

Coronation Procession

Athenian Club, London,
Thursday, June 22, 1911.

Dear —: It is such a wonderful night! We got here just as the club doors were opened at 7 a.m., and first of all John took me over the club, the place so sacred to men where no woman may put her foot, and here we are in hundreds, prancing about in all the "silent" rooms and nobody saying us nay. But the outside and what is going on is more attractive still. Oh, 'tis marvellous; the king's funeral is nothing to it. I am seated near the corner and look up and down Waterloo Place and all along Pall Mall, both ways, and seem to see nothing but one dense block of people lining the roads, packed into the open space and hanging in balconies on both sides of the houses all the way, even roofing the roofs, for the middle of the road is a mass of cars and cabs and carriages with horses that do not like the fuss and are prancing about, and the police almost cover the ground themselves, they are so innumerable, and they seem to have time and the will to attend to every individual, helping scurrying, frightened women and children who scuttle about like bunnies, but gay ones, and a path is still open for people to walk along. Now come the soldiers, and in an instant the road is cleared and soldiers in thousands are marching along, coming every now and then to a stop, as they walk five abreast to let a carriage through Pall Mall and up Waterloo Place.

Round the Crimean statue is a blaze of color, scarlet blue and gold, the troops waiting to move, and up and down trot busy mounted officers in brilliant uniforms, and bands play all around distractingly. Now I see an Ambassador's carriage with coachman and two footmen standing up behind, in drab with red plush breeches and pink silk stockings, and such a lovely hammer cloth, and an unending stream of vehicles, and the soldiers being drilled as they stand three deep in front of the foot path. There is no confusion in this vast concourse, it all seems as easy as A B C if at a little close quarters.

The decorations, too, are very pretty, the house opposite has a trellis put on it, pink roses going all over, and Pall Mall itself has venetian masts with festoons of green and pink roses hanging in sprays. The decorations are done uniformly after designs by big artists so the effect is generally very pleasing. A company of leopard skins are in front of me now, on restless horses, but no one seems disturbed, there is so much to gaze at. At present it is quite fine but it looks very threatening and the weather report is bad. Now, off go all the soldiers at a fairly brisk march, to be followed, I suppose, by another regiment. Oh, such a crowd now, there hardly seems room to breathe in the street, another regiment in red is coming down, and yet the horses get room to dance! It is wonderful. As far as I can see, towards Trafalgar Square, there is a gleam of bayonets and brass topped helmets and scarlet coats, with officers white feathered helmets here and there pointing them out, and a double row of vehicles still striving to get to their destinations, and no disorder or undue confusion so that ladies can readily walk along as if it were a country lane. An officer's car is passing with a teddy bear fixed on the top, a fine way of recognizing it among others, and for want of an outlet to their feelings the pavement crowd applaud it. Now I see a trollie up! Alas! Alas! It is nearly 8 o'clock and looks so gray.

I have been to breakfast with Poppie, all so comfie and kindly. I left him devouring an egg and am so glad I came back, for all the grandees are going by now in their state coaches, such as I have never seen, full of lovely people in ermine and jewels and feathers, and pages in canary cloth and white satin and pale blue, such liveries as rival the people in the coaches. Oh, there go two pages in black velvet with such lovely lace jabots, and there is a judge in his long wig, and a lady resplendent in diamonds and pearls, such big ones, and the soldiers are four deep now, lining the road which space is quite clear for the necessary procession of carriages going to the Abbey. Some one in a crimson velvet cloak with ermine cape, has passed, and now a lady in grey satin and white feathers and a dog collar of pearls; a ruby colored page now, with such a sweet, pretty lady in a diamond tiara; now a lot of plain people not worth a description; now Japs covered in gold lace; now a yellow coach, more gorgeous than ever, filled with jewels and gold, a lady and her man and their page. How those boys must love it!

And what must the Abbey look like? A horticultural show can hardly be in it. An open glass coach with a man passing over his ermine robe and a page doing his best to help. Indefatigable police guiding, directing and helping everywhere and everyone. Pearl earrings as big as wren's eggs, and such lovely ladies! How beautiful a woman can be to be sure! Those below in the street look a different order of being altogether. Now an orange and gold coach with men in black and gold liveries. What wealth it all means, and the soldiers look so tired and fagged already as they stand at ease chatting together. The rain has stopped and it is better for them than a glare of sunshine.

This letter is rather like a verbal cinematograph, isn't it?

A wee white satin and silver page now, and funkies in cream and crimson, with pig-

tails tied with black ribbon, very effective. Now comes a doctor in scarlet robes and a black velvet mortar board. Victoria street will be a blaze of fire crackers as they are to wait there during the service, so the maids will have something to amuse them. Two rows of carriages are going along, the one nearest me to the the Abbey, the other turns up Waterloo Place, no confusion, it is a miracle of order. Oh! Now Hindus in beautiful turbans and gold, and now another blue and brown coach with a page standing up inside in lace frills and jabot and light satin coat. I expect he daren't sit down for fear of soiling it. There are dark people showing up their colored robes, and long white bearded gentlemen looking venerable and important beneath their golden breasts. Now the soldiers are "at arms" and as stiff as poker, so I suppose something more gorgeous is coming. I fancy my immediate neighbors wink, I am a reporter, I write so fast and watch so closely! Rather clever on the whole, don't you think?

The soldiers are being drilled again, poor dears, they don't have long "at ease," but it amuses us to see them drilled. Another canary of pale blue coach with an ermine man inside and two pages, he must be very grand, indeed. Clapping in the distance, and shouts, Lord Kitchener in an open car. Each side of the Crimean Statue has a troop of mounted Hussars and one or two hospital nurses on a raised place, a little ambulance centre. A band has struck up marching along, so we are on tip toe again. It is just after nine I fancy but we have no watches for precaution. Another little lull, soldiers being drilled. A Duchess has passed with a policeman riding in front, a stout, comfortable lady, displaying big diamonds on an ample bosom with a genial smile for the crowd. Everyone is "at ease" just now, some of the soldiers even sitting on the pavement, they must all be dead tired standing these eight or nine hours. Here comes a little party of old Crimean veterans, all over 80, one or two on crutches; they are being escorted to a special place raised round the Crimean Statue and are being tremendously cheered. One old man has three medals and looks mighty proud. The rain keeps off and the coolness must be most grateful to the standers. I don't think it is 10 o'clock yet and the seats began to feel a little hard. All last night was very noisy, you couldn't sleep half an hour together, people going around in excited bands, and you may believe they had no consideration for us sleepy heads in bed.

There is a tremendous long lull now, we get lunch soon and that will make the seats seem less hard, I expect.

Kind Poppie has just been to see how I am getting on; he is upstairs on a balcony. I wish I had asked him the time. Down comes the rain, and up go the trolles, how sad. It is 11 o'clock now and the rain was only a scud and then the sun came out, not gloriously, but quite nicely for a while. A beautiful band is going up and down on horses, sent by Lord Kitchener to amuse the people in the long wait, for the Abbey service takes three hours. The crowd is wonderful, so patient and great. The soldiers flirt with the girls behind them. They are happy enough you may be sure. One man has three girls and they hold his helmet by turns, and are screaming with delight. Every now and then he says, "Now then, now then!" and I expect they are saucy. Two little ladies on seats near me are much shocked and say, "How disgraceful." Poor little foolish ladies,—acceptable. It is just 12 o'clock and there is still a good two hours to wait for the great event of the day, so I think I will crochet a little for a change.

At 1 o'clock we were getting very tired with sitting, sitting and wishing the procession would come, and now to wake us up three fire engines and a motor full of fire officials have come tearing down, enormously cheered by everyone. Quite a diversion. A girl opposite began to faint and the St. John's ambulance men were upon her, but the fire engines quite restored her. I don't wonder anyone faints, their powers of endurance seem wonderful. They must have stood since very early this morning. The rain holds up and there are lovely bright gleams. Here comes the real thing at last!

Home 4:15. We are back now and have just had a meal and I will finish my letter. Oh, it was all so gorgeous and impressive, it nearly made me cry! To be a king of such a people, and wealth, such magnificence, at home and over seas, was an idea that seemed quite overpowering. First came heralds, then a mounted band of troops and troops of soldiers, the Indians so fine in their gold and turbans that the rainbow would look poor beside them, and in time came the eight creams of the gilt coach and the crowned king and queen inside, looking so kindly and queenly, so dignified and happy. They had a tremendous reception. More troops followed and two more independent processions, and the children drew roars of applause, the Prince of Wales with a little crown, and the Princess Mary in an ermine tippet and another little crown, bowing right and left, and opposite them three smaller brothers in sober clothes, quite impressed with the grandeur of the others. It was a grand sight, the grandest I shall ever see, and now I feel I know what it must be to be a king. We walked home and in Victoria street was a crowd of ragged slum children,

shouting themselves hoarse as carriage after carriage still went by and mounted troops and infantry returned to camp. This is a long letter and I hope you may have been interested in it.

Mabel dear,—I wrote it on the stand as the people and procession passed along, just as I saw it, and I thought you in your far away home would like to hear of this great day and its great doings from one who was present to witness it. I wrote three together, as you see, and sent two to my girls as none of them are in town. I hope you can read it. Much love to you and a message to him, too, and to your husband.

We are always hearing of the things which should, or should not, be included in education. Some people are altogether on the side of utility. We ought only to learn what is going to be "useful" to us in after life. And useful in what sense? If one pursues the inquiry, one generally finds that the sense is commercial. The utilitarians ban Latin and Greek because modern languages are more useful, and fit people better for that mysterious struggle known as the battle of life. One has an uncomfortable feeling, however, that the utilitarians don't see very far. Who is to judge whether the discipline of learning things not in themselves immediately useful may not be a very important factor in turning out good citizens? I see that the teaching of dancing is advocated, not because a knowledge of dancing is going to be useful to any one, but the small percentage of professional dancers, but because dancing is an ideal system of physical culture. It makes muscle and achieves grace. It teaches carriage and rhythm, and is far more effective in improving the body than any other form of physical culture. Dancing, however, must be properly taught if it is to become an integral part of an average education.

The "Grand Manner" in Politics

Amid the clash and turmoil of this year's parliamentary fighting the most noteworthy feature, writes the parliamentary representative of the London Daily Mail, is the constitutional duel which is going on between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour, a duel which is resumed at practically every amendment on the Veto Bill and which is lifting the interest of the contest far above the fierce contentions of party men. None know this better than the rank and file on both sides, and when their chiefs emerge into the fray they give themselves over to appreciation of the continuance of the combat between the two men whose authority, intellectual weight, and personal power equip them above all others in the House for a fight on great issues.

The Government leader and the Opposition leader are discussing—to put the matter in a phrase—the methods by which the people of a country should govern themselves. They are dealing with it in a grand manner. Their speeches are models for young politicians—courteous in tone, literary in form, clear-cut in argument, uplifting in scope and intention. They are, so to speak, statesmen trying to get the right perspective of posterity. Now and then, on the fringe of their speeches, they unavoidably descend to party cries; on the whole their words are worthy of the great parliamentarians of the past, and they sometimes make the wranglings of lesser men in the House seem small and contemptible.

The two leaders are very different in training and temperament. Mr. Balfour is a philosophic statesman with a wide range of vision, while Mr. Asquith is of a somewhat harsher intellectual type with a lawyer-like preciseness. The Prime Minister is none the less effective for the latter quality, and his attainments in the shape of knowledge, of clear thinking, of lucid expression have justified the word brilliant at every stage of his career. Mr. Balfour conceals a will of steel behind the softest and most charming manner. Mr. Asquith puts up a wall of bluntness in front of his natural geniality and reasonableness. But they are both great fighters, and while maintaining the courteous dignity expected of them, constantly manifest themselves capable of the attack which puts smaller men out of action at once. If Mr. Balfour is perhaps the more probing thinker, Mr. Asquith is the more practical man of affairs. Withal, the two statesmen have much in common. To hear them battling with each other on the broad and vital principles of governing a country is a fine intellectual treat.

It is an unwritten convention in the House of Commons that when either the Government leader or the Opposition leader has made a speech his opponent shall follow him immediately in debate. There has been therefore in the past few weeks a quick dramatic completeness in the parliamentary passages between the two men. An amendment will be moved by a Unionist, Mr. Asquith will rise to oppose it and he will be immediately followed by Mr. Balfour. Or perhaps in the course of the committee discussion a point involving a question of principle will spring up. Mr. Balfour will take the opportunity of explaining the general constitutional bearings of the matter, and as a matter of course Mr. Asquith will speak next in order to give his own view. For instance, Mr. Balfour, on the question as to who should decide what was a money bill, objected on broad general grounds to the appointment of the Speaker as the arbiter. Here was a touch leader. Mr. Balfour above and beyond the party leader. "I am an earnest and most faithful believer in the continuity of the traditions of the House. But I do not think that it is going to be an easy matter as time goes on to keep the House what it is now, a model for every

Flight From Scotland

Twenty-one thousand Scots, young, vigorous and brimful of hope and enterprise, have left Scotland for other lands since the year began. More are to follow. Towns are gradually emptying. Villages are dying or dead. The rate at which Scotland is wasting needs no further proof. It is realized that the pace is fatal. The thing now is how to stop the wasting, and to find the answer to that the first step is to get at the causes of it.

The first question as to Scotland's affliction—whatever its cause—is that of extent. How far has it gone? Is the national phthisis in one lung only or in both? On that point I think there has been some hesitation to disclose the whole truth. It is very serious. For rural Scotland has been held up as the only lung—may one say?—that is "touched," whereas the disease is really in both, in Scotland rural and urban. It began with the rural places, it is true, but it is no longer confined to this limit. The towns have begun to follow. The emigration party lists alone will convince anyone of this fact, for the frequency with which the words "fitter," "joiner," "painter," "turner," "smith," "domestic servant," and so on figure in the column headed "occupation" speaks as eloquently for the town as the words "farm hand" do for the country. The disease is common to both in slightly varying degrees, and the fact should not be ignored. The sense in which the onus of being the first seat of trouble may be said to lie upon the country districts is in the fact that this town population that is emigrating was originally of the land. Neglect of the agriculturist and the expansion of town industries years ago combined to bring the ag-

riculturist from the country to the town. Modern conditions in both town and country in Scotland now tend to drive him from both.

A Two-Fold Problem

It is a great two-fold problem, then, which confronts the agency that would put Scotland aright. A start may safely be made with the land, for two reasons: first, it is the greater source of trouble at the moment, and, second, it is the line of least resistance, for however parties may haggle as to what will put a town and its industries to rights, be it Scottish or English, there is no dispute about the case of Scottish land, Radical and Tory alike agree that the Scottish land system is wrong. Its sins, too, are for the most part agreed upon, the chief among them being that it results in land being insufficiently accessible. The Liberals would increase the facilities for small holdings; the Unionists would increase the facilities for small ownerships. Mr. Balfour put it very clearly in a speech in Edinburgh last autumn, when he said, "What I believe in is the multiplication of small owners who are occupiers—owners, it may be, of a large single farm or small portions of land down to the minimum which can with advantage be dealt with by intensive cultivation or the handwork of a man and his family. But you never, in my judgment, will get small owners and small cultivators really to succeed unless, in addition to being a small cultivator, with all the difficulties incidental to being a small cultivator, you add two or three things. In the first place you must make him the owner, with all the stimulus which ownership gives to hard work, and all the certainty that every atom of work he puts into it will be an advantage to himself or to those who come after him. And in the second place, you must have on the whole, broadly speaking, some form of co-operation if you are to have a large number of small owners."

The Liberals, as expressed in Lord Pentland's Bill, urge (1) more small holdings, (2) greater safeguards as to security of tenure, (3) the establishment of a Scottish Land Court, (4) a Department of Agriculture for Scotland. Thus there is surely enough in common between the two to give the hope of Land Reform without undue delay.

Reviving Village Life

To revive the Scottish village life, however, there must be thought for others than the agriculturist, first though he must come. Might not something be done for the home worker, who through one cause and another is fast disappearing? Ireland and its ladies are doing a fine work in this direction for the village folk. There is a fisherman, too, in Scotland who needs attention. The small owner is fast losing ground in competition with the larger steam fishing concerns, and though the trawlers require more and more men every year for their crews, the part of a member of a crew does not offer to the ambitious and independent Scot the fascination of his old work as a master of craft. Why not small or part ownership co-operation and organization for fishers, too, as well as for farmers?

Many of Scotland's village troubles just now seem, in fact, to arise from the lack of organization and the isolation of the many industrial units. Before the closer knit organization of large combinations elsewhere they have failed to hold their ground and have slowly died off. Amalgamated, these little specks of energy and enterprise would still have their place. More small harbors are needed and better marketing facilities. The small man cannot do these things for himself. There is the three-mile fishing limit question, too, that might receive a sympathetic ear.

The question of Scotland's town industries and their condition is more intricate and more contentious. Free Trade and Tariff Reform will each, no doubt, find a "case." I had, for example in Edinburgh the other day, when Free Trade stalwart denied that Free Trade was the cause of the decay. "The Clyde trade is booming," he said. "Coal and iron are booming too. The building trade is not what it was, it is true, but in our industries we hold our own. Look at Edinburgh here. We make more gas meters than almost any city. We make more chloroform than any city in the world. Look at the Clyde, second to nothing, and at the ironfield of Lanarkshire."

The Workman's Point of View

And so on. He is no doubt quite right. The trade of urban Scotland may compare well with that of previous years. But in fact this stands the silent commentary of the Scottish workman himself, the man who produces this wealth. Surely this commentary is a first importance, and it is this: "Scottish employment may be all you say, but it is not good enough for me." That is the reason of this great exodus now taking place.

You have to take into account, of course, the extraordinary enterprise and the ambition of the man. You have to take into account, too, the wonderful temptations to emigrate that are now being laid so shrewdly before him—first by his own kin and kin who have emigrated in bad times before him and whose word he can trust; second, by the emigrating agencies, government and other, which are now canvassing Scotland with some of the thoroughness of a general election campaign. These are special factors to take into account in estimating what amount of emigration is due to Scotland's industrial condition. But even a Scot will not tear up his domestic roots wantonly and without shrewd calculation. In addition to regarding emigration as promising, he must also regard staying at home as unpromising. There must be a reason and a remedy for that.—London Daily Mail.



ART

Some Views on Painting

Charles
The great art who guides us into thoughts, into the own imagination, us the language of

(From 'The Dutch Rembrandt has mit to us painting his face, from the that of shrunken once robust and slightly rounded development that in tion. His eyes were intelligent, and from warm color border naturally, may Jewish extraction, acter, in spite of a large flat nose, copper-colored cor face a vulgarity by the form of line of his eyebrows eyes. Such was ter of the figures of his own person great expression, less much pathos termed style.

An artist thus be exceedingly dependent, though by caprice. When entered upon nature which is of so many of the an innate desire to his own peculiarization by an attent Of all the phenon gave him most d culty he most des expression."

Moral

(From 'Grammar of Painting purification. The philo for those who can er shows his thou see. That hidden the artist finds w a veil over her, e proves to her that he has reproduce take her, and take In communicat and felt by other strength and com say of how many sions a man's mor what depends the the correctness of his thoughts? If of cruelty or inju horror. The 'Un moves the fibre homilies of a prea lime are rare in compelled to imp It may happen, t thoughts to whic artist strikes the ear. 't is the perceived, but not becomes sublime.

The poetry of separable from to idealize this 'ratic sentiment; faithi would not suffice, ity, enlightens it according to his what is not in it— it neither possa thought."

The artist sees what he himself soul, tints them w tion, lends them The temperament character of objec figures. But this is the appanage of artists, of those w instead of being ate it. These ha have only a man

Aside from t great master, the superior and imp proper. Style is freed from all ins its original essen "style" par esse recognizing the s birth of the un the Greek sculptu

IN THE V

"None Other God This story has other: it is quite Personally, we have said more deal less; but they with this view."