

SUNDAY
MORNING

Editorial Page of The Toronto Sunday World

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The World Window

French and British Patriotism

In an interesting review of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's "Experiences of a Recruiting Officer," Sidney Dark, literary editor of The London, Eng. Daily Express, remarks that there is a good deal of sentimentalism in the anecdotes he tells, and they do not seem to give any clear idea of the spirit of the British people, or of the reasons that have induced men to give up good salaries for the shilling a day, earned by private soldiers. It is evident, Mr. Dark comments, that "there is nothing in Britain to compare with the clear, conscious patriotism of the French. France, to the Frenchman, represents a definite idea, something that means so much to him, something that is so essential to his life that he is prepared to make any sacrifice so that France shall remain herself." Germany, he adds, is much the same thing to the German, but here the love of country is connected with dreams of world dominion and the duty of the patriot is to sacrifice himself—not to preserve his country, but to extend its boundaries and its influence. Russian patriotism is equally conscious, but is racial rather than national.

Coming to the Englishman, who lacks not love of country, Mr. Dark thinks he has no precise idea of why he loves his country. This, he ascribes, to the fact that England has so rarely been in real danger of invasion and conquest. This long immunity has made the Englishman slow to realize that Britain's greatness is certainly doomed unless the Allies contrive to smash the Prussian war machine. That thing is most valued which is threatened with destruction, but Britain has, hitherto, seemed to generations of Britons, so absolutely and eternally safe, that its existence is taken for granted. But if these millions of men, who have flocked to Kitchener's armies, have not been moved by the ardent patriotism that compels the Frenchman, or the German, to sacrifice his all that his country may live or extend its dominion, what is it that has made them respond to the call of duty? Mr. Dark finds the reason in the love of adventure, which is the most fundamental of all British characteristics, and which the French, and even some Englishmen (among whom Mr. Dark admits he is one) find it so difficult to understand. The men of Bideford, he writes, joined Drake on his mad voyages because they found life in Devonshire a little dull, and yearned for change and adventure.

British Love of Adventure

In the Spirit of the Sportsman

There is a good deal of truth in Mr. Dark's estimate of the impelling motive that has led Kitchener's soldiers to join the colors. It is of a kind with "the football spirit, the sportsman's spirit, the spirit of the adventurer." In much the same spirit, the thousands of Canadians, of Australians, and of New Zealanders, have flung themselves into the fray, and endured the stiff training necessary to fit them for the hard conditions of this unprecedented war. Love of adventure is in the British blood. That it is which has carried them, year after year, and generation after generation, to the ends of the earth, and urged them to travel constantly towards the beyond. It is a spirit unknown to the average Frenchman and German, who either remain at home or seek the comforts of a settled civilization, when they do roam abroad. But Mr. Dark thinks that this British spirit is the spirit that makes victory absolutely certain, just as the spirit of Germany makes victory impossible. In all the combats of this war, it has been shown that the Britons, from home and overseas, are each and all full of individuality, initiative, and self-reliance. They do not need to be herded together to sustain their confidence. If their officers lead the leader can always be found, and this is the spirit that gains the ultimate victory.

Writing of the British soldiers at the front, an American correspondent, Henry Noble Hall, in an article that appeared in The London Field, describes his impressions of the men of Kitchener's armies. These are volunteers who responded to the call for recruits, and who now, fully drilled and equipped, are being poured by thousands into France and Turkey. When Mr. Hall was at Aldershot, the first class had been five months in training, and as one general put it, were "just at the right fighting edge." "How good they are," Mr. Hall wrote, "can be best shown by the fact that the regulars are almost jealous of them. They are not machines; they are men, and if they went into action and had every officer killed, they would still know what to do, and how to do it. And they have as much confidence in themselves as the officers have in them. They set out to show their officers what they could do and for five months they have been trained for it. Their conduct in the field has amply confirmed his estimate. In the words of Sir John French: "They have acquitted themselves with the utmost credit."

Men of Kitchener's Armies

WINDOW GLEAMS

A letter appears in a Toronto paper complaining that the Scotch whisky sold in town is bad. In this way we may see the consumer and the Dominion Alliance getting their feet on the same rail.

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"DOT'S DER KIND OPH A DIRTY NEUTRAL HE ISS"



The New Road

It is semi-officially announced that the government will run passenger trains over the National Transcontinental between Moncton and Winnipeg. We assume that for the present there will be no thru trains but only local train service. If there is to be anything like thru passenger service Mr. Cochrane should organize it on lines that are progressive and up-to-date.

In the first place Toronto should be accommodated. The N. T. R. does not go near Montreal and therefore the greater portion of thru travel from eastern Canada to the west must come from the City of Toronto and adjoining districts. There will have to be a sleeping and dining-car service without change of cars from Toronto to Winnipeg and the old discarded sleepers of the I. C. R. will not answer the purpose.

Nor must the service stop at Winnipeg. The N. T. R. sleepers should go thru to Edmonton and Prince Rupert.

The service between Levis and Moncton will have to be more or less local in character for some time to come. The N. T. R. has really no eastern terminus. Moncton is an inland city of about 42,000 many miles from tide water. The only thru travel of much importance along the new transcontinental will originate in the Ontario Peninsula and go via Cochrane to the west. Would it not be well for the government to take over the Grand Trunk contract for running rights over the provincial road between Cochrane and North Bay?

women prove their right to the ballot. A Paris, Illinois, woman is under arrest charged with buying votes in a municipal election.

A Chicago evangelist claimed that his wife has deserted her children to elope with a notorious burglar. This looks like unprofessional conduct on the turgid part.

The exquisite pleasure of seeing a long shot come across must have been tasted by the Denver College football player who panned his watch to get money enough for his marriage and then found out his sweetheart was an heiress.

Tired householders complain that this spring cleaning give-a-man-a-job campaign has gone just a little bit too far.

We pass quickly from the thin ice to the rock-the-boat season.

Operations in the Baltic

Until recently, little was known regarding the operations in the Baltic Sea. From time to time, isolated statements appeared in the bulletins of the Russian and German Governments, but no connected account appeared until, about a fortnight ago, the Russian admiralty issued a review of the operations. If the review is to be taken as authentic it shows that the much vaunted German navy has had an even more inglorious record than it achieved in the North Sea. The Russians say that the foe usually ran away at the approach of their ships.

But one exception to this is recorded and it was accompanied by a very curious incident. Seeing what apparently was only a hostile torpedo flotilla the Germans decided to engage it and destroyed eight of the craft. Not till then did they make the startling discovery that they had been pumping shells onto their own ships which the report says, the enemy, in the dark mistook for Russian vessels. Towards the middle of August, the German ships ventured into the Russian mine fields, but only succeeded in losing the cruiser Magdeburg which ran aground in a fog and was destroyed.

About the middle of October the Germans started a series of submarine attacks which, according to the review, must have proved a bitter disappointment to them. Out of 19 attacks on Russian warships, only one succeeded in the sinking of the cruiser Pallada. In nine cases, the attacks were repulsed and in other nine, the submarines failed to discharge their torpedoes. In these operations the Germans lost five submarines. Reliance can be placed on the Russian official reports and it is clear that the German admiralty was exceedingly afraid of suffering naval losses. Russia has performed a valuable strategic service in compelling the retention of considerable German naval forces in the Baltic Sea.

"It is our duty to be fighting the enemy abroad, not quarrelling among ourselves at home," says the Hon. George P. Graham. Up to a late hour we have heard no objections to having George leave for the front.

Hon. Robert Rogers is considered a blind man in private life, but he was very much anti-blind in his recent speech in Montreal.

The sire of a horse called "Dime Novel," running at Pimlico, is named "Trash." Appropriate.

Washington reporters called on Secretary Bryan the other day to learn all about the international situation. One of their number, hoping to strike a responsive chord referred to the prohibition wave in the belligerent countries. He got the response all right, for the secretary of state at once launched upon a temperance address which consumed twenty-five minutes of the half-hour he had set apart for the interview.

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS

By Albert Ernest Stafford

MUCH INTEREST has been stirred in the limited circle in Toronto in which music and occultism are not regarded as unallied arts by the announcement that one of Scriabine's compositions is to be produced in Massey Hall on the 18th, with the color-harmony effects which he designed as complementary to his tone-harmonies, and additionally illustrative or interpretative of his musical ideas. The piece to be given is Scriabine's "Poem of Fire." The Russian symphony orchestra has a fine reputation, and the introduction of this decided novelty in a concert program of the usual character should not disturb those of the old school to whom such innovations savour of desecration. Wagner caused much heart-burning in his day, and so, no doubt may Scriabine and his followers. Scriabine himself has passed away, just as this third performance on this continent of his color music was announced. He seems to have died rather suddenly, and his passing adds another to the long list of similar apparently premature conclusions to careers from which much might have been expected for humanity. I regard the work of such men as gifts of the gods, and these gifts are not as gifts to children, but as examples to men. Scriabine might have done much more than he has, but at least he has sown the seed, he has suggested the type, he has pointed the direction. Others must benefit by what he has done. Those who strive get more from their striving than they do who watch them. Our modern world is too apt to think of the achievement as everything. Usually the preparation for the achievement is of most importance to him who strives. The price is nothing to the athlete compared with the results of his discipline and training to his character and to his bodily health and strength.

SCRIBINE, in developing the conception of color-music brought down an idea upon earth which, while not yet extinct, needed revival. What was he doing with it? The ordinary musical critic is not competent to say, for he has probably studied the science and art of sound alone. Nor can the artist be relied upon for a judgment whose training and experience have centred upon the manipulation of the brush, the perfection of form, and the reproduction of existing things. In the elemental world of which Scriabine's tone-color poems afford a suggestion, form does not exist in our sense, nor do the materialist which appear to offer any clue to what harmony may mean in a world where ears do not exist. This, of course, is the difficulty of the materialist when he attempts to philosophize, or philosophize, or philosophize. He judges everything from his present standpoint and is unable to translate himself or his consciousness into the new terms which he is forced to use. Different conditions of being. But there is a clue to the maze, the golden thread of analogy, and we know, as we have been told, that we can penetrate the mysteries of nature that we call vibration seems to be repeated or paralleled on the various planes of existence, and in the various states of substance, which appear to be energy, guided by consciousness, or resolves itself. One of the curious mistakes into which Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke fell about his "Cosmic Consciousness," was the statement that the sense of color or music was seldom or hardly ever present in dreams. I believe, on inadequate evidence, but it fell into line with his views of evolution. I am quite satisfied that what we call vibration, or evolution at all. When a small store expands its business and enlarges it, and in the course of time becomes a department store, covering a block or two, people call it evolution, but it is not and never will be evolution. Very scientific people fall into similar errors about what Bernard Shaw would call the life-force. In life exist all the potentials, or any kind of potentials, and potentials of forms or vehicles, and potentials of all manner of manifestations. That we came to see some things that we had not previously seen does not constitute evolution, or evolution, or evolution. We perceive or for ourselves, also I am quite willing, for convenience sake, to call it evolution, or anything else that may be so used. If we get rid of the conventional evolutionary idea, we shall save ourselves the trouble of seeking non-existing things, or missing links. The bearing of all this on Scriabine's music and color scheme is merely to suggest that his design merely reproduces or adapts to our plane, and the senses we avail ourselves of here, the phenomena which, relatively nonmental to us, are the normal methods of expression, artistic, or as substitutes for our speech, on inner planes of existence and consciousness.

NUMBER underlies every form, in the teaching of the Secret Doctrine, and number guides the sound. Number lies at the root of the manifested universe; numbers are harmonious, proportions guide the first differentiations of homogeneous substance into heterogeneous elements, and numbers are the basis of the formative hand of Nature. The same potential powers as exist in the creative forces in Nature are present in Man, but truly missing, or to evoke these powers a perfect knowledge of the correspondences between colors, sounds and numbers is essential. Perhaps the human Scriabine was cut short in the world he had but imperfectly outlined, but it adds more the less to the interest attaching to his work, and it remains to us of his translations from the next plane of consciousness. There are other workers striving after the same end, and we can find there are many who have developed the faculties latent in all, and are able directly to cognize the phenomena of inner states and planes. To represent these things in terms of our present world is perhaps a natural desire, when we are reducing everything to a mechanical basis, with "Hamlet" in a moving picture, and Beethoven on a record. There is something more than mechanical art, however, in Scriabine's compositions, and their rendering by Professor Wallace Rimington, the inventor of the color organ, has been working on the color side of the subject for some years. Wagner would have the same conception of synthetic impression when he insisted on having libretto, orchestra, chorus, soloists, and scenery all in balance, and each subordinate to the others. There is a true relation between the inner and the outer, as the Hermeticists recognized ages ago—"As above, so below." This is the great, so is the small. Nothing is little and nothing is great in the Divine economy. Because we dwell on the outer and neglect the inner, the cause of most of our perplexity and suffering. Professor Rimington has published a book on "Color Music: The Art of Mobile Colors." One who saw one of his concerts describes a color-symphony as follows: "On the screen there appeared a flash of rose color, which was very subtle, and joyous in its purity and subtlety of tint, very gradually faded away. Then, with an interval, it was repeated in three successive phases, the last of which was stronger and more prolonged. While that was still lingering on the screen, a rapid series of touches of pale lavender began to fill across it, gradually strengthening in to deep violet. This, again, became shot with dimethyl and afterwards changing gradually into a broken tint of ruby, gave a return to the warmer notes of the opening passage. A delicate primrose yellow appeared, and while little runs and flushes of pulsation it led thru several passages of indescribable cinnamon color to deep topaz. Then suddenly interweavings of strange green and peacock blue, with now and then a touch of pure white. More and more powerful the color harmonies grew, the suddenly the screen was again dark, with only a rhythmic and echoing beat of the dying color from time to time upon it."

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