Press of Canada

St. John, N.B., Times and Star: A writer in a Berlin magazine estimates the annual cost to Germany of the alcoholic liquor consumed by her people at nearly $750,000,000, or as he points out more than twice the combined cost of the army and navy, more than four times the cost of workmen's insurance and about five times as much as the total outlay for public elementary education.

Quebec Telegraph: A man has been sent to jail for forty days for biting a butcher. Justice, however, demands that butchers cease to look so fat and juicy while so many of their customers are maddened by the outrageous price of beefsteaks.

Quebec Telegraph: Sunday labor is to be abolished in the great works of the United States Steel Corporation and in the shops of a number of American railroads. Apart from moral or religious aspects of the question, one day's rest in seven is a necessity for the human machine if it is to do its best work.

Brantford Expositor: Speaking recently in Toronto a certain Winnipeg clergyman drew an alarming picture of the grave danger in which Western Canada stood of being swamped by non-English-speaking immigrants and thereby losing the distinctively Canadian note in our nationality. The day was fast coming, he declared, when the destinies of the country would be guided by "foreigners" to the detriment of our imperial connections and national aspirations. All reports, however, of the immigration movement go to show that, of the multitude of immigrants now daily reaching Canada and crossing the boundary from the south, the big majority are of English-speaking nationality.

Halifax Herald: Premier Laurier personally may be quite as honest a man as Governor Hughes, but as a public administrator he does not measure up to the Governor Hughes standard at all. It is not Sir Wilfrid's personal honesty, but his conduct as a public administrator that concerns the people, and who can deny that, thruout his administration, Sir Wilfrid has proved himself the friend and shield of all the middlemen and grafters that have been besieging the public treasury? As to investigation of corruption and graft, he has always either resisted it, or else had it so managed as to let the most guilty escape, or to turn a pretended investigation into a mere sham and whitewashing agency.

Ottawa Free Press: Altho more than twe centuries have passed since Halley was in his prime, the possibility of a collision of the earth with some vagabond star still fascinates the astronomer. According to Babinet, a chance encounter is likely to occur once in about 15,000,000 years. Arage stated that out of 287,000,000 chances there was just one that the earth would collide with a comet.

Quebec Telegraph: For all practical purposes the "bar" has been abolished thruout the Province of Nova Scotia except in the City of Halifax, and pending legislation will effectually operate to diminish the number of legalized liquor-selling places there.

Brockville Recorder: R. L. Borden sets himself out for a strenuous task when he will undertake to rid the Tory party of its barnacles. He will need a powerful explosive to shake off some of the fossils.

Windsor Record: What's that about Hon. Frank Cochrane and the collection of the increment on timberland values? Didn't Sir James Whitney at the last session condemn all such talk as "Henry Georgeism" and wholly irresponsible altho in the mouths of the councils representing nearly 300 of Ontario's intelligent municipalities, rural and urban? Will Sir James include the minister of mines and crown lands among these economic innocents?

Press of States

Columbus, Ohio, State Journal: A New York society girl has obtained a verdict for $20,000 damages, which resulted from a collision of a street car with her automible, a collision for which the jury finds the street car company was responsible. In the accident, the young lady had no arm, limb or organ of any kind injured. The big damages were allowed on account of a scar which resulted from a burn of the neck, which prevents her from wearing low-necked dresses hereafter.

Newark, N.J., Star: Pittsburg turns to the municipal commission plan of government for relief from the intolerable conditions that exist in that city, where 90 per cent. of the city councils are proven to be corrupt. The City of Buffalo also is making an effort to secure a commission government in the form of a new charter.

Ogdensburg News: A cat owned by Christopher Kreiner of Northhampton, Mass., is said to have formed the habit of ringing the front door bell to be let in the house. If the first ring does not bring some member of the family to the door, the cat repeats the performance. The cat stands on its hind legs and presses the pushbutton with one paw.

Columbus, Ohio, State Journal: Down at the centre of the earth, the heat is fully 50,000 degrees, whatever that means. Of course it is inconceivable. It is so hot down there that no solid or liquid can exist. It is all gas. So the earth is like a toy balloon, all gas on the inside. If one might go downward 45 miles, he would find the interior in a state of fiery solution, and at the distance of 180 miles all would be the hottest gas imaginable. It is highly probable that there was once just such an orb between Mars and Jupiter; that it bursted into a thousand fragments, which are now the little asteroids that are coursing thru those interplanetary spaces. If there is ever any fear of the earth suffering a sudden collapse, we may look within for the cause of it.

Christian Science Monitor: We sold Canada last year almost $100,000,000 worth of merchandise in excess of the goods we bought from her. In three years our total sales to her were $526,000,000, as against her sales to us of $239,000,000. Our trade with Canada is constantly growing; if our tariff law did not place restrictions upon it, it would be much greater than it is at present. We sell Canada about $30,000,000 worth of coal annually, over $11,000,000 worth of machinery, over $6,000,000 worth of raw cotton, $3,500,000 worth of cotton manufactures, and meat and dairy products, corn, steel sheets and plates, lumber and other articles each to an equal amount, while the miscellaneous list of the Dominion's purchases on this side is a long one.

New York Commercial: The case of the young Englishman, George F. Romanes, now held up with his family, nurse and servants at Ellis Island, bids fair to put one provision of our immigration laws to a most severe test. The statute forbids the entry into the United States of aliens afflicted with tuberculosis, and Romanes unquestionably has the disease. He was on his way to Colorado Springs, where, in the opinion of his London yhpsician, the climate would effect a complete cure of the patient within a year or so. Here is Colorado Springs advertising her climate to all the world and inviting the sick of all nations to come there and be healed; but our law shuts the door in the sick foreigner's face and turns him back—and, maybe, to death. The law was made to be enforced, of course; but it might well be repealed or materially modified. The sins that are committed in the name of the public health and its protection are manifold.

—MONTREAL STAR.

THEN AND NOW—HOW HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

—MONTREAL WITNESS.

AN OBJECT LESSON

CANADA—If I use a smaller knife I can make my stick last longer than his

Japan and Y.M.C.A

The Japanese have been styled the most imitative people in the world, but it would perhaps be truer to call it the ability to adapt to their needs whatever good things they discover from other nations. During the Japanese-Russian war, Japan became deeply interested in the work of the Y.M.C.A. and the work begun at that time has steadily forged ahead, until to-day there is no country where the association receives more encouragement. Baron Shibusawa has been quoted as saying that he considered that our Y.M.C.A. was playing a most important part in the developing of the kind of character which has made us great. Because national prosperity does not hinge upon rich natural resources, the baron has confidence in a greater Japan thru the enterprise and character of her citizens, and says that the development of such men can be better and more quickly accomplished thru efficient Young Men's Christian Associations in the country than in any other manner. Baron Shibusawa is a statesman, and, what is more, a patriot. His opinions, therefore, carry double weight, and his advocacy of the association as a means of advancement for his countrymen shows to what an extent the appropriation of western ideas of civilization have obtained among the Japanese people. Japan's ready acceptance of the Young Men's Christian Association is the opening wedge for the spread of the Gospel.

Canada Undisturbed.

An Englishman, apparently alarmed at the invasion of western Canada by Americans, writing in The London Mail says that patriots cannot but view with concern the number of men and the amount of capital which have gone to that part of the Dominion from "the States." "These immigrants," he continues, "already exist in sufficient numbers in certain places, not only to control the trade there, but to dominate the province and control the elections."

These alarmists are heard only in England, observes The Buffalo Express. Canada is not only undisturbed by the influx of Americans, but she is still encouraging it. She can easily at any time, by closing the lands to entry, put any danger of the future of her government aside. Many of these settlers are becoming Canadian citizens. They are infusing enterprise, industry and progress among the natives. The same zeal which developed America's northwest is developing Canada's. Canada is in no danger and no one knows it any better than she herself.

"Put That on Paper"

"Theatrical emotions do not count in real life." This is a dictum of Dr. Luther Gulick, in his excellent, practical book, "Mind and Work." All feelings that do not give us a push towards useful action are not worth having. Take the case of sudden, fiery anger. The stimuli toward shutting the jaws tight and clenching the hands affect instantly the nervous system. Your anger may be justified, morally, but physically and intellectually, it means a disruption of your reasonable energy and the day's output of work suffers accordingly.

So says, Dr. Gulick, and it is good, practical advice. When a feeling, say, the emotion of anger, does not conserve useful action, "get a sheet of paper, take out a pencil, and write down the cause of your anger (whether it is justified or not) and what appears to be the best way of treating it." In other words you must externalize your emotions and then you will see the advantage of not giving way to them. Put your emotions in written words, says Dr. Gulick. This method seems to make them objective. You can look at them as if they belonged to some one else and thus judge their real value.

Woman at Bottom of it

When the figures of the recent Australian elections come to be analyzed it will be found, perhaps, that woman has been the cause of the overwhelming victory of the Labor party. There was recently in Australia, where compulsory arbitration has been tried and has failed, a great coal strike, one of the most disastrous strikes in the history of the country, involving a loss in wages alone of five and a half million dollars, and widespread sympathy was felt for the men. Be their cause just or not, there is always a feeling of sympathy for men on strike, and in this case they numbered many thousands. The sufferings of their wives and children could not fail to appeal to women of all classes; and with the elections coming on the heels of the strike this feeling was bound to be reflected in the ballot box.

Another point in regard to the women's vote is that those whose sympathies are with labor are not only much stronger than the others numerically, but are usually more anxious to record their votes; and especially would they make their influence felt at this time. There were too many candidates against labor, while the Labor party was united.

The Labor party of Australia has many brainy men in it, including professional men desirous of improving the social and industrial conditions of the country, and past experience has shown that, whatever might happen in Germany or even in the United States if such a state of affairs should ever come to pass, there is little to fear in the shape of what is known as revolutionary socialism. There are some extremists in the ranks, but the majority of the members of the Labor party are sane and thoughtful men, actuated by honest and sincere motives to better the conditions of their country.

Ottawa Journal: Out of the 130 odd Liberals elected to parliament, only eleven followed the doings of the commons Friday evening. On this occasion the Conservative attendance was considerably larger altho it, too, occasionally resembled the Light Brigade after Balaclava.

Detroit Free Press: It is estimated that 76,000 American farmers own automobiles, and yet some 12-dollar-a-week city clerk has the nerve to turn up his nose at his country cousins.

ANECDOTES THAT REVIVE TWAIN'S BEST BITS OF UNWRITTEN HUMOR

While Mark Twain was waiting for the final ceremony which conferred upon him the degree which Oxford bestowed, one of those licensed meddlers in other people's affairs felt called upon to say to him that a doctor friend of his thought that the humorist used too many cigars.

"The doctor has the best of me this time," was the author's amiable reply. "But he cannot attribute all my crimes and misdemeanors to the excessive use of tobacco. There are about forty other causes, and tobacco will have to bear only one-fortieth part of the blame."

On another occasion he more fully explained his theory about tobacco. "I have made it a rule," he explained, "never to smoke more than one cigar at a time. I have no other restriction as regards smoking. I do not know just when I began to smoke, I only know that it was in my father's lifetime, and that I was discreet. He passed from this life early in 1847, when I was a shade past eleven; ever since then I have smoked publicly. As an example to others, and not that I care for moderation myself, it has always been my rule never to smoke when asleep and never to refrain when awake.

Made Carelessly

To some friends who had called to congratulate him on his seventieth birthday, Mark Twain made a confession. "Many people," he said, "think I am a happy man, but I am not; it is because my portraits do me justice. I have a highly organized and sensitive constitution and an educated taste in aesthetics and I cannot abide a portrait which is too particular. I do the artist no harm. I have never done him any harm, yet he always exercises this wanton and malicious rankness upon my portrait. I should like to be drawn once before I reach seventy again, as I should look if I had been made right instead of carelessly."

Habits of Seventy Years.

At the banquet given in his honor at Delmonico's in celebration of his having rounded out the appointed three score and ten of years, Mark Twain told of his philosophy of living. "We have," he asserted, "no permanent habits until we are forty. Then they begin to harden, presently they petrify, then business begins. Since forty I have been regular about going to bed and getting up—and that is one of the main things. I have made it a rule to go to bed when there wasn't anybody left to sit up with, and I have made it a rule to get up when I had to. This has resulted in an unswerving regularity of irregularity.

"In the matter of diet—which is another main thing—I have been persistently strict in sticking to the things which didn't agree with me until one or the other of us got the best of it. Until lately I got the best of it myself. But last spring I stopped frolicking with mince pie after midnight; up to then I had always believed it wasn't loaded. For thirty years I have taken coffee and bread at 8 o'clock in the morning, and no bite nor sup till 7.30 in the evening. Eleven hours. That is all right for me. Headachy people would not reach seventy comfortably by that road. And I wish to urge upon you this—which I think is wisdom—that if you find you can't make seventy by any but an uncomfortable road, don't you go. When they take off the Pullman and retire you to the rancid smoker, put on your things, count your checks, and get out at the first station where there's a cemetery."

A Pastoral of Seventeen.

There was a reception at Barnard College in March, 1906. The chief feature of the affair was an address given by Mark Twain, a chatty discourse that brought shrieks of laughter from the Barnard maids. "When I was seventeen years old," he recounted, "I was very bashful, and a sixteen-year-old girl came to stay a week with us. She was a peach, and I was seized with a happiness not of this world.

"One evening my mother suggested that, to entertain her, I take her to the theatre. I didn't really like to, because I was seventeen and sensitive about appearing in the streets with a girl. I couldn't see my way to enjoying my delight in public. But we went.

"I didn't feel very happy. I couldn't seem to keep my mind on the play. I became conscious after a while that that was due less to my lovely company than my boots. They were sweet to look upon, as smooth as skin, but fitted ten times as close. I got oblivious to the play and the girl and the other people and everything but my boots until—I hitched one partly off. The sensation was sensuously perfect. I couldn't help it. I had to get the other off, partly. Then I was obliged to get them both off altogether except that I kept my feet in the legs so they couldn't get away.

"From that time I enjoyed the play. But the first thing I knew the curtain came down, like that, without any notice, and I hadn't any boots on. What's more, they wouldn't go on. I tugged strenuously. And the people in our row got up and fussed and said things until the peach and I simply had to move on.

"We moved—the girl on one arm and the boots under the other.

"We walked home that way, sixteen blocks, with a retinue a mile long. Every time we passed a lamppost death gripped me at the throat. But we got home—and I had on white socks."

A "Six Months' " Character.

It was during his "roughing it" days that Mark Twain drifted to San Francisco and betook himself to the office of The Morning Call, for which he had furnished some correspondence from Nevada. George Barnes was then the editor, and to him Twain applied for a job. Prentice Mulford, one of the old Bohemian coterie of newspaper men who had helped to make San Francisco famous, thus described the result: "Mark," said Barnes to his subordinate at the end of six months' trial, "don't you think you are wasting your time and talents in doing local work?"

"What do you mean?" said Mark.

"Why, I think with your style and talent you could make more money writing for first-class magazines than in such work as you are doing now."

"That means that you don't want me any more, I suppose?" and he put his feet on the desk and smiled blandly at Barnes.

"Well, I think you are better fitted for that class of work."

"The fact is, you have come to the conclusion that I am not the kind of man you want."

"Well, if you will have it," said Barnes, "you are not. You are the laziest, most shiftless, good-for-nothing specimen I have ever saw around a newspaper office. I have tried for six months to get some work out of you and failed, and I have come to the conclusion that it is useless to keep you any longer."

"Barnes," replied Twain, in his most placid manner, "you are not as smart a man as I thought you were. You have been six months in finding that out, and I knew it the day I came to work. Give us an order on the office for three days' pay and I git."

Easy to Die.

Revisiting his old home in Hannibal, Mo., for the first time in many years, Mark Twain talked to a high school class and told of a time in his boyhood when he had an ambition to get the measles, and after some trouble had got them. He spoke of being at the point of death and it terrified him.

"I did not know," said he, "what an easy thing it is to die. I have since learned that it is like falling to sleep. The hands and feet grow cold, but you do not know it. Then you are in a kind of dream or trance, and you do not understand that you are dead at all until you begin to investigate the matter."

Never Seemed to Enjoy Himself.

All who have read "Innocents Abroad" know of Bloodgood Cutter, one of the "Innocents" who fared abroad with Mark Twain on the celebrated cruise of the Quaker City. Up to a few years ago "Poet" Cutter, as his neighbors called him, lived at Little Neck, Long Island. To an interviewer who went out to see him some years ago "Poet" Cutter said: "When we went abroad on the ship Quaker City Mark Twain was always glum. He would sit and smoke and write, but he was always glum, but then he made his money by writing, and he had a right to act as he saw fit. He wrote from life, and I laugh every time I think of us innocents who furnished him with so much material. He never seemed to enjoy himself, but he had his fun after we all got thru, and he told the whole world and let every one else have the same fun by reading about us."

On Plagiarism.

To a reporter who many years ago had been sent to Hartford to ask Mark Twain about a charge of plagiarism which some one had made against him the author said:

"Why, to repeat another man's thoughts is to pay him the highest compliment you can. It shows what a grip his mind has taken on yours. I never charge any one with plagiarism, for to do would prove me incapable of gratitude for the highest compliment a man can pay me. I remember that when the 'Innocents Abroad' was published a man asked me—he was an old friend and had the privilege of asking such a question—'Why did you steal the dedication of your book from Dr. Holmes?' We stopped at the first bookstore we came to in Broadway and got a copy of one of the earliest editions of Dr. Holmes' poems, a little blue book. There was my dedication, not changed as much as one word. Well, I didn't like to make a charge of plagiarism against Dr. Holmes, for he was a much older man than I and I respected him greatly, and besides his book had been published about twenty years before mine. I carried myself back to the time when I had written that dedication, and further. At last I remembered that it was in 1867 I had been sick for two weeks in a hotel in Honolulu. A copy of Dr. Holmes' little blue book was the only volume in that hotel. You can imagine how I had read it. I knew every poem, I knew the title page, the dedication, the imprint, the first page, the last, the covers even. The dedication had remained. I had absorbed it more thoroly than anything else. I wrote a letter to Dr. Holmes explaining things, and there was no bloodshed between us."

Acute Situation.

Though Sir Robert may have submitted to "The Times" the proofs of the allegations contained in his articles with the righteous consent of his conscience, nevertheless, the gravity of his present situation is acute. "I cannot use language sufficiently strong," says Mr. Asquith, "to express my condemnation of the admitted breach of official duty of which Sir Robert Anderson was guilty." In the near future there is to be a discussion of whole matter when the desirability of ending Sir Robert's pensions will be pressed.

Francis Macmillen has been engaged by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra as its soloist for the concerts of November 27 and December 2.

The Peerless Peers

It is interesting, at this stage in the constitutional struggle between peers and people, to recall some of the phrases in regard to the upper house that occur in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe."

The present attitude of the house of lords is prophetically described in the Peers' Chorus in Act I.:

Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes!
Bow, ye tradesmen, bow ye masses!
Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!
Tantantara! Tzing! Boom!
We are peers of highest station,
Paragons of legislation,
Pillars of the British nation!
Tantantara! Tzing! Boom!

Then Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Winston Churchill will doubtless be impressed by the dire threats contained in the following:

But lordly vengeance will pursue
All kinds of common people who
Oppose our views,
Or boldly choose
To offer us offence.
Your powers we dauntlessly pooh-pooh:
A dire revenge will fall on you
If you besiege
Our high prestige.
(The word "prestige" is French.)

As a defence of the hereditary principle, nothing that Lord Curzon has said will surpass the following dicta of those two eminent peers—Lord Mountararat and Lord Tolloller:

Lord Mountararat: Why, this ridiculous protege of yours is playing the deuce with everything. To-night is the second reading of his bill to throw the peerage open to competitive examination.

Lord Tolloller: Think what it all means. I don't so much mind for myself, but with a house of peers with no grandfathers worth mentioning the country must go to the dogs.

Lord Mountararat: I don't want to say a word against brains—I've a great respect for brains—I often wish I had some myself—but with a house of peers composed exclusively of people of intellect, what's to become of the house of commons? It so happens that if there is an institution in Great Britain which is not susceptible of any improvement at all, it is the house of peers!

In fact, as Celia, one of the leading fairies, put it, "For self-contained dignity, combined with airy condescension, give me a British representative peer."

The following chorus was doubtless an anticipatory vocalization of the feeling of the peers on learning that Mr. Asquith's veto resolutions were an accomplished fact:

'Neath this blow,
Worse than stab of dagger—
Tho we mo-
Mentarily stagger,
In each heart
Proud are we innately—
Let's depart,
Dignified and stately!

Finally, in the event of any reconstitution of the hereditary house, the following remark of Lord Mountararat to Lord Tolloller seems to fit the case of a number of titled legislators: "Now that the peers are to be recruited entirely from persons of intelligence, I really don't see what use we are!"

GIRL PLEADS FOR LOVER WHO TRIED TO KILL HER

PARIS, April 30.—At the conclusion of a trial for attempted murder, a romantic scene took place. Marcel Rochois, a former sergeant, appeared on a charge of firing his revolver at Germaine Hubert and wounding her in the head. The prisoner, who pleaded guilty, declared that for a long time he had been endeavoring, without success, to win the affections of Mlle. Hubert, whom he loved more than life.

When one day he saw her on the arm of a rival he resolved to shoot her and then commit suicide. He was arrested before he could complete his purpose, and he now assured the magistrate that he was ready to meet his death on the guillotine.

The unhappy suitor was sentenced instead to eight months' imprisonment, and was leaving the dock when Mlle. Hubert rushed forward. With clasped hands she implored the magistrate to pardon Marcel. She said that she had never cared for the man before, but from the moment that he had shot her she had fallen hopelessly in love with him and was ready to marry him at once.

The girl's appeal was granted, and the two happy lovers left the court arm in arm.

—NEW YORK WORLD.

"SO THIS IS ROOSEVELT!"