

AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS

A rather extraordinary book has just made its appearance in England. Its title is "Imperialism: Its Prices; Its Vocation," and the author is Emil Reich, who has before contributed some eccentricities to the literature of the time. "The British nation," he announces in the preface, "is singularly tolerant and affable to foreigners, and has more than once listened to the opinions of men who have dwelt among Britons as their guests." He hopes that a similar tolerance may be extended to him on this occasion. "Strike," he pleads, "but listen to me." In such a work as this on imperialism he is never dull, and tho he may leave some minds exasperated and others perplexed, and all will challenge, at least half his generalities, yet, on the whole, the reading of this little book will prove stimulating to individual thought and also full of suggestion in the courses of contemporary affairs. The nation which does not fight is lost, and the ruin of Austria was effected by one single mistake in her foreign policy—the failure to attack Germany in 1870. Economic and national causes are the real changes which appear as religious and ideal. Civilization is to be judged mainly by the development of its women. Art is the highest end of mankind. These are some of the theses which are here demonstrated with a variety of illustrations. "Imperial power can be won only at the expense of the human capital." This is his main thesis. "Women are silent in empires proper" is the true sense of the words of St. Paul, much misunderstood, upon "imperialism and women." In the letter to the Corinthians. It is the women that suffer for the making of empires; a thesis he illustrates from the condition of women in the United States to-day. It is the lesser communities to which the world is indebted for the great discoveries of the human soul, and it is communities such as France, which have definitely abandoned imperialism, to which the heritage of the future of that soul is to be committed. At the other extreme stands America, which has gained the whole world in imperial dominance and lost the soul itself; to which no true art or literature or cultivation of manners and the art of life is in any degree possible. Between the two stands England, with the choice now offered her of becoming one or the other. It is the momentous nature of that choice which Dr. Reich emphasizes in this volume. The British empire has been necessary ever since 1066, certainly ever since 1154. Spain submitted to the Inquisition and eliminated the Protestants so as to have peace at home and free scope in America. "The Puritans devoutly sang of the Empire of the Lord. In reality they sang for the British empire." "Historically speaking, Puritanism is the same phenomenon as Spanish ultra-Catholicism." Japan is attempting to build up an empire on the continent of Eastern Asia is bound to fail, as England failed in its continental dominance. Dr. Reich even announced in December of last year the impossibility of Japan

getting to Mukden in less than six months—a possibility so dimly falsified as to awake doubts as to the soundness of his other dogmatic statements.

The bottom cause of the failure of Napoleon in imperialism was the French woman, and the French woman at the present is keeping France from empire. Imperialism wants imperial women, and if the gift is demanded, the price must be paid. It is being paid in the United States, where the extraordinary nature of American imperialism compels American women to become more and more like men. The spectacle of Mr. Roosevelt gravely lecturing the American women for just those qualities created by Mr. Roosevelt's policy fills Dr. Reich with laughter.

To the earnest student of the human heart the sight of the terrible conflict or bullfight of American womanhood is pitiful in the extreme. Here is the bull of American imperialism fiercely rushing for the tender limbs of the woman in the States; she attempts to escape his gorings, and leaps about wretchedly in the most eccentric fashion, all the time pretending to laugh and to enjoy the sport. After a short time she is despatched by the infuriated bull, and other women renew the game of the female torador. Who has ever seen the incredibly large number of wasted lives amongst the countless old maids of the States, where men are very much more numerous than women, without feeling something of the sickening pain at the sight of a Spanish bullfight? Mr. Roosevelt, imperialist par excellence, gravely upbraided the American women for the neglect of their duties of maternity. The gods, on reading Mr. Roosevelt's paper, smiled bitterly. Or does Mr. Roosevelt not see that it is the extravagant imperialism of the States, so much encouraged by himself, that is the direct cause of that neglect of maternity?

The great example of imperial power in Europe is the Catholic Church, and the Catholic Church also demands the sacrifice necessary for its continuance, "the tendency to browbeat nature," as Dr. Reich calls it, "which is so intimate an organ of any imperialism." "Ascetic orders of monks, far from ceasing to arise or to spread in the near future will, on the contrary, be more numerous than ever." The leveling down of intellect and the dryness of heart which are the products of imperialism, will always prevent the ultimate complete triumph of the large empires over the small polities. Apollo dwells in Delphi, not in Babylon. This giant power is the danger at the present time in England.

The terrible and unmistakable tendency of that imperialism-begotten self-consciousness to encroach upon an increasing number of forces of the mind; to spread its deadening lacquer more and more over the sincerities, sympathies and spontaneities of our hearts; this terrible tendency is and always has been evident in British imperialism, too. It has deprived English prose-style of half the figures of speech; of all the fine movements of query, astonishment, exclamation, delicate irony, subtle undercurrents and other forms of natural vivacity and spontaneity; it has tabooed adjectives and crippled adverbs; in short,

it has Laconicized, not Atticized, English prose. It has for ever sterilized British music.

Here is the lugubrious picture our author draws of the future of Great Britain if imperialism triumphs on other than present lines:

Once British imperialism is pushed on lines of progress deviating from what has hitherto been its road to success, British women will be, as in all excessive imperialisms, its first victims. They will be decomposed with exasperating rapidity. Homes will cease. Meals will be provided by companies; children will be educated by telephone; and since women in excessive imperialisms do not want to be mothers, children will be imported from the Transvaal, from the Greek Islands, or from South Russia, in accordance with acts of parliament. Marriage will be a contract limited to a period of one year or less; and the majority of women will prefer to swell the ranks of old maids. When all these great achievements will be realized, the British empire will be drained of all its blood, and of its vital spirits, and a combination of Belgians and Portuguese will deprive it of one part of its dominion after the other.

There are other doleful things to happen, but readers will find much both instructive and thought-inspiring in Dr. Reich's book.

In "Love's Proxy," by Richard Bagot, women are so entangled in the plans and plots of politicians that the reader is forced to believe that the men of England are the real rulers. Ronald Latimer, a rising young politician, is in love with Lady Lorrimer, who is uncertain as to her own feelings toward him, being sure only that she does not love her husband. The development of the character of the lady is the only baffling, and therefore interesting, feature of the story. She marries Sir Henry Lorrimer to please her mother, accepts the attentions of Latimer even after the latter's marriage, and only awakens to her true feelings toward her husband after he has been wounded in an accident and loses his sight for life. The story is well and entertainingly told, but the novel and the life dealt with are so superficial that the wonder is that the novelist should ever be led to treat them seriously.

"Behind the Footlights," by Mrs. Alec-Tweedie, will attract attention from lovers of the theatre. It is a mere collection of anecdotes and reminiscences, but such things, if only half decently given, are always attractive. Such, for instance, is Mrs. Tweedie's account of her visit to Ibsen in Christiania.

On the table beside the inkstand was a small tray. Its contents were extraordinary—some little wooden carved Swiss bears, a diminutive black devil, small cats, dogs and rabbits made of copper, one of which was playing a violin.

"What are those funny little things?" I ventured to ask.

"I never write a single line of any of my dramas unless that tray and its occupants are before me on the table. I could not write without them. It may seem strange—perhaps it is—but I cannot write without them," he repeated.

"Why I use them is my own secret." And he laughed quietly. He thought "Peer Gynt" was his best work, though "The Master Builder" gave him individually most satisfaction, and he declared that he had never tried to be a teacher or a philosopher, but had only painted human nature as he saw it. Most of the actors and many of the playwrights now in the public eye occurred to Mrs. Alec-Tweedie's observation. With her accounts of the triumphs and amusing incidents that enter into the actor's life, she is determined that none shall forget the hardships, trials, disappointments and failures, and especially the temptations that beset those who weaker clay.

An example of the intimate and gossip, but sufficiently discreet, style of Mrs. Alec-Tweedie in this work is her story of the Robertsons. She relates it thus:

Just before I sailed for Canada in August, 1900, Mr. Johnston Forbes Robertson came to dinner. He had been away in Italy for some months recruiting after a severe illness, and was just starting forth on an autumn tour of his own.

"Have you a good leading lady?" I inquired.

"I think so," he replied. "I met her for the first time this morning, and had never seen her before."

"How indiscreet," I replied. "How do you know she can act?"

"While I was abroad I wrote to two separate friends in whose judgment I have much confidence, asking them to recommend me a leading lady. Both replied suitably in every way. Their opinions being identical, and so strongly expressed, I considered she must be the lady for me, and telegraphed, offering her an engagement accordingly. She accepted by wire, and at our first rehearsal this morning promised very well."

I left England almost immediately afterward, and eight or ten weeks later, while in Chicago, saw a big newspaper headline announcing the engagement of a pretty American actress to a well-known English actor. Naturally, I bought the paper at once to see who the actor might be, and lo! it was Forbes Robertson. It seemed almost impossible; but impossible things have a curious knack of being true. Was not that a romance?

During his lifetime, Edgar Allan Poe considered himself lucky if he earned \$500 in a year. His wife died as much from want of proper care and nourishment as from actual disease. And yet the manuscript of one of his poems, "Ulalume," was sold recently in New York for \$1000. The poem contained ten stanzas, 104 lines, but the last stanza was never printed. It reads: Said we, then, we two then: "Ah, can it



A LITERARY PEGASUS AT THE PLOUGH: COUNT TOLSTOY PUTTING HIS PRECEPTS INTO PRACTICE.

Russia's grand old Socialist, Count Tolstoy, is by no means content to preach the policy of "Back to the Land" without putting his preaching into practice. For this reason, he has made himself conversant with every detail of the work of the average peasant in the neighbourhood of his estate, and he can frequently be seen tilling the fields.

Have been that the woodlandish ghosts—
The pitiful, merciful ghosts.
To bar up our way and to ban it
From the secret that lies in these words—
From the thing that lies hidden in these words.

Have drawn up the spectre of a planet
From the limbo of lunar souls—
This sinfully scintillating planet.
From the hell of the planetary souls?

Count Tolstoy, certainly the most picturesque of modern apostles, is himself the best example of how good it is for even thinkers and brain-workers to go back to the land. It may surprise some of his admirers to learn that he has been compelled, and that in a very real sense, mother earth to give him up her secrets. He early decided that as he preached, so must he act, and this is why he has literally followed the plow, and made himself thoroughly conversant with all the work done by the average peasant in the neighbourhood of his home. Tolstoy considers that every man should be able to keep himself with the help of manual labor. He is for equality in its broadest sense, and, tho no writer living has given more beautiful and moving pictures of that class in Russia from which is drawn the domestic servant, he cannot bear to be waited on, and has taught all his children to do housework and to accomplish every simple household task.

In a recent letter to Hugh W. Strong, Newcastle-on-Tyne, George Meredith wrote:

Since I began to reflect I have been oppressed by the injustice done to women, the constraint put upon their natural aptitudes and their faculties, generally much to the degradation of the race. I have not studied them more closely than I have men, but with more affection, a deeper interest in their enfranchisement and development, being assured that women of the independent mind are needed for any sensible degree of progress. They will so educate their daughters that these will not be instructed at the start to think themselves naturally inferior to men because less muscular, and need not have recourse to particular arts, feline chiefly, to make their way in the world.

Mr. Meredith adds that he has no special choice among the women of his books. "Perhaps," he says, "I gave more color to 'Diana of the Crossways' and Clara Middleton of the 'Egoist,' and this on account of their position."

Morang & Co. announce the instant publication of Dr. James Hannay's "The War of 1812." Under the heading of "A Nutshell Review of the War of 1812," the publishers have furnished The Sunday World with the following:

The Characteristics of the Book:
Its British point of view—an exhaustive history of 1812, written from the Canadian point of view and in the light of much recently available documentary evidence.

Its mastery of detail; its rejection of superfluous detail and effective use of the material worth while.

Its readability—history with life in it, the facts told with spirit; its appreciation of the picturesque element; its graphic summaries of events and their contributing causes; its occasional plays of irony that help to show the motives of the war in their true light.

Facts That It Proves:

That the war was the deliberate choice of a dominant faction in the United States congress.

That the American war party was peculiarly self-confident and grandiloquently boastful.

That many blunders were made by both sides in the conduct of the war.

That the Canadian militia of nearly a hundred years ago was daring, loyal and competent, and the saving of Canada was due to their prompt and valorous response.

That both the French and the English-speaking inhabitants stood loyally together thruout the whole contest.

Chapters of Special Interest:

Chapter 1—a concise and enlightening statement of the causes which led to the war.

Chapter 2—the story of the Battle of Queenston Heights.

Chapter 3—describing the operations on the St. Lawrence frontier.

Chapters 16-17—telling of Chippewa, Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie, the most important campaign of the war.

The Author:
James Hannay, D.C.L., is one of Canada's ablest journalists; a native of New Brunswick, for six years a legal practitioner; since 1872 in active con-

nection with the press, for a time on the editorial staff of The Brooklyn Eagle; now editor-in-chief of The St. John, N.B., Telegraph. Has written a number of poems and historical ballads, his most extensive work previous to the present volume being "A History of Acadia."

ANOTHER NEW PLAY FOR THE MAJESTIC

"A Wife's Secret," the Latest Sensation in the Melodramatic Field.

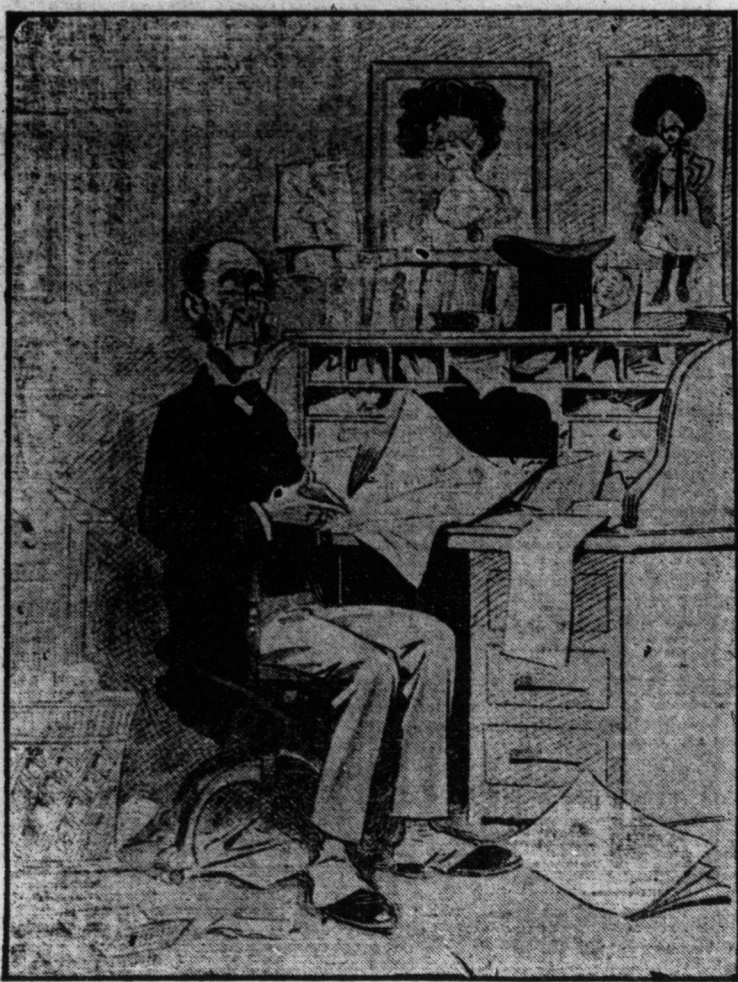
Hardly a more beautiful picture could be presented for dramatic use than that of a young wife, wrongfully accused, turned out of home by her husband and persecuted by his associates, and still remaining blindly and patiently faithful to him. Many a woman has been driven to shame and disgrace by a man's insane jealousy and injustice, and the man has found out when too late that it was his own lack of faith that has caused her downfall. When a woman thus falsely accused and doubted, does retain her purity and conscientious loyalty under such conditions it shows a character of strength and beautiful moral courage. Such a woman forms the central figure in the story of "A Wife's Secret," the new emotional melodrama, which will be seen in this city for the first time at the Majestic Theatre next week with a matinee every day. This new offering to the patrons of melodrama has been winning countless laurels in other cities where it has appeared so far this, its first season, and from the success it has attained elsewhere, should prove a splendid drawing card among the followers of this class of stage presentations in this city. Aside from the sympathetic tears it calls forth, "A Wife's Secret" is said to contain a wealth of rich humor and brilliant comedy, with amusing character sketches, cleverly portraying the many sides of human nature as seen in everyday life. In conjunction with all this, the management claim for it some of the most thrilling and realistic scenes presented on the stage in recent years, interpreted by a cast of sterling strength and enhanced by splendid scenery and effects. The production is said to be one of the most expensive seen in several seasons in melodramatic houses, and the cast has been selected from the highest ranks of the profession, with the sole intention of surpassing anything yet presented to the theatres where popular prices prevail.

Foremost in the cast is Miss Grace Hopkins, than whom there is no more convincing and natural portrayal of human emotions on the American stage, as witnessed by her many successes. Miss Rowan is acknowledged one of the cleverest of the younger dramatic stars now on the stage, and in the role of Mona Madison, the wronged wife, it is said that she has scored the greatest triumph of her career. She is ably supported by Hallett Thompson in the leading role of John Madison, a young clergyman, a part to which he is admirably adapted, and which offers ample scope for his dramatic power and magnetic personality.

Messrs. Spencer and Aborn, who are the managers presenting this new piece, have made many other successful productions in this same field, memorable among which are such well-known attractions as their splendid revival of "M'liss," with Nellie McHenry in the title role; last season's remarkable hit, "Hearts Adrift," and their big scenic production of "After Midnight." In "A Wife's Secret," they have duplicated and even surpassed their former successes in point of patronage, and the press and public of other cities where it has been seen this season join in pronouncing it one of the most satisfactory offerings of recent years. The scenic equipment is one of exceptional beauty and splendor, and the mechanical effects involve some sensations new to the stage. From all reports from other quarters, "A Wife's Secret" should have a banner week's engagement at the Majestic.

The Virtuous Diner.

Walter: "Haven't you forgotten something, sir?"
Rev. Tightfast: "Certainly; as a Christian I always try to forgive and forget."



Possible Editors of Possible Paper: The Editor of "Frivolous Bits."