

JUNE 1, 1911

was ever that, in Russia, where political "criminals" were continually wearing the paths over the mountains in exile to Siberia, or languishing in prisons, he was left unmolested.

Tolstoi may have been a dreamer—that is as you consider him—unpractical, yet he was never, as he was accused of being, "pagan." One may not agree with many of his ideas; one may draw back from his conception of the future existence, yet one who knows anything of his life and his writings must call him anything but pagan.

For thirty-five years, he tells us, he really believed in nothing. Then in 1879 faith came to him—"I believed in the doctrine of Jesus, and my whole life underwent a sudden transformation. My life and my desires were completely changed. . . . I was touched most of all by that portion of the doctrine of Jesus which inculcates love, humility, self-denial, and the duty of returning good for evil. This, to me, has always been the substance of Christianity; my heart recognized its truth in spite of scepticism and despair."

And so he proceeds to tell us of the development of his religious life and conclusions in "My Religion," and "Resurrection."

Among others of his most notable books are "What is Art?" "Toil," and volumes of short stories, such as "Ivan Ilyitch," written, it would appear, principally for the Russian people. Of Tolstoi as writer of these stories, a writer in British Nation, finding a marked similarity between the peasantry of Ireland and of Russia, says: "He appealed to the people. Never have I lent books (in Ireland) which caused such interest and discussion as these Russian tales. I lent 'What Men Live By' to a cripple village tailor, who sits in the low window of a hovel house, stitching away from dawn to dark. I went to see him later, and he was so delighted with it that he could talk of nothing else. I had lent him many books, but he never discussed them before or showed much interest. 'That white book you gave me,' he said, 'that's good—that's good! Why, it's exactly my life. The man in it he's a shoemaker, but it's just the life, it's the same thing. He wrought there the whole day and only saw people out of his wee window, and the thoughts came into his head, the same thoughts that come to me!'"

(To be continued.)

The Windrow.

Mr. Walter Greaves, an old gentleman of 70, once a pupil of Whistler, has recently come to his own in the art world. His exhibit of fifty pictures, recently shown in the Goupil Gallery, London, attracted much attention, and many sales were made at from £100 to £120 a picture.

"For over a thousand years," says T. P.'s Weekly, "there has been no meeting of tongues and peoples in any way comparable with that which we are to see in London this year." Among the most interesting events timed to take place during the weeks near the Coronation will be the Universal Races Congress, at which representatives of races in all parts of the world will meet in friendly intercourse. To cultivate mutual knowledge and respect between Occidental and Oriental peoples is the prime purpose of the Congress.

An interesting event this week is the Franco-American feast, held at St. Dié, France. It was in St. Dié that the name "America" was used for the first time. "In 1502," says "La Presse," "Amerigo Vespucci discovered the Pacific Ocean beyond America, and asserted the existence of a new continent. His deserts were probably not as great as those of the pioneer who had immediately preceded him, but he was the real discoverer of the new world. Accordingly, at St. Dié, a year after the death of Columbus, Martin Waltz published an Introduction to Cosmography, followed by the relation of Vespucci's four voyages. It is in this cosmography that Waltz

muller first proposed to call the new continent America, or land of Amerigo Vespucci. . . . These memories endear St. Dié to the lovers of American history, and an association has been formed at New York called the St. Dié Society." It is this society which has organized the celebration in which France, Canada and the United States are taking part.

Something About an Old Historical Milestone.

Bulwer Lytton is said to have remarked in the House of Commons: "If I desired to leave to remote posterity some memorial of existing British civilization, I would prefer, not our railways, not our public buildings, not even the palace in which we hold our sittings, but I would prefer a file of The Times."

It was about one hundred and twenty-six years ago that its first number was issued. Napoleon was but a young and unnoticed officer in the army, over which in after years he held such a mighty sway. France held dominion in Canada, and General Washington had not been elected as the First President of the United States of America. It has been truly said that "to write the history of The Times would be to write the history, not only of the British Empire, but of the world since the days of Napoleon." Its declaration of policy as announced in its first num-

age, is a sheet of only four pages, and its size only 18 inches long by 11 inches wide, but it is its date, and the record it gives of a most eventful epoch in England's history which makes it so valuable as a link with the past.

The whole of the second page of four columns contains in full detail "The official despatch of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, K. G. to Earl Bathurst, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the War Department." Added to it is a list of the British killed and wounded, amongst them many names well known to history, and to whose honor may be found, throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, monuments and memorials in its Cathedrals and old parish churches.

On the third page, headed "Downing Street, 22nd June, 1815," is the official Bulletin and an editorial synopsis, from both of which I can only quote briefly. The Bulletin says: "The Duke of Wellington's Despatch, dated Waterloo, the 19th June, states that on the preceding day Buonaparte attacked with his whole force, the British line, supported by a corps of Prussians, which attack, after a long and sanguinary conflict, terminated in the complete overthrow of the enemy's army, with the loss of one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon and two eagles." "Such," says that yellow old Times, "is the great and glorious result of those masterly move-

to peace and arbitration rather than to the appeal to arms, which costs the lives of gallant men and robs each nation of its noblest and best?"

Nor does the whole interest of this time-worn old sheet center in the records of the great Battle of Waterloo. Where they are not too disfigured by age it is amusing, and in many instances instructive, to read the advertisements of nearly a hundred years ago. People seemed to have much the same needs and the same offers to supply them as we have nowadays. The picture galleries were open at much the same hours and at pretty much the same charges for admission, only they invited visitors to the "Eleventh" (or thereabouts) annual instead of as would be now, the one-hundredth (or thereabouts) annual exhibition of this year, 1911. We have our moving-picture shows, but, even then, they had "panoramic views" of, for instance, "the interior of Paris, the quays, the bridges, with the hills commanding the city, which are now being fortified by Buonaparte," and at Spring Gardens, "a novelty by W. de la Roche, from Paris, who will exhibit his Musical Automaton, to perform twelve duettos on the flute; a mechanical canary bird, which sings ten different airs; a Dutch coffee-house, vending all kinds of figures by a mechanical process; a mysterious column that will astonish every beholder, and a variety of automata figures which answer different questions, all the above performing at the will of any person present."

Now, could we beat that? And as to business methods, is anything like the following offer ever made through our press, or, except under very veiled conditions, in the present century? "One thousand pounds will be presented to any person who can procure for a gentleman of respectability an adequate mercantile situation. Address, postpaid, to A. B., 69 Swallow Street."

And to show that even The Times of a hundred years ago had occasionally to vindicate its integrity and to defend its writers from unfair dealing after a manner not wholly unknown to us of this generation, my last reference shall be the following remonstrance in the last page:

"A weekly paper, entitled 'The Sunday Monitor,' has, we learn, published, or does still publish, some letters with the signature of 'Vetus,' intimating to its readers that they are the production of our valued correspondent who uses that signature. . . . We do not know what kind of readers they are who may be imposed upon by such a fraudulent insinuation, but we assert, with the utmost confidence, that the person whose designation is thus surreptitiously adopted has never since written or suggested a line of politics to any other journal whatsoever."

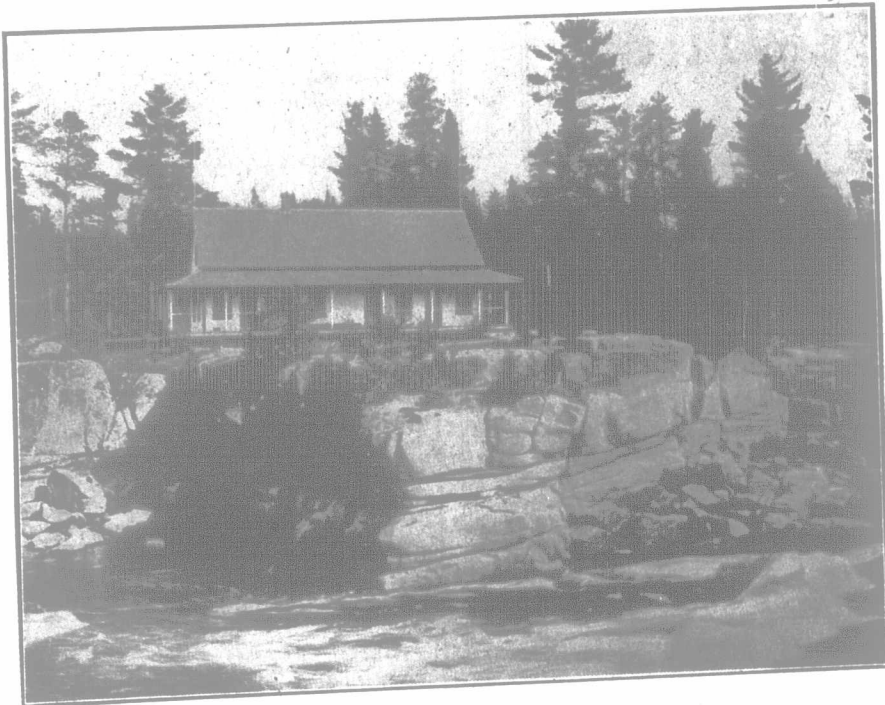
Have I not quoted enough from these worn old pages to show their just claim to the title I have ventured to give them; i.e., that of An old historical milestone?

H. A. B.

How to Keep Cool.

Some practical rules for avoiding discomfort in hot weather, given in Good Health, are: (1) Be careful to avoid over-eating. (2) In warm weather, reduce meats, oils and fats to a minimum, and substitute fruits, vegetables, and cereals. (3) Decrease or avoid tea, coffee and condiments. (4) Wear clothing light, both in material and color, only putting on a coat or wrap when overheated to prevent catching cold. In occupations where one is subject to severe trials of strength, heavier clothing may be worn. Linen underclothing gives a pleasant feeling of coolness to the skin, and the perspiration evaporates more quickly. Underclothing should be aired well at night if one does not make a daily change. Too much clothing worn by day or night has a tendency to enervate and make one more susceptible to sudden changes of temperature.

Proper dieting, sufficient exercise, rest and sleep, daily bathing, and intelligent exposure to the air (air-baths), the avoidance of stimulants, and a cheerful frame



ments by which the Hero of Britain met and frustrated the audacious attempt of the Rebel Chief. Glory to Wellington, to our gallant soldiers, and to our brave allies. Buonaparte's reputation has been wrecked, and his last grand stake has been lost in this tremendous conflict. Two hundred and ten pieces of cannon captured in a single battle put to the blush the boasting column of the Place de Vendome. Long and sanguinary, indeed, we fear, the conflict must have been; but the boldness of the Rebel Frenchmen was the boldness of despair, and conscience sate heavy on those arms which were raised against their Sovereign, against their oaths, and against the peace and happiness of their country."

That this victory was not achieved without a terrible loss of life is too well known. The Duke of Wellington says so in his Despatch, for "such a desperate action could not be fought, and such advantages gained without great loss, and I am sorry to add that ours has been immense;" following these words with eloquent testimony to the gallantry of those who fought so bravely under the flag of old England. "There is no officer nor description of troops," he writes, "that did not behave well."

But who, rising from the perusal of these yellow old pages, could do otherwise than work and pray for the speedy coming of the more pacific methods foreshadowed by the movement on behalf of leaving the settlement of the world's differences