself for the event which was to make or mar his fortunes in the ring. Before Muldoon was known as the greatest wrestler in America he was more or less famous as the trainer and second of John L. Sullivan, when that bruiser was matched against Kilrain. He is now the director of a sanitarium in which some of the most distinguished men in the United States have renewed their health. Some time ago Mr. Joseph H. Choate was one of Mr. Muldoon's guests, and like every other tired-out brain worker who resorted to the retired athlete's farm, he derived great benefit from the visit.

At the White Plains Farm the patients do not exactly get the rest cure. From all accounts it would appear that the robust manager requires them to lead rather a strenuous life. Everybody must rise at daybreak, and be quite busy until bedtime. Whether or not Mr. Muldoon insists on all his visitors helping to milk the cows, as is alleged in some statements of his rules, we do not know, but evidently he keeps his household on foot or on horseback, and in the open air, as long as is good for them. In the current number of the Philistine the routine at this sanitarium is given by Elbert Hubbard. First of all the applicant is examined to ascertain if he has enough vitality to build upon. When admitted he is told that he can have no visitors, books, medicine, or stimulants. He puts on a heavy woollen sweater, gymnasium trousers and felt slippers. His bedroom is nearly as plain as a prison cell. In the gymnasium everybody has to go through the same exercises, the class never exceeding 24. All are assembled under the shower bath when the half-hour of exercise is over. Each man rubs himself dry with a coarse towel.

At 6 o'clock in the morning everybody must rise. They are put through light calisthenics, taken on a walk of half a mile and return, and subjected to a shower bath. Then they are to dress in their ordinary clothes and go to breakfast. The breakfast is a simple meal of fruit, toast, poached eggs and one cup of coffee. After breakfast there is one hour of rest, after which all must present themselves in riding clothes at the barn a quarter of a mile away. The party take a slow ride of two hours and a half, occasionally dismounting at the hills. At the end of the ride the horses are left in the woods to get a drink at a famous medicinal spring. When they return to the summit of the hill they sometimes find their horses missing, and they have to travel back the whole distance on foot. When they get home again all strip and stand under the shower bath, after which they get into their ordinary clothes and go to dinner. An hour of ease follows that meal, and then begins the "stroll," a long, slow walk over the meadow, through the woods, across the creek. Everybody is hungry and tired when supper is ready, but nobody is exhausted.

Of Mr. Muldoon's theory Mr. Hubbard has this to say:

"When a youth he began to train as a wrestler; he evolved an idea, and this idea is that the mind of a man should rule his body, that the body should obey the mind. And after nearly fifty years of work in physical training, there is only one word which for him looms large, and that is the word 'obey.' Muldoon made his body obey, and he became perfectly ambidextrous."

"Muldoon simply carries his men over the hill to a point where they are so tired they can rest and absorb. He knows perfectly well what he is doing—he nearly kills them, but strangely enough, none of them die on the premises. Those only die who lack the will to allow him to use his will to amend theirs, and these, of course, are the deserters."

"I think," said Prof. Muldoon to me, "I think my success—such as it is—as a trainer has hinged on the fact that I have never worked for great muscular strength, simply for balance, or what you call mastery or control. Few men possess their bodies, rather the body bullies the mind all day long."

Mr. Muldoon seems to be working along lines much the same as those laid down in an article for the Journal of the American Medical Association by Dr. Thomas H. Moher, superintendent of the Brockville Asylum. Dr. Moher dwells on the value of occupation as a cure for mental ailments. In many cases these ailments are effects of exactly the same causes as those to which merely physical breakdown is attributable, and the same treatment is needed for restoration. Dr. Moher would give the patient some work, but none requiring mental exertion. He adduces remarkable instances in which business and professional men whose minds had broken down under the strain of work were brought back to mental health by giving them simple occupation, of a kind different from that they usually followed. Like Mr. Muldoon, he believes in obedience. The work should be done automatically at first, no explanations being given. Agricultural labor, spade work, gardening and like employments he found particularly suitable.

Chinese as Working Machines

(From Dr. Arthur H. Smith's Book, "China and America Today.")

It is an innate conviction of the Chinese people that work, hard work, and plenty of it, is a necessary condition of human existence. Never did any race better illustrate the proposition that "Honest work rules the world." The Chinese individually rises early and works late; at home and abroad, always and everywhere, he works. Unlike those in other lands who have become victims of social theories, he does not entertain the fallacy that, irrespective of his merits, the world "owes" him a living. He quite appreciates the state of the labor market, and does not knock off work as soon as he has something to spend. Gambling and opium-smoking are the most common, although far from universal. Chinese vices, which not infrequently extinguish the workers' energy in ruinous inaction. The talent for industry pervades all classes. The life of the farmer is one of hard work. In the southern part of the empire, farm work literally never ends. In the north the farmer often takes advantage of the enforced leisure season to go off to great distances, perhaps pushing a heavy wheelbarrow many scores, or ever hundreds, of miles, loaded with some local product, as cotton, or oil; returning with a different load just in time to begin again the heavy farm work. The variation of the fraction of a cent in the price of grain will suffice to set long lines of barrows and whole fleets of junks in motion.

Because of the indefatigable labor bestowed upon it, Chinese farming rather resembles gardening upon a large scale. The contrast between the unkempt and neglected cotton patches in India, and the weedless fields of the Chinese, is an index to quite different interpretations of man's relation to nature.

For intellectual toil the Chinese have a phenomenal talent. They are willing to submit to years of memoriter drudgery for the mere chance of entering an examination, where it is certain that not more than two—or even one—in a hundred can pass; and which, when they have passed this process (according to the old regime) has to be indefinitely repeated. Perhaps in the entire history of the world no such misapplication of mental labor is to be found as in China; yet of this the Chinese themselves have always remained happily unconscious.

If the Chinese scholar is obliged to undergo fatiguing intellectual effort (under which he often breaks down in health), the life of an official holding an important post is that of a galley-slave chained to his oar. In the Chinese system a single appointment frequently combines a variety of incongruous functions. The same man may hold several different posts, many of the duties of which he must indeed commit to subordinates, but for all of which he is responsible. In general no Chinese can hold even a subsidiary office without much hard work, in the direction at least of contriving how not to lose it.

VIEWS ON ANGLO GERMAN RELATION

M. Etienne, Ex-Minister of War, Contributes Important Article to Paris Paper

The Paris correspondent of the London Times, writing under date of August 28th says:

M. Etienne, ex-minister of war, who, it will be remembered, recently met the German Emperor at Kiel, contributes to today's Depeche Colonlale an important article on Anglo-German relations à propos of the meeting between King Edward and William II. The whole argument of the two-and-a-half columns of this article, in which M. Etienne reviews the relations between England and Germany during the last decade, is stated in the following passage:

"If there is any one thesis that has been widely held in France it is that German policy and English policy in the present and future state of European affairs are in irremediable opposition, and that the two powers are absolutely destined to come to blows. Each person, according to his tendencies or inspirations, used this hypothesis of the inevitable rivalry between British and German Imperialism for his own purposes. Some looked upon it as the propitious circumstance, the determining cause of the entente cordiale between France and England. Others, if not the most numerous at least the most ardent and persevering in their convictions, retorted that France, as England's friend, was condemned to play the role of hostage when the Anglo-German war occurred. I did not await the events now taking place to deny the rigour of the diplomatic syllogisms based on the idea of a fatal duel between the two policies. Before those events I held that French policy ought to have, in regard to Anglo-German relations, an accurate objective view superior to the varied and shifting sentiments that make the burden of Press polemic." That objective view, in the opinion of M. Etienne, left no doubt as to the persistence of cordial and normal relations between the German and English governments, in spite of the extravagance of Press polemic. M. Etienne's conclusion for France is that she should solve the problem of remaining absolutely loyal to the entente cordiale while pursuing a policy resulting in "the equitable, practical, and lasting improvement of Franco-German relations."

Returning to the question of the interview at Norderney, the Echo de Paris today says that no combination was arranged there in view of the fact that there could have been no negotiation either on the subject of Morocco or of Asia Minor. It continues thus: "As to the friendly words exchanged, there can be no doubt that they were abundant and that they compromised nobody. Moreover, Prince Bulow is capable on occasion of being amiable and prodigal of encouraging promises. It will be remembered that he assured M. Rouvier that if we consented to the meeting of an international conference he would agree to everything we wished. Now during three months Germany endeavored at Algeciras completely to destroy French influence in Morocco, and finally imposed upon us the acceptance of a protocol of which we are still the prisoners and the dupes. What we require is no longer friendly assurances, but acts. We are waiting for them, and let us hope that our waiting will not last too long."

Other journals, without attaching more importance to the immediate influence of the meeting of the two diplomatists, speak more hopefully of its general results. Thus the Radical says that M. Cambon's visit, though it does not signify that a new entente is in preparation, yet proves the mutual desire of Germany and France to strengthen the bonds of cordiality as far as circumstances will permit, and without in any way altering a state of things determined by the Treaty of Frankfurt, which remains a temporary act.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTHWEST

An Eloquent Plea for the Building Up of a Broad Spirit of Canadianism

Portage la Prairie, Sept. 17.—A successful luncheon of the Canadian club was held this evening, at which Hon. T. Mayne Daly, of Winnipeg, delivered an able address on "The Canadian spirit of the northwest." Mr. Daly's effort was an eloquent plea for the building of a broad sentiment of Canadianism. Judge Mathers also spoke briefly on the development of Canada. Both speakers were accorded a hearty reception.

Mr. Daly said in part:

"When your secretary invited me to address your club, he intimated that the subject chosen should be something concerning western Canada. It has occurred to me that, as a Canadian born, as was my father before me, and having sons who represent the third generation of Canadians in our family, I could not do better than address a Canadian club on that all-important feature in our growing time, the 'Canadian Spirit' that is abroad. Surely there is no part of Canada in which the true 'Canadian Spirit' can be more fully awakened and abundantly thrive than in our great west. When I say 'great west,' I include that part of Ontario which has its northern boundary on the shores of Hudson bay and its southern boundary along the shores of Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods and extends westerly till it reaches the true eastern boundary of Manitoba, and then we extend over and across the great plains of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, reaching through British Columbia and including the territorities of Athabasca, Mackenzie and Yukon.

Eastern Canadians

"While this extensive area which I have roughly outlined is richly endowed by nature in material resources, it is also, if I may say it, more richly endowed with a population that represents the cream and the flower of the many lands and climes, from which those who people it have come.

"I have no doubt that around this board tonight are men who were born in Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario, for it is hard to meet at the festive board anywhere in the great west without rubbing shoulders with representatives of old Canadian stock.

"Coming to this great west when first budding into manhood and still feeling that there was room and to spare in the old home, and never could be, we found out here an extended and enlarging horizon and that we breathed a stronger air and imbibed the enterprise and the hope and the optimism of Canada's great west, and with it and above all, we are clothed in the true spirit of Canadianism.

Larger Outlook

"For the nonce we have forgotten the old feeling of sectionalism that encompassed our youth, we have broadened our vision and see beyond the narrow confines of our nativity. We look afar, to the boundaries of this great land and we realize its immensities and its possibilities. We have cast off the apron strings of provincialism and our ideas expand, our thoughts soar, our minds are broadened and we suddenly awaken to the fact that we are no longer Islanders or Blue Noses, Herring-backs, Quebecers, or Sons of Ontario, but Canadians in thought and word and deed. Sons of Canada are we. This is the spirit that is abroad in the fields, in the workshop, in the counting house, in the office, in the very air we breathe.

"This Canadian spirit should be as broad as the folds of the grand old flag to which we owe allegiance. And as we are welcoming to our midst peoples from all climes and who speak all tongues, it is our bounden duty to instil in them the spirit of true loyalty and devotion to the land of their adoption. How better can we do this than by precept and example. And how shall we set this example?

Welcome to Kinsmen

"First, I would say by giving more than a hearty welcome to our kinsmen from over the sea, the men and women who have come and are coming from Great Britain to the Greater Britain. It is, I am sure, a matter of sincere gratification to all Canadians that we have had such a steady and increasing stream of settlers from the old land, England, Ireland and Scotland. It is hardly necessary that we should be reminded that our ancestors hailed from the same old land and that through them we have inherited all the traditions and share in all the glories of the British empire. These people are not immigrants, except in the parliamentary sense of the word. Their Sovereign is our Sovereign, their language is our language.

"They are doubly welcome in the daughter's house where they will always find, if possible, even a greater loyalty to King and flag than in the motherland. Let us see to it that we do not treat them as strangers from a foreign land, but as kinsmen who wear the Shamrock, the Thistle and the Rose.

"Secondly, we should also extend a cordial welcome to those of our cousins from the great republic to the south who are casting in their lot with us. They come here well equipped, with money and experience and I am sure will make excellent citizens and will become true and loyal Canadians.

Welcome Foreigners

"Thirdly, we should endeavor in every way to assist those worthy people who have come to us from continental Europe, in feeling at home. We should respect their feelings, make allowances for their want of knowledge of our ways and customs and be patient with them, and above all, through our public schools, we should afford their children the means of securing an English education. The majority of these foreigners are fast assimilating and the second and third generation will be true Canadians in every sense of the word.

"And lastly, is it not necessary and the duty of all to take our part and share in the government and well-being of our country and thus act the part of good citizens and exhibit that true patriotism that makes a nation and a people?

"By our example in this respect we will create a spirit of emulation in those who are strangers to our language, our customs and our laws. As we respect ourselves, so will we be respected. If we wish to enlarge and perpetuate this Canadian spirit that is abroad, we should see to it that our governing bodies, municipal, legislative and parliamentary are composed of men in whom we have confidence and men we can look up to.

Make Sacrifices

"Do we all take part in public affairs that we should do? Are we not, generally speaking, inclined to let public matters go and confine our thoughts, our time and our attention to the consideration of our private affairs? Is this right? Rather should we make sacrifices and do our share as citizens, else we will be recreant to our great trust. For in these great plains and in the mighty hills beyond the plains is the great heritage that has been entrusted to our keeping. The hour is ours, we should seize it.

"In my opinion, there is no higher aim, or greater ambition with which any young Canadian can be imbued than the hope and expectation that some day he may take his part in the public affairs of his municipality, his province, or in the larger sphere of federal politics.

Protect Franchise

"See to it that at all times you exercise your franchises and encourage others to do likewise. First see that your right in this respect is not invaded, and secondly that this great gift is so surrounded with proper safeguards that it cannot be imperilled in any way.

"If every citizen, particularly the young men, would take that active and unselfish part in municipal affairs, how much better would our communities be governed.

"There is no greater exhibition of selfishness extant than that which we find in the men who sit back and take no part whatever in municipal affairs and yet are all times ready and willing to criticize, to grumble and complain of those in authority. This state of affairs is even more noticeable in parliamentary matters. Men will not make any sacrifice for their country's sake.

"The true Canadian spirit is to see that right and justice prevails in all public matters and to work for and uphold all that makes for good clean government in this Canada of ours. The eyes of our fellow Canadians, yes, and of the whole world, are upon us. See that we acquit ourselves as becomes the offspring of those who labored, aye, and fought and died for 'God and the right.'

Want No Annexation

"We want no annexation. We want no independence in Canada. I find no such spirit abroad. We are proud of everything that makes up this Canada of ours and more so are we proud of the fact that we are part and parcel of the great British empire. And, I think I am safe in saying that the great underlying strata of our Canadianism is the proud boast that over and above us waves the grand old Union Jack and that we can always look for its protection in our hour of need.

"There is then nothing we can better do that will tend to perpetuate the British connection than in every way, and at all times, and in all seasons, and in all places doing what lies in the power of each of us to maintain and work for a true 'Canadian spirit.'"

GO OUT OF BUSINESS

Motor Omnibus Companies Leave Streets of London

Three motor-omnibus companies have taken their vehicles off the London streets during the last week, and have determined to cease working until better times come. Together they operate 104 motor-omnibuses.

According to the managers who were interviewed, the cause of the failure is a combination of low fares and the police. Mr. W. Wharton Wright, the manager of the London Power Omnibus Company, which withdrew sixty-seven omnibuses on Tuesday night, declares that the vexatious regulations of the police have made working at a profit impossible.

"They tell us to do one thing one day," he said to a Westminster Gazette representative, "and something else the next. They are continually altering their demands. Recently they compelled us to spend £3 or £4 on each omnibus in equipping them all with pans to catch the oil drippings. They made us display an illuminated destination sign at the rear of each omnibus, as well as the front. Now, who in the world wants to know where an omnibus is going after it has passed him?"

"The fares have been too low. We have been carrying passengers at four-fifths of a penny a mile. If the fare had been a penny a mile we would have made a profit sufficient to pay 6 per cent. on our capital of £101,000. The working cost has been at least 1s. per omnibus mile.

"All that is wanted is a readjustment of the fares, and that is coming within a month. The popular and useful penny stages will be retained, but the stages will be shorter."

The second company which has ceased working is the Associated Omnibus Company, which was running thirty vehicles between Victoria and North London. Mr. P. Willing Tibbs, the managing director of this company, also blamed the police and low fares and said that his company would soon resume.

The third company is the Victoria Omnibus Company, which had nine "Old Vic" omnibuses running between Victoria and Cricklewood. They were taken off the streets on Saturday.

It was stated at a meeting of the Street Noise Abatement Committee Saturday that the motor-omnibus and traction-engine traffic had, in the course of two years, depreciated the value of house property in London to the extent of fully £6,000,000.

Every week, it was further stated, was adding thousands of pounds to the loss that was being incurred by property owners.

ELECTRIFICATION OF RAILWAYS

Italy Is Showing the Way to the World in This Movement

(From the Electrical World)

We Americans were in bygone years accustomed to lead the vanguard of improvement, and used to show the way to the world in many a line of technical advance. It is therefore something of a shock to the consistent Chauvinist to find the technical progress now in no small measure in the hands of others. Has Yankee ingenuity lost its grip and Yankee hustle its motive power? We think not, but yet the situation is not gratifying to natural pride. It is not easy to analyze its causes, but the fact seems to be that many an improvement is neglected here long after it is put to good use abroad, even though it be actually of American origin. Whatever the explanation, it is a bit annoying to the patriotic engineer to see the Italian government pushing ahead with the electrification of its state railways, while here each trunk line waits for another to move first. We believe that one of the stock arguments against government ownership of railways is the difficulty of getting improvements made when competition is abolished! Italy, however, has been singularly wide awake in electrical matters ever since the days of Alessandro Volta, and it is perhaps fitting that Italy should show us the way in this.

It is not a large programme from the standpoint of our merger kings, this electrification of about 200 miles of line in a dozen sections, but it shows a willingness to go ahead and a faith in the future of electric traction that are most commendable. Italy is not a rich kingdom and $10,000,000 looks larger there than here. It has been appropriated though, while we here have been thinking the subject over and the work will go ahead. The work is to be mainly on the three-phase system as used in the Simplon tunnel and on the Valtellina line. In cases where a direct current line is already running the extensions are naturally on the same system. By and large, however, three-phase traction seems to be successful on the other side of the water, while here the only recognition it has thus far received is in the plans for the electrification of the Great Northern Cascade tunnel. The Italians in particular are showing enterprise that quite puts us to shame. They have met sufficient success to justify them in going ahead without waiting for an ideal system to become standardized. Considering the mileage of railroads in Italy, about four per cent only of our own, a very good beginning has been made.

MR. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS' POEMS

Review of the One-Volume Edition Just Issued By the Copp-Clark Co.

(Toronto News)

The one volume edition of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts' poems has been published in a pleasing form with the addition of "The Book of the Rose." by The Copp, Clark company, of Toronto. It is possible from this book to review the events of the poet's career, and to see the steps by which he has gained his position as, on the whole, the most representative Canadian poet. He is known universally as a nature poet. A second and third reading of his work only confirms the truth of the description. What other quite unmistakeable message has he for his own people than the painting of a loved and lovely scene, or of the spirit of lonely places and farm settlements? The worship and observance of nature pervades his work as the voice of the cicada fills musically a late August night. To observe the ways of nature with an absorption in every detail of her outward seeming, which is the intentness, not of science but of love, and to speak of what he sees with unfailing discrimination, is Mr. Roberts' greatest gift. To come at once to what must be accepted as on the whole the most sustained and perfectly performed of all his undertakings, that sonnet sequence which shows as in a glass life on a Canadian farm, the poet who could write "Songs of the Common Day" must be first of all a confidant of nature.

When milking time is done, and over all
This quiet Canadian inland forest home
And wide rough pasture lots the shadows come,
And dews, with peace and twilight voices fall,
From moss-cooled watering-trough to foddered stall
The tired plough-horses turn — the barn-yard loam
Soft to their feet—and in the sky's pale dome
Like resonant chords the swooping night-jars call.
The frogs, cool-fluting ministers of dream,
Makes shrill the slow brook's borders; pasture bars
Down clatter, and the cattle wander through—
Vague shapes amid the thickets; gleam by gleam
Above the wet grey wilds emerge the stars,
And through the dusk the farmstead fades from view.

In such work Mr. Roberts seems to be expressing the true inclination of his genius. It is not his power to place men and women in his poems whose words and actions convey back to the heart a knowledge of powers and emotions common to us all. The figures which he draws are few, and these are not as concrete as they are representative. The poet does not meditate deeply on the meaning of life, nor does his poetry consist of its interpretation. His quest is for beauty; and the beauty of nature, refreshing, sometimes overladen with infinite detail, but attended by peace and sincerity, is held in Mr. Roberts' poems like an unfailing supply of water for those who do not find elsewhere just such a draught to quench their thirst for visions of the fields and sea.

Mr. Roberts' poetical impulse is essentially of a literary character. Beginning with "Orion," he first wrote under the spell of Keats, and imagined divinities still lingering in sylvan solitudes. His early poetry is vague, but it was written after a great model, and it was beautiful. The classical style was followed by a lyric manner, more simple than the first which seemed akin to Longfellow, and added gradually a tendency to didactic meaning, with reminiscences of Wordsworth and of Emerson. In this gradual process appeared his sonnet sequence, followed by "Ave" a tribute to Shelley, which moves in Shelley's style, and is rightly held in high esteem by those who know Mr. Roberts' work most thoroughly. "Ave" was followed by "The Book of the Native," which contains most of his reflective poetry. It was near this time that Mr. Roberts changed his place of residence to New York, where he has written "New York Nocturnes," and "The Book of the Rose," poems which are mainly love songs, at once more concrete, less peaceful, less perfectly expressed, but more concerned with men and women than with the ways of nature. In his latest work it is not too much to say that the modern rule of magazines has greatly modified his expression. But Mr. Roberts has changed his manner so often that he still may have other developments in reserve. It is with some verses called "The Aim" that he concludes "The Book of the Rose."

O Thou who lovest not alone
The swift success, the instant goal,
But hast a lenient eye to mark
The failures of the inconstant soul.

Consider not my little worth—
The mean achievement, scamped in act,
The high resolve and low result.
The dream that durst not face the fact.

But count the reach of my desire.
Let this be something in Thy sight;
I have not in the slothful dark.
Forgot the Vision and the Height.

Neither my body nor my soul
To earth's low ease will yield consent.
I praise Thee for my will to strive.
I bless thy goad of discontent.

At his best, Mr. Roberts has a simplicity and a divination of the mood of nature when man comes as a pioneer to the borders of the unsettled wild that give him a pre-eminence in this class of writing. Nothing that he has written shows this more clearly than "The Solitary Woodsmen," too, which will not be forgotten once it has been taken into the recesses of the memory.

All day long he wanders wide
With the grey moss for his guide,
And his lonely axe-stroke startles
The expectant forest-side.

Toward the quiet close of day
Back to camp he takes his way,
And about his sober footsteps
Unafraid the squirrels play.

On his roof the red leaf falls,
At his door the blue jay calls,
And he hears the wood-mice hurry
Up and down his rough log walls;

Hears the laughter of the loon
Thrill the dying afternoon—
Hears the calling of the moose
Echo in the early moon.

And he hears the partridge drumming,
The belated hornet humming—
All the faint prophetic sounds
That foretell the winter's coming.

And the wind about his eaves
Through the chilly night-wet grieves,
And the earth's dumb patience fills him
Fellow to the falling leaves.

Homing Pigeon Comes 800 Miles

Winona, an English homing pigeon belonging to Harry Lathrope of Warsaw, which was stolen from the Adams Express office at Randolph, Tex., while en route to Abilene, Tex., twelve months ago, put in an appearance at the Lathrope home, having traversed 800 miles.