

Columbia

in girth and 200 feet high! That course, an immense lumber trade. This timber supply has only here and there near the coast. All are waiting for capital, the one to the quicker development of the. The shortness of capital is evident. Mortgages and bankers' charges eight and nine per cent. supposed that the climate as a. There is a good deal of rain in and on the northern part of the. The agriculture is carried on, and the cities dairy farms, fruit and truck gardens are carried on small fruit and vegetables." "Like," said Mr. Paul, "to say out the wages of working men, recommend British Columbia to a working man who can possibly. Of course the cost of living is by no means outweighs the. Increased wages, and there the is lifted up to a higher level compared with this country. In the wages are from two to two and for permanent jobs fifty dollars, while in the fruit ranch a man understands the work he five dollars a month, and all his other hand it did not seem to professional classes are so well paid. No doubt the value of labor high in an undeveloped country. Very striking there that no man owning that he works with his only man who is discredited is the ms unwilling or unable to work. ss of young Englishmen out there all 'yellow legs.' They go over breeches and leggings, and are running a ranch will ride into a whisky and soda before they go to work about noon with all the day before them. These men t." fishing with the subject, Mr. Paul there was a side of British Columbia which ought to interest the ladies, the general dearth of women com, men in that colony. "There is, ever-increasing demand for marmen, while the chance of employes, as mothers' helps, governesses in shops are very numerous. The families complained very much they had obtained governesses from their children they could not keep for more than a few months; they get quickly. If the young ladies of knew how many bright, smart there are waiting there for could not hesitate to go out to Britain if they got the chance. The out there are, I think, brighter all they are at home. The life seems them, and from what I could see end of them wanting wives."—Daily Times.

came an official letter from Lord ordering that the diamond be sent her Majesty. The president ro message during a meeting of the John advised him to send it off "Why, you've got it," said the er. John's clear intellect took in or of the situation, and he feared ned man, for the gem had never y him since the day it had been keeping. Yet without a sign of he casually replied: "Oh, yes, forgot all about it," and calmly discuss the business before the all his usual alertness and with of preoccupation. But we can e longer for the end—how we hurh of his servant, who chanced to king a small box from his master's othes. He explained where he had thless box containing the bit of e Koh-i-noor was safe.

MARRIAGE IN JAPAN

age ceremony in the Far East sance and religion. Her Highness ce, seventh daughter of the a little time ago united to Prince aka at the Imperial Palace. At a in the ceremony, the music played as the door of the shrine of the estors was thrown open. Offer- been duly made at this shrine, the Prince Owakura, read the Shinto whole company removing their he did so. The bridegroom then essage announcing his marriage, and e presented him with a cup of sa- There were salutes by cannon sta- to the palace; and, the ceremony s thus concluded, the newly-wed- oceeded to the Chrysanthemum

in my last voyage I saw waves one high." Spar—"I've been a sailor and never seen 'em over forty." ps not! But everything is higher used to be, mate!"

"Waiter, is this Gruyere cheese Waiter—"Well—er—partly, sir." "Partly? What do you mean?" ell, the holes come from Switzer- body uv it wuz made here!"

Literature Music Art

(By N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN)

WITH THE PHILOSOPHERS

John Stuart Mill

The portrait of this philosopher shows a man with a wholly refined face; the broad brow, the deepset eyes indicating his studious thoughtfulness; the thin compressed lips, his habitual self-control; the square, firm chin, his immovable determination; and the quiet placidity of his whole countenance mirrors the calm, phlegmatic disposition and the unbiassed mind that from earliest boyhood distinguished Mill from the great majority of the people about him.

And yet when we read of the youth of this grave-faced man of wisdom, we cannot help feeling sorry for the little boy who, being perfectly healthy and normal, must have had the same instincts for fun and the same craving for love as have other little boys, and yet who at the age of three was expected to begin his study of Greek, and who, as soon as he became old enough to take daily walks with his father, was lectured during those periods upon all sorts of learned subjects and then obliged to write an account of what had been told to him, his notes being corrected again and again until they suited the taste of an exacting parent. When he was eight years old he had read among other authors, the whole of Herodotus, the Cyclopaedia and the Memorabilia of Zephon, and six of the dialogues of Plato. At thirteen he was a student of political economy, and at fifteen he had begun to formulate his treatises on philosophy.

And yet his biographers find it a matter of wonder that this man, so cool and impartial in his judgment ordinarily, so completely master of himself and all his passions, should fall most violently in love. "His exaggerated statements in regard to his wife have brought upon him a certain reproach; and his entire relation to her both before and after her marriage forms one of the strangest passages in his remarkable career. Mrs. Mill does not appear to have impressed others with whom she came in contact very strongly; but he speaks of her "all but unrivalled wisdom." It is quite within the range of possibility that Mill's marriage was an ideal one, and that being so he was enabled to discover traits in his wife of which others were unfortunately ignorant, and "her unrivalled wisdom" may have been to a large extent simply the reflex of his own. At all events it is not a difficult matter to understand how the youth who had been starved for affection all through his boyhood, should, when he found a legitimate excuse pour out all his long-pent-up love on the one he found worthy. His married life was very happy, and that should be sufficient reply to all cold-blooded questioners.

Mill was a member of Parliament, though his career in the House was in no way remarkable. He was a philosopher first and foremost, and it can be readily understood why in the political field he was hardly in his element. His first great work was his treatise on Logic. He belonged to the school of Locke, Hartley and Hume, and he built his system of knowledge on the basis of individual experience. He was an exponent of democracy and later a socialist in the broad meaning of the term, and always a firm believer in the franchise for women.

Justice and Utility

Is, then, the difference between the Just and the Expedient a merely imaginary distinction? Have mankind been under a delusion in thinking that justice is a more sacred thing than policy, and that the latter ought only to be listened to after the former has been satisfied? By no means. While I dispute the pretensions of any theory which sets up an imaginary standard of justice not grounded on utility, I account the justice which is grounded on utility to be the chief part, and incomparably the most sacred and binding part of all morality. Justice is a name for certain classes of moral rules which concern the essentials of human beings more nearly, and are therefore of more absolute obligation, than any other rules for the guidance of life; and the notion which we have found to be of the essence of the idea of justice—that of a right residing in an individual—implies and testifies to this more binding obligation.

He who accepts benefits, and denies a return of them when needed, inflicts a real hurt, by disappointing one of the most natural and reasonable of expectations, and one which he must at least tacitly have encouraged, otherwise the benefits would seldom have been conferred.

The entire history of social improvement has been a series of transitions, by which one custom or institution after another, from being a supposed primary necessity of social existence, has passed into the rank of a universally stigmatized injustice and tyranny. So it has been with the distinctions of slaves and freemen, nobles and serfs, patricians and plebeians; and so it will be, and in part already is, with the aristocracies of color, race and sex.

KELLERMANN'S ADVICE TO YOUNG STUDENTS GOING ABROAD

From Musical America "Don't go to Europe—especially Germany,—expecting to have a successful operatic career, unless you have enough money to provide for your support for two or possibly three years," said Marcus Kellermann, the American baritone, who for two years has been an

important member of the "American wing" of the Royal Opera of Berlin.

"There are no opportunities in Berlin to earn money by singing in church, for that musical work is done by volunteers who charge nothing for their services. Neither can one earn much by teaching, for the average American, with his small knowledge of the language and his youth and inexperience, cannot compete with the native German or the big schools. The prices paid for lessons are so small, excepting in a few instances, that teaching would not pay even if the novice could get the pupils."

As he said this, pacing up and down, quite filling the studio of his New York apartment with his tremendous figure, looking the ideal Wotan, he drove home each remark with a gesture that betrayed his earnestness.

"The young American goes to Germany without financial resources, without a repertoire, without a stage training, without a knowledge of the necessary languages—in fact, his equipment consists only of a naturally good voice and an unlimited faith in himself. As valuable as those assets are, one can't live on them."

"I wish," he went on, "that I could convince young Americans how foolish it is to go abroad expecting to sing in opera without first thinking the matter over carefully."

"First—and most important, in my mind—is the financial preparation, for without money one can do nothing. How many times have I seen American pupils heart-broken because, after a year's study, they have had to return to America without having accomplished anything worth while! And I have seen it happen again and again that students who had just finished their studies and were ready to sing in opera could not afford to grasp the opportunity for which they had waited and worked."

"The magic word in German opera is 'routine,' and lacking that one can do nothing. The only way to attain routine is to sing for two or three years in opera in one of the smaller German towns, and, of course, the subvention being small, entirely inadequate salaries are paid. So small are the fees that it might almost be said that the beginning artist sings for less than nothing, for the cost of costumes more than eats up the salary. But the experience gained is worth the price, for one studies and sings numerous roles, learns the ins and outs of stage business and has opportunity to observe how more experienced singers interpret their parts."

"Everything in Germany is based on length of service as well as ability, and it is nonsense to expect to step into a high position and a good salary without first going through a long novitiate. But once that period is passed and the artist has won the favor of the public, his position is assured."

He paused to remark that it was a hot day (and it was!) and I took the opportunity to put a question that had been on the tip of my tongue since he first mentioned the smaller German opera house.

"The morals may be bad in the chorus," he said, in reply, "but of that I know little. As far as the average great artist is concerned, the most rigid respectability is insisted upon. You cannot understand the situation here. Over there the opera is largely a government institution, an undertaking of the people, and to flaunt a loose morality in their faces is to court instant disaster. Whatever may be true in certain instances, the German operatic stage is most moral, and no American will be contaminated if he wants to keep straight."

"Most students have very hazy ideas as to what they are going to Germany to study. If they are wise they will not go for voice placing or tone production, for that part of the vocal study can be done much better in America, but for repertoire, for style and for diction the German teacher excels."

"But unless the student wants to court failure he should not go abroad with the idea of appearing in concert or opera until he has mastered German, French and Italian for singing and the German for speaking. I have seen talented singers make miserable failures in public because the audience could not restrain its laughter at the 'Americanish' dialect. Nothing so rouses the ire of the German critic as insufficient preparation in the languages."

"Hear all the concerts you can. There are hundreds of concerts and recitals in Berlin every year, and to most of these one can get tickets for nothing. Of course, concerts by a dozen or so of the great artists are sold out far in advance, so that it is almost impossible to get seats, but there are many recitals by lesser artists, who are glad to get musical audiences. True, they are not the greatest artists, but I think that a student gains more from the mistakes of these performers than he does by the perfections of the 'stars.'"

SIR WILFRID LAURIE'S PROTEGE'S SUCCESS

Eva Gauthier recently sang with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in one of the cities in Holland, and will later sing with it in Ostend, Belgium. The latter engagement was secured through the recommendation of Enrico Caruso, who heard her sing lately in London and is now taking much interest in her career. After fulfilling her engagements she will return to Milan for further studies.

A wealthy American enthusiast, whose name is not made public, has presented Sergius Barjanski, the Russian 'cellist, who made his London debut a few weeks ago, with an old Italian 'cello valued at \$7,500.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

In the world of music there is no more illustrious name than that of Johann Sebastian Bach. We have drifted away from the grandeur and simplicity of his musical conceptions, and a generation, which takes delight in rag-time or the dreamy sensuousness of the Merry Widow Waltz, can hardly be expected to appreciate the majesty of Bach's conceptions and the art by which he gave expression to them; but his place in music can never be forgotten, and his labors in behalf of music, and especially German music, is monumental. He came of a family that had been proficient in music for several generations. He himself was born at Eisenach, in Thuringia, on March 21, 1685. His father dying when Johann was ten years old, the lad was brought up by his brother, who was also a musician, and from whom he



Johann Sebastian Bach

received the rudiments of his education in that art, but on Johann's displaying uncommon talent, he found his studies interrupted in many ways through the brother's jealousy. The latter died when Johann was 13 years of age, and the lad was thrown wholly upon his own resources. His beautiful soprano voice secured him an appointment as a chorister. He continued his studies of the organ and pianoforte, making numerous trips to nearby cities and winning for himself the admiration of all contemporary masters. When eighteen he was appointed court organist to the Duke of Weimar, and it became a part of his duty to compose sacred music. An interesting story is told of the young fellow, J. Louis Marchand, a famous French organist, visited Dresden, and the local organists, jealous of the fame of German players, arranged for a musical duel between him and Bach. Marchand was inclined to treat the matter as a joke, but having heard Bach play at a preparatory meeting, he readily acknowledged his superiority and left Dresden without waiting for the formal test. His success on this occasion led to the appointment of Bach to the position of Kappelmeister to the Duke of Kothen. Later, he returned to Leipzig, where the greater part of his work as a composer was done. Frederick the Great was one of his warmest admirers. Towards the close of his life Bach became totally blind. He died in 1750. His greatest power was in improvisation. His compositions, having been given to his sons, were scattered and fully half of them have been lost, but about a century after his death the remainder were collected, and a revival of interest in his work began. His principal compositions were oratorios, cantatas and other choral work. Much of his best work is based upon old German songs. He cared little whether the originals were secular or sacred. He touched them alike with his genius and bent them to his desire to found a distinctly German school of sacred song. More than any other composer, he impressed his individuality upon everything he wrote.

RECENT SCOTCH GATHERINGS

Of interest to Scotsmen and to all who love the skirling of the pipes and to see the Highlanders in uniform, the following extract from M. A. P., descriptive of the recent gatherings of the clans will be of interest:

The Scene

The first of the Royalities to arrive are usually the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife, who drive up in fine style in a carriage drawn by a pair of black horses, and attended by an outrider in dark green livery. They are closely followed by the Prince and Princess of Wales and their party from Aberfeldie Castle. The Prince of Wales and his sons, and the Duke of Connaught all wear Highland dress, and the Balmoral tartan, which was designed by the late Prince Consort. The Royal visitors are received at the boundary of his estate by

Colonel Farquharson, who, although Invercauld is let, yet resumes his rights as lord of the soil on this occasion. He at once conducts them to their pavilion, which is hung with red cloth and gaily decorated with heather and rowan berries.

As soon as the Royalities have arrived, a striking scene is set by the march past of the clansmen. The shrill skirling of the pipes is heard, and first come the Balmoral Highlanders. These number about sixty, the King's factor is in command, and Charles Mackintosh carries the standard. Their kilts are of the Royal Stewart tartan, and in their bonnets they wear the badge of the clan—an oak leaf and a thistle. The whole effect is good, as the men are strong, strapping fellows, and they carry their huge Lochaber axes in a jaunty manner. Next come the Duff men, swinging past beneath the holly sprig, in bright red tartans, with pikes in their hands, and a green silk banner. They number ninety, and their band consists of thirteen drummers and pipers. Then the Farquharson contingent sweep by, led by their chief, Colonel Farquharson of Invercauld. These wear a dark green tartan, crossed by red and yellow, with the spruce badge in their bonnets, and in their hands the claymore, "the great sword of Scotland."

The Atholl Gathering

The Atholl gathering, in Perthshire, is held under the sway of the Duke of Atholl. A distinctive feature of this fixture is the parade of Atholl Highlanders, which takes place prior to the opening of the games. Colonel the Duke of Atholl takes command, and the regimental colors, which were presented by Queen Victoria in 1845, are carried with due honor. These Highlanders number over 200, and are raised from a large stretch of the Duke's territory. They are a fine set of men, who stand six feet or more in height, and make a brave show in the plaid and philabeg of Atholl tartan. This gathering is one of the oldest of Highland meetings, and in all details is strictly conservative. The piping and Highland dancing are above the average, the games go off with great eclat, and prizes are handed to the winners by the Duke's daughter-in-law, Lady Tullibardine.

Bonnie Scotland

A brave sight is the gathering of the clans, and, if the tartans puzzle the eyes of Southerners, let them look to the badges, usually worn in the bonnet. The Campbells wear bog myrtle, the Chisholms bracken, the Gordons ivy, and the Camerons the crowberry. Yew is the badge of the Frasers, ash of the Menzies, and holly of the Mackenzies. By the sprig of fir you may know a Grant, juniper marks a Murray, and a Mackintosh is shown by the red whortleberry. Many of the clans boast two tartans—hunting and full dress. The Stewarts, Grants and Frasers are among the number. The hunting Stewart is dark green, with narrow lines of red, black and yellow running across it. The Macphersons are also proud of their three tartans.

A RECENT HOSPITAL ENDOWMENT

In no other city in the world probably are there so many philanthropists as there are in London, and this fact is evidenced by the number of endowed charities. In fact it is claimed that so numerous are the bequests to charitable institutions that it is found to be a difficult matter for the trustees to carry out the excellent but often impracticable intentions of the donors, and the Charity Commissioners are ever busy in making plans to correct the mistakes of persons philanthropically inclined. The editor of the London Times very wisely says that "as time passes the objects for which money was left cease to have the importance that impressed contemporary imaginations. A partial change in social habits makes a particular form of assistance not only useless and obsolete but actually pernicious. The endowed charities which cluster thickly round important religious foundations have given to cathedral towns an unenviable notoriety, and it may be fairly asserted that any form of endowment devoted to giving relief to those who are merely indigent is burdened with dangers far outweighing any possible benefits. Each generation must be trusted to manage the problem of immediate poverty in its own way. Endowments should always be given to assist some work that strikes at the causes of distress, and the two fields in which they have been and will continue to be most beneficial are those of education and medicine. In giving money for use either in the cure of sickness or in the increase of knowledge testators can rest assured that their endowments will work an ever-increasing benefit."

Recently Mr. Harry Barnato left the magnificent sum of one million dollars for the purpose of founding some charity in the nature of a hospital or kindred institution in commemoration of his brother, Mr. Branev Barnato, and his nephew, Mr. Woolf Joel. It has been decided by the trustees to use this sum of money for the endowment of a hospital for the treating of cancer patients, in view of the fact that the death rate from this baffling disease is yearly on the increase. Most people are not aware of its terrible prevalence, but some idea may be gained when we realize that out of every seven women who reach the age of thirty-five one will die of cancer, and of every eleven men who reach the same age one will die of this disease. Science has learned how to cope with tuberculosis to a certain extent, and given proper treatment and conditions there is not nearly so much to fear from this scourge as formerly; but science has learned

very little indeed in regard to cancer, and the best of physicians are almost at a loss how to treat it. It can readily be understood therefore, why it is imperative to render all assistance possible that the work of research in regard to this disease may be carried on.

WHEN A SEMBRICH PERFORMANCE PROVED A FIASCO

Mme. Marcella Sembrich has a book in which she has recorded every performance she has given on the operatic stage. Over the date of one entry there stands written, in heavy, black letters, the word "Fiasco." That unusual description of an incident in a career so triumphant as the prima donna's always causes a demand for an explanation.

Mme. Sembrich had closed an engagement in Madrid, and had gone to sing for the first time in Barcelona, which possesses a very exacting and somewhat uproarious operatic public. More than once an outbreak during a performance has driven a singer from the stage. Mme. Sembrich made a triumphant debut in "La Traviata," and was next to appear in "Lucia di Lammermoor." Singing with her was a new baritone, one who never before had faced a Barcelona audience. He began badly, and as the opera progressed his nervousness increased until it was all but impossible for him to sing. Although the audience received Mme. Sembrich with cordiality, it was manifestly hostile to the baritone, and the uproar became so great that the prima donna was greatly upset, so much so that she threatened to leave the stage.

During the first scene of the second act she and the luckless baritone had their first scene together. He sang his share of their duet in a manner that awakened a storm of noisy disapproval. The audience hissed and shouted. Without a second's hesitation Mme. Sembrich left the stage, went to her dressing room and prepared to return to her hotel.

"The public has no more right to be rude than an individual," she told the distracted manager, who besought her to continue the performance. "If it cannot remember the respect due a lady it cannot expect me to sing."

She donned her wraps and left the opera house. The next morning she returned to Madrid; and wrote in her journal "Fiasco" in the blackest letters possible.

Mme. Sembrich's farewell concert tour of America promises to be quite the most important musical event of next season. That the entire season will be required to fill all the engagements which will be included in the tour is now certain.—Musical America.

CHILDREN'S TASTE IN LITERATURE

Mr. Andrew Lang has a long article in the Morning Post, London, from which we quote the following:

"My own course of conduct may be called fair and tolerant. I take the little girls (for little boys, as a rule, hate all books) to the bookshop, turn them loose, and let them make their own selections. I have known them choose little works on Japan and Italy, and have been obliged to add more possible works to this extraordinary selection. Mostly they pick out books in bright bindings with colored prints gummed on to the bindings. The contents are apt to be nursery and school-room novels about Mary and Eleanor, their parents, sisters, brothers and governesses. In this case, it is necessary to add, as a bonus, "Treasure Island" or "A Child's Garden of Verse" (they never choose poetry, bar one, who took a Shakespeare!) or anything else that you know is good. The great thing is not to force a child's taste, yet to give it a chance of coming into contact with what is excellent. It is not to be denied, from motives of false editorial modesty, that many little girls positively revel in the old traditional fairy tales. To them these are what novels are to their mothers (if they have time to read) or to their grown-up sisters. But anything in the way of a book which contains facts, even if no more authentic than historical anecdotes, is nearly as much dreaded by a normal child as Macaulay or Froude is feared by a normal adult."

It is rather a sweeping assertion to say that little boys hate all books. Any normal child, boy or girl, likes a story if it appeals to the imagination, for during the early years the imaginative quality is the strongest mental force in a child. Naturally a boy's taste will, as a rule, differ from the tastes of a girl in the way of books, and the right sort of books will be considered treasures by him, and not bugbears. But Mr. Lang is quite right when he insists that a child will resent being questioned on anything that he reads or has read to him outside of school hours. The best plan is to give a little boy or girl a book that you are sure will prove an interesting and harmless stimulus to the imagination, and trust to the effect produced irrespective of any questions or explanations of your own. Any story, no matter how attractive in the reading, would be considered hateful to the best of us, if upon its conclusion we were expected to draw a moral from it for somebody's edification, or to answer all manner of questions upon it, and we ought to show the same consideration for a youthful reader as we would for his older brother or sister.

"So you have decided to call in another doctor?" "I have," was the reply. "The absurdity of the man prescribing linseed tea and mustard plasters for people of our position"