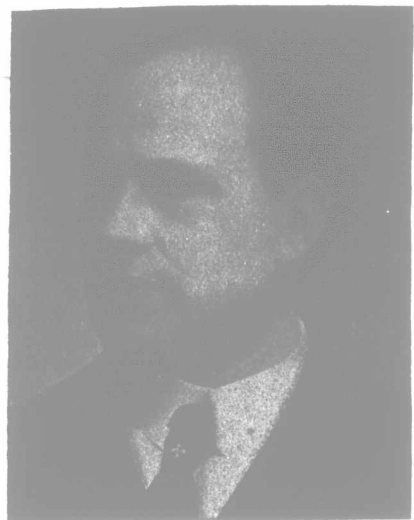


## Men of To-day.



Mr. J. C. Eaton, Toronto.

Head of the T. Eaton Co. He made a donation of \$250,000 recently towards the new General Hospital.

The agitation started by some of the Members of Parliament to expedite the business of the House by cutting out long speeches and useless repetitions, shows that at last the glamor of "office" is giving way to sound common sense. Time was when a Member must needs make a speech, to be printed later in pamphlet form, and distributed among his constituents, in order to show them that he was of some account in the House. But it has come to be known that such exertions count for little, after all; that what a man is, and what he does, are the things that make good; and that if he stands for some great principle, or some original idea, he is heard for the forcefulness rather than the muchness of his speaking. Such a light cannot be hid under a bushel.

It takes common sense to show a man that, if he has nothing to say, he should keep his mouth shut, especially during a session which costs the country thousands of dollars a day. It takes common sense to teach a man that, when he has something to say, it is his duty to say it, and as briefly and forcefully and passionately, if necessary, as he can. It takes much study and much boiling down, and, above all, much feeling, to make such a speech, but it is bound to be effective. It takes common sense, also, to teach a man that when someone else has said a thing, perhaps much better than he can say it, it is worse than folly to go on "with vain repetitions, as, verily, do the heathen," and that the best thing he can do is either to remain silent, or, at best, give the nail a rap on the head, as sharp and pointed and effective a rap as he can.

That such economy of time has been abundantly necessary, is evident from the fact that the Members have taken the matter up themselves. The best cleaning in such matters ever comes from the inside, and it is probably but a matter of time until the Member who dares to be over-prosy, or bombastic, or flowery, or long-winded, will be shown how to subside.

The increased cost of living in towns and cities is becoming a serious matter, the more so that no way out of the difficulty seems forthcoming. Every United States magazine one picks up, and some of the

Canadian ones, too, is filled with hopeless floundering as to the cause, and equally hopeless floundering as to whether the future may mend matters or not. Depreciation of gold, the tariff and the trusts, cold-storage, labor unions, the speculation mania, extravagance—each of these, in turn, or a bundle of them collectively, has been made the scapegoat, the scapegoat which, alas! is little likely to carry the burdens into the wilderness. One contemporary throws much of the blame on the housewife, quoting from Dr. Simon Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, who has said, point-blank, that the modern wife is "a liability, instead of an asset; a burden, rather than a helpmate"; and from Dr. H. W. Wiley, who declares that, "When woman learns the true art of cookery" we shall live more cheaply.

There is not the slightest doubt but that the woman who thoroughly understands dietetics can make better use of provisions than the one who does not; she understands how to get the maximum of nourishment at the minimum of expense. It is true, also, that, "if the average cook knew more about preparing the cheaper cuts of beef, much could be saved," but, as a matter of fact, few housewives, especially among the middle classes, know the names of more than a few cuts of beef; the other kinds are just as nutritious, but are seldom called for." At the same time, there is the unpleasant fact to face that, just as soon as there is a marked demand for any one article of food, the price moves up. Let no one think that if everyone started to buy flank and brisket only, the prices of these would remain as they are. Whatever the mechanisms that control the evolutions of trade may be, they are sure and unanimous. Nor is all the soaring tendency confined to meats. It is generally recognized that during the past five years the cost of clothing, and of having clothing made, has increased by from 30 to 40 per cent.

From the general dilemma the farmer stands somewhat aloof. He alone has a prerogative of independence in this matter. He is master, to a great extent, of his foodstuffs; he can wear his clothes much longer than can the man behind the desk or the counter, for a patch is no bar to respectability in the country; and when it comes to the pinch, the farmwife is usually adept enough with her needle to fashion her own and her children's "wherewithal they shall be clad."

Sometimes, even, the farmer has been accused of being at the foundation of the rising scale, but he knows that this is not so, for he can point to times when he was paid from 3 to 5 cents per pound, uniformly, for the same beef whose choicer cuts retailed at 18 cents per pound.

It is all a great tangle. One thing is sure, some few are becoming wildly rich, and the many are becoming rapidly poorer. There is something somewhere that sadly needs a setting right, but who is there who can do the work? For the nonce, however, let the farmer realize that the farm is no bad place in which to live in these mysterious and costly times.

## The Windrow.

Among the new books to be brought out this spring will be a novel which Robert W. Service is now writing in his cabin up on the hill behind Dawson City, Yukon. He has given up

banking, and has taken to writing as a profession.

Out of the 200 members of the new Finnish Diet, 15 are women, and of this number 9 are Social Democrats.

A private bill has been introduced in the Italian Parliament seeking to permit women to vote in municipal and provincial elections, and to allow them to enter the professions. Premier Sonino has expressed his approval of the bill. The recent intellectual, economic and social improvement in women, he says, justifies a corresponding advance in legislation.

Conductor Reynolds, of North Bay, who, at the risk of losing his own life, saved the lives of sixteen people in the Spanish River wreck, in January, is the first Canadian upon whom the Albert Medal of the First Class for heroism has ever been conferred.

In the world's market for 1909, over \$50,000,000 worth of automobiles were sold.

Doctor Commandon, a French scientist, has harnessed the ultra-microscope to the moving-picture machine, with the result that he is enabled to project upon the screen the struggle of microscopic organisms for life. The French Academy of Science was recently entertained by him with the battle of white and red corpuscles in blood.

A trolleyless car, equipped with an Edison storage-battery, has been successfully tested in New York. The chances are that it will soon supplant the trolley car.

The whole of Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat has been set to music by Mr. Granville Bantock, Professor of Music in Birmingham University. Mr. Bantock was thirty before he read Omar. A copy was given him then for a wedding present. At the first sitting he read it through three times, and at once resolved to set it to music. As a preliminary, he committed the text to memory, and allowed it to soak into his mind for seven years.

## "Slang."

By the Spartan.

There is a rather disagreeable ring in the word itself, is there not?—like the clanging of a bell with a great deal of brass in it.

Take from it one letter, "n," and you have "slag," and that is a worthless stuff which results from the refining process of precious metals.

Is not the place of slang in the economy of culture a very parallel one? Precious metals are rare; so are the people that do not use slang. Refined ore is greatly coveted, and so, too, deep down in the respectful human heart, are coveted these admirable and exceptional people.

There are no records in antiquity or in modern times to teach us whence first came this abominable prostitution of the wonderful phenomena of speech. We are only sure that it is here—very much present in every community the length and breadth of Saxondom. "Slag" ad infinitum! Refined ore almost as undiscoverable as the "Golden Fleece"! For we would draw the line only at the purist. No lapse permissible in that select company!

And yet, what would our dear Saura comic operas do without slang, or our monacled "Chappies" of the Strand, or our "Punch," or our correct "smart set" of Gotham, with their breezy little bits of risqué

French? A hardship, certainly, here, and possibly all precious ores were really intended to be hidden from the common gaze in this much-chattering world of speech, as well as in the mountains of nature. Perhaps!—and it really looks as though the great majority of us thought so.

We regret to have to admit that there does seem at first to be a strange force of description in certain slang words—a certain rugged force in that slang, which is profane invective. Nevertheless, we think that, not even in the most forceful of such loose-speech is there the power of correctly-chosen English.

Biographies of great men have, indeed, many a confession on this theme. Lord Wellington, for instance, does not appear to have managed altogether without the more emphatic (?) kind of language. "He himself told once of an episode in the Peninsular War, when he, the Commander-in-Chief, had to get down on his knees before the punctilious Spanish Junta. The Duke never forgot that knee-bending of his. But note how he puts it: "I didn't give a tuppenny d— for the Junta, but I did want those supplies, so down I went on my marrow-bones." He might have much better have said, "I was not greatly in awe, etc.," but the gallant old Duke had to be himself to the last, apparently.

So, too, at Waterloo; biographical history records certain oaths of his addressed to Picton and others on that Titanic field. One can fancy a certain awful significance in such expressions coming from an iron man like Wellington; but, after all, what a serenely fine and strong thing it would have been if he had managed without them.

An interesting side-light comes again from the last phase of John Ruskin. After the colossal intellect had broken down, and finally became unhinged altogether, Ruskin lapsed repeatedly into torrents of blasphemy and swearing. It was a rather striking phenomena. For it seemed that the unceasing, and, in some respects, largely unrequited, labor of the great Victorian had infused him with a fearful gnawing, never appeased.

Strange that this should have been the outlet, for Ruskin was, of course, all his rational life, a purist of purists. The fact, moreover, fills one with a pathetic regret. Blasphemous oaths seem to be infinitely removed from the author of "Sesame and Lilies," and indeed it is a subject to be touched upon transiently and delicately. We note it merely because of the striking lapse coming in the case of the greatest master of prose, and its seemingly proving a certain innate tendency to such language in the strongest—much to be guarded against!

In literature, any author of fiction will frankly tell you that the temptation to make rough and crude characters speak as the rough and crude do speak, is very great. In some of the finest classics of the language—Adam Bede, for instance—a stray oath does here and there appear, while slang is often used freely. Yet, this "slag" amidst the more refined product invariably lowers the æsthetic effect of the whole. The only remedy seems to be in finding a setting apart from the uncouth and the indiscriminate.

Thus much for swearing. It is common enough, and repulsive enough, also, but it is a question whether the more-generally-used slang expressions are not really as harmful. There