

Literature Music Art

BOOKS OF THE WEEK REVIEWED

"A Certain Rich Man," by William Allen White: The Macmillan Publishing Company, Toronto, Ont.

Once in a while we like to have a story told to us, sitting near the narrator, and watching his face as he talks, seeing the emotions chase one another across his countenance, listening to his voice as it rises and falls, now tender and soft, now denouncing and fierce, now vibrating with sympathy as he relates a tender love story, now deep and low when tragedy touches the tale. We like to hear his laughter punctuate certain passages, and to see the tears in his eyes through the mists in our own. Yes, once in a while, a very rare once, we like to adopt the attitude of listener when we read a story, and we can very readily accept the manner in which Mr. White tells his tale, for his personality is not obtrusive, he makes us think of him as a quiet observer of it all, all the little tragedies and comedies that go to make up the book. Instinctively we picture him as one of the group of philosophers in the harness makers shop, taking only a very small part in affairs, but noting carefully everything that happens in Sycamore Ridge, each event with the individuals that figure in it, and after the lapse of time, telling us the story as it appeals to him who has known and loved the participants. Only once or twice does the story-teller spoil an interesting passage, by introducing an irrelevancy, for instance, in the scene where Neal awaits Jeanette, and the reader's heart is beating fast in anticipation of the happy meeting, it is not pleasant to have a wholly incongruous element thrust in. It spoils one of the sweetest incidents in the book. But the tale is so long, and so full of interest, the characters are all so keenly and consistently delineated, the whole tone of the book is so sane and wholesome, the good is made so much of, and the bad touched upon so lightly, that the effect produced is genuinely uplifting, and we can forgive a fault more or less.

John Barclay is the "Certain Rich Man," and we meet him first when he is little more than a baby—the descriptions of childhood and of boyhood and girlhood are all delightfully realistic—and little John shows his originality from the beginning. When the civil war breaks out, and he is not yet in his teens, he hides in one of the commissary wagons and manages to reach the front and to see some fighting, incidentally receiving a wound in the foot. The awfulness of the scenes he witnessed, and his own suffering, may have seared the childish heart then, though he does not give any evidence of his future proclivities until after the death of his boyhood's sweetheart, a gentle little girl whom he worshipped with all the pure constancy of a lad's first love, which has not learned to demand and only desires to bestow.

Returning from school, grown bitter through his sorrow, he makes up his mind to devote his life to but one thing, the amassing of wealth for the sake of the "Larger Good." From herding his neighbor's cows, John rises to the honor of driving a team of his own, which he uses for odd jobs of hauling. Little by little he works up, always hoarding and accumulating, until when the first bank opens in the Ridge, he stands proudly at the head of the line of depositors.

There is such a multitude of characters in the book, and so many of them no less interesting than John, and the tale covers so much in point of time, nearly three generations, that it would be impossible to give a fair synopsis of the story. Robert Hendricks demands our sympathy far more strongly than does John; indeed, Bob is nobility itself and his end is very pitiful. Then Molly, who has very little to do with John at all, is the real heroine of the story, and the description of her charms is a pretty one. John's mother is the strongest character that we have met with for a long time in a story. When John had amassed millions, he wondered why his mother did not rejoice with pride at his achievement, but she had seen only the heartaches and the heart-breaks on the way, she had seen only the death of sweet dreams and sweeter hopes, and the birth of things that should not be. John had been playing on the piano, new things, noisy things, signs of the times. He came over to his mother's chair.

"We have come a long way, mother," he said. She held his hand to her cheek and then to her lips, but she did not reply. "A long, long way from the little home of one room here." After a pause he added, "Would you like to go back?"

A tear fell on the hand against her cheek. He felt her jaw quiver and then she said: "Oh yes, John—yes, I believe I would."

He sat for a moment on the arm of her chair, and said: "Well, mother, I have done my best?" It was a question more than a protest.

"Yes, dear," she replied, "I know you have—you have done your best—your very best. But I think it is in your blood."

"What?" he asked.

"Oh, all this," she answered, "all this money-getting. I am foolish, John, but some way I want my little boy back—the one who used to sit with me so long ago, and play on the guitar and sing 'Sleeping I Dream, Love.' I don't like your new music, John; it's so like clanging cars and crashing hammers, and the groans of men at toil."

"But this a new world, mother—a new

world that is different," protested the son impatiently.

And the mother answered sadly as she looked up at him: "I know it, dear, it is a new world; but the same old God moves it; and the same faith in God, and love of man, move men that always have moved them, and always will move them; there are as many things to live and die for now, as when your father gave up his life, John—just as many." They rocked together in silence, the boy of forty, the mother of sixty.

Finally she said: "Johnnie, play me 'Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming,' won't you, before you go?"

He sat with his foot on the soft pedal and played the old love song, and as he played his mother wandered over hills he had never seen, through fields he had never known, and heard a voice in the song he might never hear, even in his dreams. When he had finished, she stood beside him and cried with all the passion her years could summon: "Oh, John—John—it will come out some way—some day. It's in your soul, and God in His own way will bring it out." He did not understand her then, and it was many years before he prayed her prayer.

At the last, brought to see the uselessness of his wealth, and his own sin in the begetting of it, Barclay endeavors to make restitution, and the final years of his life are the only happy ones he has known since boyhood. His death is a brave one, he dies in saving a woman who is nothing to him, a poor pitiful thing of the streets. The General takes the word to his mother and describes how she receives the news.

"She stood staring at me for one dreadful minute, and then she asked, 'How did he die, Philemon?' He died saving a woman from drowning," I told her. "Did he save her?"—that was what she asked still standing stiff and motionless. "Yes," I said. "She was only Trixie Lee—a bad woman, a bad woman, Mrs. Barclay." And Mary Barclay lifted her long gaunt arms halfway above her head, and cried, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord. I must have an hour with God alone now, Philemon," she said over her shoulder as she left me. Then she walked unbent and unshaken up the stairs."

COUNTRESS OF CARDIGAN

Lady Cardigan, whose remarkable book, "My Recollections," has caused so much interest, is certainly one of the most interesting of society's grandes dames. In the early fifties she was considered one of the most beautiful women of the day, and she has retained her energy and charm to a wonderful extent. Lady Cardigan has been twice widowed, her second husband, the Count de Lancastre de Calanha, having died in 1898. Her ladyship is extremely versatile, and goes in for music and driving. Fencing and yachting were also great favorites of hers, and she has always a prominent figure at Cowes.

She has very original ideas in dress, and used to wear a leopard-skin coat which caused a great deal of admiration. It is interesting to note, by the way, that Lady Cardigan is the patroness of no less than ten livings. "My Recollections" contains many interesting anecdotes of well known people, and it has already attained a huge success.

Lady Cardigan is still a handsome woman, and this although she is, as a matter of fact, higher in the eighties than even her friends imagine. With a distinguished grace of manner she combines a charm and subtlety of mind of which time cannot rob her, and which contrast piquantly enough with her appearance—her blond curled wig, and the white girlish frocks she still affects. "Time, wonderful to say, has stolen, too, but little from her voice, dear."

She warbled in the sixties as well almost as Patti, the critics said, and it is true that only the other Sunday she was induced to sing some of the old songs of sentiment, to the infinite pleasure of a party of guests in the country. Before her first marriage as Miss de Horsey, she was known not only for her singing, but her perfect playing on the piano. Later she married a Balachava hero, and was the heroine of more than one startling romance; but in her heroine of more than one startling romance; but in her queenly way she appeared to suffer fools gladly—did the fools but have the temerity to show any disapproval of her. A more Ouidaesque lady, in a word, than Lady Cardigan was never seen to make her curtsy at the Court of St. James.

DUDLEY BUCK

In the death on October 5 of Dudley Buck, America lost one of its most eminent organists and composers, whose career of fame began when an "American school" of music was still unthought of. An ardent worker throughout his long and busy life, Mr. Buck's compositions were many and of varied description and were included on concert and choral programmes oftener, perhaps, than those of any other American composer. Death occurred suddenly at the home in West Orange, N.J., of his son, Dudley Buck, Jr., the violinist. The composer was born at Hartford, Conn., March 10, 1839, and celebrated his seventieth birthday last spring in Dresden. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Mary E. Van Wagner, and to whom he was married in 1865 at Hartford; two sons, Dr. Edward T. Buck, of Indianapolis, Ind., and Dudley Buck, Jr., who has a studio in Carnegie Hall, and one daughter, Mrs. Francis Blossom, of Orange, N.J.

time between Europe and America, the "play-time" of his life, as he called it.

The important compositions of Dudley Buck are of various kinds. The greater number are vocal, sacred and secular. He composed "The Legend of Don Munio," a dramatic cantata, in 1874, the text of which is his own from Washington Irving's "Alhambra." His setting of the forty-sixth psalm for solos, chorus and orchestra, and his symphonic overture to Scott's "Marmion" are familiar. Thomas brought out the "Marmion" with the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn.

Five verses by the late Edmund Clarence Stedman were set to music by Mr. Buck, one of which, "Creole Lover's Song," soon became very popular. His setting of Longfellow's "Golden Legend" won the \$1,000 prize offered by the Cincinnati Musical Festival Association years ago against twenty competitors. His largest work, "Light of Asia," was published and first performed in London in 1886. He wrote one comic opera score to a book written by W. A. Croft.

Mr. Buck's literary works include "Dictionary of Musical Terms" and "Influence of the Organ in History."

CANADA'S DEFENCE

In a very able article in The University Magazine, C. Frederick Hamilton discusses the various reasons why Canada should have a navy. He thinks that the Dominion would command more respect and would receive far more consideration from England if she were not so entirely dependent upon the mother-country for help in a possible war. In common with most Canadians, he is chagrined over the preference shown the United States, and declares that Canada does not feel particularly enthusiastic over the policy of taking excessive pains in order to keep on good terms with our neighbor to the south, who never "does a good turn to us." Moreover, rightly or wrongly, we have an idea that much of the apparent unyielding and quarrelsome resolution of American foreign policy is bluff; and this makes us exceedingly impatient of any concessions to the American point of view.

He has this to say in regard to our attitude towards Japan:

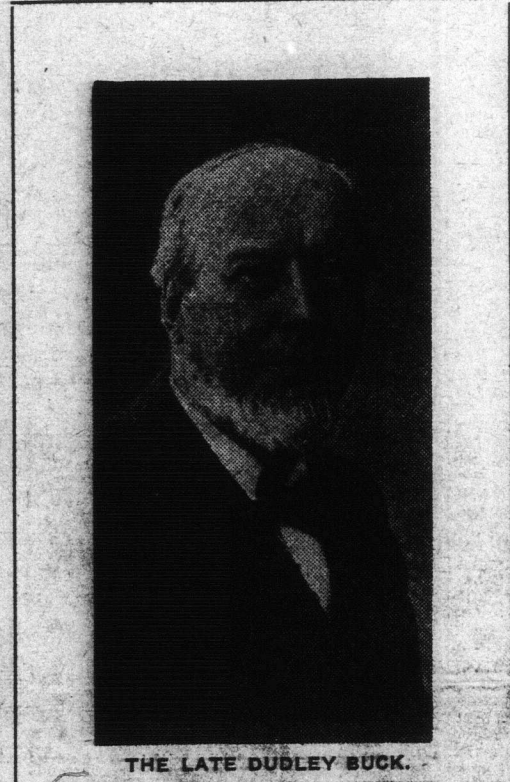
"As to Japan, we have no special reason to cultivate her beyond our general desire to increase our trade, and we may have a dangerous race-question to discuss with her. Our people in British Columbia have all the North American white man's intolerance, and one must say, insensate, pride of blood and race; the Japanese are proud and quick to take offence; the racial aspect of the difficulty is aggravated by its economic importance, one or two industries already having been appropriated by the new-comers from the Far East. We have every diplomatic reason to treat Japan with consideration, she being mighty where we are feeble; but we have very precious interests to conserve on the Pacific littoral, and in the maintenance of them Japan is our chief—let us say—obstacle, for enemy is not the correct word to apply."

In the event of a war with Germany he thinks that a Canadian naval force in Canadian waters would render the Atlantic coast impregnable and gives the following reasons:

A warship on a commerce-destriving mission of this sort greatly dislikes fighting other warships. Even if she wins, there is only one small cruiser the less in the hostile navy, whereas her business is to destroy a great many merchant ships, terrify the rest from sailing, and upset the enemy's trade. Again, an enemy's coast, 3,000 miles from home, would be an uncomfortable place if a chance shot hurt the engines or made the vessel leak. Then there are considerations as to ammunition and fuel supply of a technical nature. Thus even a small fighting force would tend to discourage a somewhat stronger commerce-destriving force from coming in its direction. The stronger our defensive force were to grow, the less attractive would the enemy find our coast. Moreover, the peculiar nature of our coast line, with its series of gateways, would lend itself to defence, if we had a naval force, even as it does to blockade, as long as we have none. If we keep those gateways strongly enough to warn raiders of the St. Lawrence, 600 miles from Quebec to Cabot Strait, is safe; and so is the Bay of Fundy. From Quebec to Liverpool is 2,600 miles; of this some 600 or 700 miles would be closely guarded, and the rest would be in the ocean, where it is harder to find vessels than coastal waters where routes converge.

"The naval force for such a task might be either a torpedo defence, or a squadron of suitable cruisers, or both. By a torpedo defence I mean, of course, a flotilla of torpedo boats or of destroyers, possibly even of submarines.

"The advantages of torpedo defence are that, by reason of its stealth and the shattering effect of a blow that gets home, it is a weapon which is effective against any kind of ship, even the mightiest; that its existence makes the whole coast so infested most unsafe for any hostile fleet, however powerful, and imposes a strain on the nerves of its crews and on the judgment and strength of purpose of its admirals; and that it is a valuable assistance to any friendly fleet which comes its way. If we had three or four divisions of torpedo craft, say one at Belle Isle, one in Cabot Strait, one at Halifax and one at Yarmouth, the very fact of their existence would keep our coastal waters clear of hostile vessels unless they had some particularly good reason for standing inshore; even if they did, it would be neces-



THE LATE DUDLEY BUCK.

Trinity in his junior year and sent to the Leipzig Conservatory when nineteen years old. There he met as fellow-students Sir Arthur Sullivan, Carl Rosa, John Francis Barnett, S. B. Mills, Madeline Schaller, after whom he named his daughter, and others who later became famous.

Mr. Buck's early teachers included Moritz Hauptman in harmony and Ernst Friedrich Richter, writer and musician. Julius Rietz, friend of Mendelssohn, instructed him in orchestration, and his piano instructions were directed by Moscheles and Plaidy. The student later went to Dresden to study the organ under the noted organist, Johann Gottlob Schneider. About the same time Dr. Rietz, his old instructor at Leipzig, moved to Dresden and continued to watch over the young American's musical training. After his three years of German training Mr. Buck (characteristically modest, he never wanted to be called Dr. Buck) studied for a year in Paris.

He returned to America in 1862, and after the death of his parents went to Chicago as organist, composer and teacher. The Chicago fire destroyed his effects, including the manuscripts of several unfinished compositions. After the fire Mr. Buck went to Boston as organist of St. Paul's Church there. Later he became organist of Boston's Music Hall, the highest honor a Boston musician could attain at that time.

While he was adding to his reputation in Boston he attracted the attention of the late Theodore Thomas, who was then conducting the concerts at the Central Park Garden, New York. Mr. Thomas in 1875 invited Mr. Buck to become his assistant conductor. The young composer accepted, but not until he had first gone to Cincinnati as organist of the May festival.

Mr. Buck's fame became international when he was invited to compose the cantata for the opening of the Centennial Exposition. He took Sidney Lanier's poem, "The Centennial Meditation of Columbia," and set it to music. Upon the opening of the exposition Mr. Thomas mounted the platform before a chorus of 800 and an orchestra of 150 and conducted the work. Public, musicians and critics praised the cantata highly and Mr. Buck's fame was established.

Cincinnati wanted Mr. Buck to take permanent charge of her new music hall in 1878, but he had previously decided to accept a call from Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, to become the organist and musical director, and this was the beginning of his long musical career in Brooklyn as organist and as director of the Apollo Club of Brooklyn. He took charge of the music in Plymouth Church in May, 1902, after a service of twenty-two years at Holy Trinity. Thereafter he divided his

sary for them to approach by daylight, when they could be seen, and to be off before night-fall. The menace of the submarine would be particularly efficacious in keeping the enemy away. Any British fleet having business in our waters would, of course, find in these craft a ready-made and valuable auxiliary. The disadvantage of torpedo craft alone is that they can operate only by night, so that a cruiser really wishing to enter the Gulf or Bay of Fundy could do so by running through in daylight.

If now we turn to the Pacific, we find that the dominating factor there is the existence of Japan as a most formidable naval power. We have no guarantee that our relations with her always will remain friendly, and there are several dangerous elements in the situation. Apart from the problem of Japanese immigration and the race difficulty which it raises, we must consider the remarkable antagonism between the United States and Japan; should these two powers fight, our position, in view alike of the explosive conditions in British Columbia, and of the temptation to Japanese—or to American—ships to use our harbours under certain possible contingencies, might prove very delicate, and we might be dragged into the conflict. Aside from these dangers peculiar to ourselves, there is the general fact that any one of a hundred accidents or developments with which we have nothing to do might set the British Empire at war with Japan.

"We can, without dishonour, count on a certain automatic protection from the United States. That power is certain to maintain a fleet on its Pacific coast, and Japan would know that the Americans, for their own reasons, would be exceedingly touchy about any interference with us. This protection, however, has limitations, and might become a danger; if we were impotent and if Japan in attacking the American littoral were to violate our neutrality by using our coast as a base, we might be embroiled with the United States, whose government might suggest that as we were unable to safeguard our coast ourselves it would undertake the task for us.

"The clue to our Pacific policy seems to lie in this contingency. It seems an imperative duty to take steps to make our coast secure against use by a foreign fleet. Only one weapon fits the case—the torpedo. Fortunately, the intricacy of the coast, with its chain of islands masking the true shore, with its maize of sounds and straits, with its thousands of fords and inlets, lends itself to mosquito warfare. The climatic difficulties of navigation, it is to be observed, are far less serious than on the Atlantic—an important consideration when we are discussing the use of these fragile boxes of machinery. In addition to this very serious duty, there are certain peace-time tasks of patrolling, police, etc., which are needed in the North Pacific and which might properly be undertaken by Canada; these would require ships of the normal cruiser type.

"It remains to discuss, very briefly, the situation on the Great Lakes.

"It would seem that if anything is to be done in the way of preparing for a naval defence of these lakes, it must be done by ourselves. If we had a naval force on the Atlantic, for instance, we might build and maintain in the Gulf of St. Lawrence gun-vessels, which, while suitable for coastal work, would fit the locks, and would carry a fairly heavy armament. We also might maintain a number of torpedo boats small enough to be transported by rail."

SARAH BERNHARDT'S NEW PART

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's next part in Paris will, in all probability, be that of Joan of Arc, in a play written by M. Emile Moreau, who collaborated with Sardou in Madame Sans-Gene. Sardou himself, had he lived, would have collaborated in The Trial of Joan of Arc, as the play is to be called, and in any case M. Moreau had the benefit of the great playwright's advice. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will have full scope for her wonderful art in this new piece, which deals with the last hours of the maid's martyrdom. A play dealing with "Saint Joan of Arc" to give the maid her new title, is tolerably certain of success beforehand, and probably, too, her appearance on the stage will result in disorderly manifestations, since the Paris students are divided into two camps with regard to "Saint Joan," as Professor Thalamos knows only too well.

AN EARLY MATINEE

A theatrical performance beginning in the small hours of the morning is sufficiently novel to be worth recording. A French theatrical company which had been touring in South America, and which included Mme. Suzanne Despres, telegraphed from Rio that they would give a performance at Dakar, on the west coast of Africa, when the steamer arrived there. At eight o'clock the theatre was full, but the company was missing. After waiting for a considerable time, the audience were sent away disappointed; but at 11:30 the steamer arrived, tom-toms were beaten in the streets, and the people flocked to the theatre. The performance began at 1:30 a. m., and finished at 5!

Surely, it is a great deal to avoid wrongdoing; but what would you account that husbandry to be worth which succeeded only in keeping down weeds?

R.U.

TULIPS FOR GARDEN

Of all the bulbous plants embellish our gardens none beautiful or possess a greater value than the tulips. From they have been great favorites in olden times was more than it is today, though less than for cutting than the season of bloom it is both the early and later flowers are divided into various Early, May-flowering, and Each and all in their way, but it is more with the self-wish to treat at the present are far more effective for employed with other plants than are those having various same flower.

First let us treat of the as a carpeting. Though these numerous, they are ample Of the myosotis, or forget various shades of blue, in ad forms. Seeds sown in plants large enough for plants the beds are ready for tum. Where a large quantity produced sow the seeds the shaded border, where the moist. In such a place the ate freely and the plants grow. When large enough to handle about four or five inches a stand until the beds are ready be lifted with balls of ear same remarks apply to Alyse pecta, the common white, and others of that class. I may also be treated in like particular shades of colors are best grown from cuttings early in July, and giving treatment, the majority of bloom by the autumn, so the picked out, keeping each itself.

There are many plants, not seed readily, and these ed by cuttings. The doubt one of them, and nothing co tiful for carpeting beds in tall May-flowering tulips ar ings of this plant are insert soil in a north border they v and thousands of them may this way with but little tro ed they should be transplan them to make a sturdy gr wallflowers are also usef should be given to the pu when employed for this pu should be sown thinly in July, and when the plants a handle prick them out su an open space on poor gro to grow the more sturdy. T annuals which, if sown in flower early in spring. Ha of these plants, there sho in making a fine display, are properly blended, and ranged that both the car tulips above flower at the

Amongst the early-fl Pottelbakkers, Proserpine, Chrysolora, White Hawk, Crimson King are the bes mixed colors Keizerskroon ma, Rosa Mundi, and the May-flowering class, howe most effective. What can than a bed of forget-me-not fine bed flowers of Mrs. lutea, or Mrs. Keightlep tul stately blooms? When w of these tulips vary from two and a half feet, so th they will need slight suppo grows the tallest, and pro pointed flowers, while lutea large size, and good subst ley is pale primrose. Ther of this class varying from straw color to a deep ora elegans maxima lutea, Leghorn Bonnet, ixioides, old Bouton-d'Or, all first c

Of whites we have such Picotee, or Maiden's Blush, long time been a great fa the Parisian White, a fine g maid, a dwarf-growing va small beds; Didieri alba, don, elegans alba, and Cr beautiful shades of pink a not be overlooked, as amo some of the finest blooms, Pink, La Perle, The Fawn others. Amongst the mos tulips are the scarlets and Gesneriana is a fine, tall, crosplia, Greigi, spatulata its early form, elegans, a way, and may be grown in other plants to harmoniz The number of varieties p mixed-colored blooms is v as a rule, are best plante selves in borders, that the clash with other things; Prince, Clusiana, Bainty Shandon Belle, and Strip good.

We now come to the noted for their long stem markable beauty. These rather a shady position, so