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London, Ont., Friday, Jan. 19.

BRITISH OBJECTS IN THE WAR.

WHEN BRITISH statesmen speak they enunciate sound principles and plainly proclaim them. The reply of the Entente Allies to the president of the United States defines accurately every principle for which the nation took up arms and upon which it will lay them down. The speeches of ex-Premier Asquith and Premier Lloyd George previously took the positions so well summarized in that reply.

In 1904 the Hon. James Bryce published "The Holy Roman Empire." It is interesting to note how some of his concluding sentences fit into the positions taken by Lloyd George and other British statesmen. For instance, take the following:

"That which the next page did unfold proved different from what men had expected." The Germany of today is unlike the Germany of 1850, or even the Germany of 1860.

"It was liberty that they set before themselves, believing that all other blessings would follow in her train."

"The subject has now become the citizen. He holds himself to have as much right to govern as he has duty to obey, and the obedience he owes is deemed to be due, not to the representative of God, but to the transient depositary of an authority that issues from himself."

"The foundation of institutions that have in the past proved durable has been laid in men's innermost convictions, in certain fixed and settled principles, lying so deep as to be part of themselves and inwoven with their strongest emotions, principles which they hold as self-evident and which bring the life of each into harmony with the lives of others and with the universe in which they are placed. These convictions are slow to form and slow to break; it is a work of many generations. Seven centuries were needed, from St. Augustine to Pope Gregory the VII, to create the medieval scheme. It lived for three centuries and nearly four centuries were needed to destroy the principles on which it rested."

"If in the years to come a new body of ideas and beliefs is by degrees built up capable of satisfying the need men have to find a consecration for power and a tie which shall bind them together and represent the aspirations of collective humanity, the form these beliefs will take must differ widely in outward aspect from that in which the medieval age found satisfaction. But it may embody some portion of that which was the soul and essence of the Holy Empire—the love of peace, the sense of the brotherhood of mankind, the recognition of the sacredness and supremacy of the spiritual life."

That which has proved durable in the past is that for which British statesmen are contending. It is laid in their "innermost convictions," their "settled principles," "part of themselves," "their strongest emotions," "self-evident principles," "which bring the life of each into harmony with the lives of others, and with the universe in which they are placed."

BROOKE'S POETRY.

THE LONDON Literary Club, started with some éclat the other evening at Western University, took up appropriately for its opening program the poetry of Rupert Brooke. Who will not pay tribute in these days to the young genius whose life flamed out amidst arms in the fierce sunshine of the Aegean sky?

Before the war Brooke was the idol of Cambridge University for his poem "Granchester," and among his many adoring and expectant friends he shone an Apollo of music and athletic manhood. No such graduate had gone forth from that old university since the days of Tennyson and Arthur Hallam. Now that all is over for him on earth but fame and influence, Lieutenant Brooke, R.N., is for us the "Great Lover," the poet of the war sonnets and some extraordinary lines, in various pieces, on love, personality, death and futurity, the everlasting themes. "He died without hate that love might live," as one of his friends says of him.

This question whether Brooke was or was destined to be "a great poet," is not very interesting. One advantage in a writer's dying young may sometimes be that the world is spared the infliction of a dull and dignified naggon opus from his pen. On that Wordsworth had not written the "Excursion"! The "great" work, the title to greatness and a pompous place in the annals, is so often a kill-joy monument that overrules the early graces, delights and really interesting things. Especially as the world is always eager to "grovel" some one, as H. G. Wells puts it in his amusing "Doon," poets will sometimes seriously set about "greatening" themselves by some enormous production and overstrain. Brooke was interesting at least, to the point of fascination. He

had in him the dawning of great poetry, more refreshing at any rate than the full daylight.

What in the world is poetry? A while ago Watts Dunton's article in the Encyclopedia Britannica was on this question the standard reference. Perhaps it still is, but an important supplement at least is Professor A. C. Bradley's essay, "Poetry for Poetry's Sake." He says that "poetry is one kind of human good, and we must not determine the intrinsic value of this kind of good by direct reference to another." If poetic value lies in instruction or, say, in stimulating religious feeling, he justly argues, then there is more poetic value in many a tasteless hymn or sermon than in such lines as these from W. H. Davies:

"I met her in the leafy woods
Early a summer's night,
I saw her white teeth in the dark,
There was no other light."

which of course is poetry, any one can recognize that. The subject here may indeed be "sporting with Amoryllis in the shade," but the poetry of the passage consists not in that, but in the peculiar substance and form of the idea developed from such a subject. As Professor Bradley says, "poetry is neither life nor, strictly speaking, a copy of it. Life and poetry, two different kinds of existence, are analogous, parallel developments, one of them having (in the usual sense) reality, but seldom fully satisfying imagination; while the other offers something which satisfies imagination but has not full 'reality.' Poetry is a mental and emotional, an imaginative experience. What meets us in poetry speaks only to contemplative imagination—imagination saturated with the results of 'real' experience, but still contemplative."

There, then, is a definition of poetry; it is something in which imagination is fully satisfied. As for "message," that is secondary, though important. Passion, energy, etc., contribute to the satisfying of imagination, but perhaps are also ends in themselves for both life and poetry. Possibly Professor Bradley over-emphasizes the imagination as the substance and end in itself of poetry, and more account should be made of poetry as a thing of passion and energy, a dynamic or motor value. Shakespeare probably did not totally agree with the off-hand opinion of his self-made Thebes that "the poet, like the lunatic and the lover, is of imagination all compact."

The spirit of R. L. Stevenson is abroad, and after it stalks the somewhat sinister shade of Byron. These were poets of energy, of adventure, Stevenson especially, whose ever-growing vogue is significant of our time, the alert, the battler, the singer before Kipling of the sons of Martha, the writer always stripped for action, the disconcert of the stodgy and pompous and solemn and moralizing, he who lived and wrote dangerously, experimentally, the enemy of sentimentalism, flubdub and affectation, the keen spirit, his mantle in fragments has fallen in various ways upon a legion of the younger writers. Brooke had his share of it. No caterwauling in his love poems, Stevenson would have liked the lovely and passionate poem "Dusk," or the mixture of play and earnest in the sonnet to the fair lady whom Brooke would meet some day "amused among the ancient dead."

It was in Stevenson's track that Brooke crossed America and the South Seas, steering clear of the home armchair and detesting, as he said, the traditional life of the literary man. Like Byron he swam in romantic seas, with aquatic, dusky maidens to boot, under the cool moonlight. Stevenson and Brooke could both give Death a straight look in the face, whether in life or in poetry. Both were brave men (an essential of real poetry). Both like true Englishmen could accept, and also express the inevitable, calmly and clearly. With Stevenson's epitaph for himself may be compared the easy resolution of the war sonnets or these lines:

"We shall go down with unreluctant tread
Rose-crowned into the darkness."

Place this just for fun beside the playful verses of Stevenson's "Child's Good Night":

"Well then,
Let us arise and go like men
And face with an undaunted tread
The long black passage up to bed."

which is a cousin of the author, about to die, applied to herself. It is like a burlesque of Brooke's lines, the spirit is that much akin.

But Brooke did more than face death with Stevenson's sangfroid. Quite an unbeliever at first in individual survival, as seen in "Second Best," he indulges a Shelleyan pantheism in "Tears Taught," and then in "Hauntings," "The Soldier" and "The Great Lover":

"Oh, never a doubt but somewhere I shall wake,
And give what's left of love again,
And make
New friends, nor strangers."

we see Brooke advancing to be a singer and prophet of immortality for this rational age. He is coming to "the faith that looks through death."

Like the great poets of the 19th century he is concerned with the subject of personality. In "Dining Room Tea" he expresses such an experience as Kipling records in "Kim," not an absorption but an expansion of the spirit in a great moment to its infinite potentiality. If this be possible in life, if our personality can stretch from finite to infinite this side of death, then the poet who understands such a matter may readily suggest in "The Great Lover" or "Psychical Research," as Tennyson does at the close of "In Memoriam," that the soul will "home to the Eternal Brain" and yet still retain its distinction of individual form. Pantheism and "orthodoxy" become reconciled.

HIS LATEST JOKE.
(Montreal Mail.)
Professor Leacock ought to be careful, or people will be calling that coinage scheme his latest joke.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1917.

LET US HAVE PEACE



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Elvy of Piney Knob

BY SYLVIA TURNER.

Mrs. Fallows alighted from the little local train as sole passenger for Deerfoot. The train went, after depositing her, also, her steamer trunk on the lonely, narrow platform, and slipped away into the shadowy mountain distances. It was after 7, an early winter morning, sharp with frost and a still, settled cold.

"Expecting anybody to meet you?" She turned with a little start at the cheerful voice, and faced Hiram Boffat, general factotum around the station, and authority on local topics at Deerfoot. He eyed the strange woman passenger with shrewd interest. She was about 30, Hiram judged, but tolerably well preserved, as he would have said, and very well dressed. She seemed anxious, too, and a little lost on her bearings.

"No, hardly," she answered, nervously. "I can hire some sort of conveyance, I presume." "Well, I don't know where, ma'am," said Hiram gently. If not reassured, she turned to a forsaken place on the lonely, narrow platform, and slipped away into the shadowy mountain distances. It was after 7, an early winter morning, sharp with frost and a still, settled cold.

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that German raider. Woodrow Wilson will now oil that typewriter of his, and avenge their deaths.

The legislature will open on February 13. The Government is doing all it can to slough itself off without monkeying with a hoodoo.

When ball players are classed as workers, stenographers should be classed as angels. We don't care.

There were actually 400 casualties at the Battle of Manila. Somebody must have taken a shot at a crap game there. Some muss.

Gen. Pershing will come out of Mexico to prevent his men from perishing from bad booze and mosquito bites. Regular fighters.

Col. Currie is quite a leader for a gat battalion. However, battles on the west front are not won by the jaw. Send for Samson.

We shudder to think what awful things President Wilson will pound out on his typewriter now that a bunch more Americans have been slain. It will be something fierce, we fear.

We have a suggestion for the American secretary of war, to wit, Governor Sleeper of Michigan. If he lives up to his name he's a bird for the place.

We have discovered a new poet, and we will introduce him to the public for the once over. He's a fine fellow, too. He pens:

Sir—Personal modesty and the superior light of Bill's genius has hitherto prevented me from casting my literary bread upon the water, but the seeming comings of Bill verse in those later days gives me opportunity to step into the breach and make a bid for the circle of laurel. This little biscuit I cast upon the water of your criticism (no offense intended). You may find it underdone in cooking, but I think even you will admit it has some evidence of inspirational yeast. I would be known as the

DARK HORSE.

DAD. Jane has a mission to all mankind. A glorious career to fill. A niche in the hall of fame to find. A little bit off from the usual grind; An ideal far up the hill. She carries vicarious woes on her back.

And incidentally a seal-skin sac— And dad has to pay the bill. (Somehow.)

Bob, for a boy, is a pretty wise guy; He's been round quite a lot. Size up a girl or a car with an eye; He'll make a mark for himself by and by.

His ties and his shoes are the very last word. And he's got a cute job where he works—so I've heard— But dad has to pay the shot. (Anyhow.)

Mother's a jewel that shines in the house; She doesn't dream any more. She can cook chicken to cure any grouse; She's this particular man's ideal spouse.

He is an artist in butter and cream; Her puddings and pies are an epicure's dream— But dad has to pay the grocery score. (Somehow.)

The foundation and prop of the household is dad. He'll at it every day. Willingly working hand and mind. Gradually getting gray. And when after dark at the movies they lurk, Dear daddy has to go back to work. And dad has to pay the office he's leaving away. (Maybe.)

WHAT PEOPLE ARE CALLING EACH OTHER

(From Today.) THE PRIME MINISTER. It is an acknowledged fact throughout the world of politics in these days that Lloyd George of taking advantage of a favorable opportunity with lightning-like rapidity. Without pausing for breath he swoops down on his prey like an eagle. His mind is essentially creative, and destructive as in the case with his geniuses. He knows no dangers, no perils; the greater and more formidable the more he is attracted to them. A real English (sic) sportsman—in a recent interview he compared even the war with sports—he is ready, like all sportsmen, to take risks.—Pesti Naplo (Budapest).

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON. I am the worst editor in the world; I have not held the shield (if I may so express it) for very long, and I never could have conceived that I should ever compete for it. I no more expected to be an editor than to be the policeman who stops the traffic in the Strand. I am a proletarian, and my only claim to respectability is that I have once or twice been a proletarian on strike.—G. K. Chesterton, in the New Witness.

THE RIGHT HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL. A writer and an editor of no mean skill, and, as apparently, he is not wanted in the army, why should he not be usefully employed in any of the reforming or badly managed propaganda departments?—The Daily Mirror.

GERMANY AND HER RULERS. The Great White Slavers, William and Son, Drivers of Slaves, the German Emperors, dealers in and exploiters of human beings.—Robert W. Chambers, in the New York World.

SIR GEORGE YOUNGER, M. P. His political opponents know him for his fair dealing, everybody for his leadership, and his apparent expression of cheerfulness.—Charles T. King, in the Daily Express.

KING CONSTANTINE OF GREECE. A man of no striking intelligence, as stubborn as a wayward child, but as despot and deceitful as a Prussian officer.—Herbert Bailey in the Daily Express.

SURPRISES FOR THE ENEMY. Writing of devices to trick and deceive the enemy, Lord Northcliffe says in his book "At the War": "They have multiplied amazingly during the long, weary months since the beginning of the war. I believe the British army with the Canadians and Australians, pre-eminently in inventing all kinds of surprises." The German prisoners at Verdun spoke to me of their kind of deception being away from "Ypres, where the famous British are."

A FRENCH EULOGY. L'Echo de Paris. Mr. Lloyd George's position in politics is that of a politician, but of an apostle. What, above parliamentary combination, has now brought him to the front rank over the head of patriots, is the old spirit of the British Empire, the strong support of the masses gives him strength to smash

WORKINGMAN'S WEEK of the January Sale

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| Engineers' Dark Blue Drill Shirts, sizes 15 and 15½ only, value \$1.00 | 70c | Men's Lined Horseshoe Work Mitts, wool cuff, value \$1.00 | 59c |
| "Deacon Made" Grey Flannel Shirts, value \$1.35 | 95c | Railwaymen's One-Fingered Gauntlets, unlined, value 50c | 35c |
| Military Flannel and Grey Flannel Shirts, value \$1.75 | \$1.35 | Men's Heavy Cotton Gloves, deerskin lined, value 12½c | 10c |
| Men's Coat Sweaters, with collar and pockets, value \$1.50 | 98c | Men's Tweed and Worsted Fur-Band Caps, value 75c | 48c |
| Men's Fine Worsted Coat Sweaters, shawl collar, value \$3.50 | \$2.75 | Men's Soft Hats, clearance of stock, worth \$2 to \$3, at | \$1.39 |
| Men's Worsted Coat Sweaters, without collar, value \$3.00, for | \$2.29 | | |
| Men's Extra Fine Pure Wool Coat Sweaters, no collar, value \$5.00 | \$3.75 | | |
| Men's Extra Heavy Pure Wool Coat Sweaters, value \$6.50 | \$4.75 | | |

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