

At times he seems all eye. On the platform he appears as a quivering bundle of nerves. As he approaches his peroration his words seem to leave his mouth in swarms while, stooping forward, he hisses his phrases and rolls his enormous head around and around as though he would wrench it from the slender pillar it surmounts.

He fascinates his followers with his pessimism and gloom. He has always been apparently unconscious of the effect of his utterances. As a student of the law, he presented the authorities of his university with a thesis favouring the assassination of autocrats, and as a youth, writing in the revolutionary and radical gazettes, he urged the example of Cato, the suicide, upon all who loved their country. And then, appalled by the insistent probe into his private affairs by the police, he was provoked into confirmed pessimism because of their persecutions.

Tscheidze trusts German democracy and is positive in his belief that it will destroy Prussian militarism. In avowing these things he makes himself extremely accessible to the journalists. To the foreign journalists his one great charm is his unassumed humility, his unconsciousness of the fact that he has played a critical and decisive part in the precipitation of the Russian revolution. His handicap, as the British journalists see it, is his suspicious nature. He sees conspiracy against freedom everywhere, suspects his fellows in the celarage of working against democracy, and to this peculiarity of his temperament, they say, is mainly due the fact that the soldiers and workers over whom he presides are haunted by what in Petrograd have come to be known as "Tscheidze's Ghosts."

ABOUT fifteen years ago an eloquent young man was preaching in a Toronto Baptist Church, on national topics and things of much more public interest than most versions of theology. Rev. Charles A. Eaton became so popular a preacher that the Toronto Globe used to engage him, as the News afterwards did Rev. J. C. Hossack, to write political, and social study articles, and afterwards did some travelling correspondence for the Globe.

Eaton became so much unlike the average preacher, that when John D. Rockefeller's Baptist pulpit in Cleveland, O., became vacant the Toronto clergyman was called—and went. He became known in Canada as Rockefeller's preacher—though you never could get him to talk for publication a syllable about John D. For he was a very smooth-spoken pastor this Rev. Eaton, and at the same time a man of great fearlessness in exposing his views, so that when the richest Baptist church in America wanted him, he went and is to-day pastor of the Madison Avenue Church. And therefore—because he has climbed to the top of the gospel ladder—and not less because he was born in Nova Scotia and drove a dray at 14 to earn school money, Beatrice Redpath gives a very illuminating account of his personality in a recent issue of a Canadian periodical. She says Dr. Eaton is intensely radical and democratic and broadly declares that there is no aristocracy save that of brain and character. For fifteen years he has been associated with perhaps the richest and most influential men in the world and he is noted for never having hesitated to express his views.

As President of the Canadian Society he has accomplished much in the way of interpreting Canada to the United States. Dr. Eaton believes that the future of the Empire and the United States is one and that their destiny lies together. Canada, he thinks, will be the bond of reconciliation between the Empire and the Republic.

WILLIAM II. has called his consort "Little Rosebud" ever since he, no doubt a self-appointed fairy prince, first saw her sleeping in a hammock at Primkenau, her father's castle in Silesia. Transplanted from the Silesian garden to the pomp of Potsdam the "little rosebud" did not bloom into that imperial magnificence which Emperor William, regards as the ideal of feminine royalty. He wanted, says a writer in Figaro, something of the grandeur of a Theodora, the majesty of a Zenobia, and the inspiring deportment of a Maria Theresa. Instead, he got a wife who insisted upon prescribing the thickness of the socks he wore, who put a domestic ban on strong cigars, and who prepared his bath for him every morning with an almost maternal solici-

tude about its temperature. At Cadinen, the country place, she has her own flock of chickens and milks a cow and does a lot of like things to support her claim that she is a farmer's wife.

And no doubt because of these things the Empress Augusta Victoria has, throughout the long reign of William II. been almost a cipher except for her sovereignty in the domestic sphere. All of which has excited a great deal of wonder and comment at what must be "a remarkable change of policy in Hohenzollern circles," to quote the Figaro, which has invested the Kaiserin with ambassadorial responsibilities and sends her to Munich, to Dresden and to Vienna on expeditions of an official character. For the first time in the thirty-six years of their union, William II. is seen thrusting the Empress Augusta Victoria forward. "He must have revised his theory that the lady is unlucky," says the Figaro.

"In this most sorrowful period of a life of sorrows, the Empress Augusta Victoria," says an Italian journalist who saw her at Vienna, "has the same wonderful blue eyes that captivated William when he first saw her as a girl of twenty-two. She is emphatically a woman's woman, feminine, gracious in her smile, low-voiced, using two pretty hands in effective gesture as she converses earnestly on topics of a personal nature." According to the Italian press she is the best cook in Germany and her conception of entertainment is said to be the plying of her guests with food and drink, nor does she disdain explanations of the merits of her kitchen. She is not an "intellectual," in fact she had the indiscretion, not long after her marriage, to be caught asleep when the Emperor's mother was reading a work of a philosophical character aloud to the circle at Potsdam.

She has a passion for needlework which she can gratify only in the country. In the country, too, or rather on the farm at Cadinen, she is a great stickler



The Kaiserin seems to be a very human sort of woman. She loves the simple life. From present prospects some day she may have plenty of it.

for church attendance. No tenant on the estate would risk her displeasure by not appearing in his place for divine worship. There is a chapel on the estate, but the Kaiserin is as likely as not to appear at the village church early and to look about her as the worshippers troop in and to make rather pointed enquiries after the services about the health of the absentees.

PROPHECY is largely a matter of the projection of personality—an expression of greatly desired hopes, a reasoning towards the realization of main ambitions. Which is why forecasts by prominent men often remind us of their character; and, incidentally, is the reason for quoting the following extracts from the published opinions of three Britishers as to the conditions which may prevail in England in 1930, as set down by them in The Strand Magazine.

Sir A. Conan Doyle says: "These will depend upon the extent of our victory. If we win to such a point that we can safely reduce our military expenses to a minimum, we shall, in spite of our crippling debt, be able to effect something in the way of social reform. The money saved from the fighting services should give us enough to increase the old-age pensions, to encourage education on a large scale, to subsidize scientific research, and to deal with the whole subject of poverty and disease in a drastic fashion. Education must be of character rather than of mere learning, for Germany has shown us during these dreadful days that the possession of knowledge, when it is unbalanced by character,

turns a modern man into the most dangerous type of savage that the world has ever seen. A well-balanced education of a democratic type will carry with it the seeds of temperance and sexual restraint."

Father Bernard Vaughan is a little fearful as to the way labour will wield its war-born powers. "Our destiny, the destiny of the Empire," he says, "is in the hollow of the working-man's hand, and unless his interests become Imperial he may imperil the outlook of our Empire—nay, he may possibly socialize it out of all recognition." Only the restoration of the restraints of dogmatic religion will check this head-long career towards Imperial disintegration, according to Father Vaughan's view. Concluding, he says: "The weapon of knowledge is too dangerous an instrument to place in the hands of the rising generation without the voice of God to direct it."

H. G. Wells might have been expected to come through with something worth while on a theme so much in his line—and he does, when he says that some people's ideas about the British Empire lead straight towards the death line. According to his idea, there are two main sets of ideas struggling for predominance now in men's minds, one of which leads plainly to human welfare and the other to an ever more destructive struggle for life. The first group looks to a sinking of private interests in public service and to a sinking of national sovereignty in some form of world-unity, a League of Nations, the United States of the World, the World Kingdom of God; there are many such phrases, ringing the changes on the one central idea of world-unity. With it go naturally ideas of universal (not partial) free trade, of a world control of shipping, of a world control of natural resources and the like. With it, too, go ideas of universal education, of that universal participation in the ideas of government which is called "democracy," and of a universal sharing of the burthen of labour. On the other hand is the second group of ideas, ideas of national jealousy, of suspicious sovereignty, of the cut-throat competition of peoples and races, of loyalty to little monarchies and traditions, tyranny over inferior peoples, discipline for "labour," and disloyalty to mankind. Many of us British seem to be tremendously obsessed by a narrow conception of our so-called "Empire" and by the idea of making it into a close system, knit by high tariffs and financial and transit manipulation, against the outer world. That is the path of death. If we broaden our views from "Empire" to "League," then in 1930 we may be, with our American kindred, with the Latins and the Russians, leading mankind into a new age. The world may be already largely disarmed; it may have recovered altogether from the vast wastes and exertions of these war years; it may be such a scene of hopeful activity and human happiness as only Utopians have dreamt of hitherto. But if we cling to the old mean Imperialist dream, then the "British Empire" in 1930, heavily armed, heavily ruled, monstrously taxed, and with exasperating tariffs and maddening obstacles stuck in the path of every other State's prosperity, will be drifting towards the role that German militarist Imperialism plays to-day.

THE man stammered painfully as he stood in the dock at the police court. His name was Sissons, and it was very difficult for him to pronounce.

He had had the misfortune to stay out late and make an uproar the previous night, so that he had to account for it before the magistrate next morning.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

Sissons began to reply.

"Sss-ss-ssss-sss."

"Stop that noise and tell me your name," said the magistrate testily.

"Sss-ss-ssss-sss."

"That will do," growled the magistrate severely.

"Constable, what is this man charged with?"

"Yer worship, I think he's charged with sody-wather," replied the policeman earnestly.—Atlanta Constitution.