DEBATE ON THE FRENCH TREATY

Ottawa, Dec. 5.—(Special Correspondence)—This was a field day for the Opposition. Although Mr. Cockshutt's amendment to the address was voted down by an automatic majority of 39, the Conservative members poured into the government a galling fire which compelled them, at the last minute, to change their tactics and to continue the debate. Mr. Crawford (Liberal, Manitoba), therefore, moved the adjournment of the debate.

An echo of the Northumberland by-election was found in Mr. Lalor's arraignment of Hon. Sydney Fisher. By his failure to enforce any fruit inspection, Mr. Lalor said that the minister had permitted Canadian apples to be discredited in the London market.

Mr. Lewis (W. Huron) touched upon several subjects, and commanded close attention from both sides of the House. He advocated some sweeping amendments to the Criminal Code, especially as to crimes against children, and as to the accidental killings which contribute so many tragedies to our shooting season. Mr. Lewis is optimistic as to the financial situation, and has suggested that there should be a savings bank act in addition to the present Banking Act.

Dr. Chisholm (S. Huron) made a distinct sensation by his merciless analysis of the French Treaty.

The Interests of Farmers

Mr. Elson, of Middlesex, made one of the best speeches upon the address. His argument for full rural mail delivery, from the farmers' standpoint, caught the attention of the House, and his indictment of the deadly level crossing was listened to with interest.

Dr. Barr, of Dufferin, also paid his respects to the French Treaty, and his description of the evil effects of absinthe and spurious wines and brandies, cheapened by this convention, challenged attention because he spoke from the standpoint of a physician.

No Liberal bobbed up today, except Mr. Clarke, of Essex, who tried to make peace between Sydney Fisher and the embattled farmers of Western Ontario, and also Mr. Roche, of Halifax, who blamed small banks for the financial stringency.

Mr. Lalor (Haldimand) not only paid his respects to Mr. Fisher, but he also put it up so strongly to Mr. Pugsley about his threats and charges that it is rumored tonight that the minister may be forced to reply tomorrow.

At the opening of the House, Sir Wilfrid Laurier made sympathetic reference to the death of Mr. Lovell, M. P., Stanstead, and Mr. R. L. Borden joined in the general condolences.

Mr. Claude Macdonell asked what steps had been taken in regard to the stranded Bulgarian immigrants in Toronto. It was a matter of pressing importance.

Hon. Mr. Oliver said that last night he had sent Mr. Edward Blake Robertson to investigate the matter, and that an interpreter would join him in Toronto.

Replying to Mr. Foster, Mr. Fielding said that the cost of the royal commission on insurance was $95,-342.31. The printing of evidence cost $9,500. Mr. Shepley received $25,000 for services up till Feb. 21, 1907. Of the commissioners, Judge MacTavish drew $4,650 remuneration and $947 for expenses. Mr. Kent drew $4,290 remuneration and $1,087 for expenses. Mr. Langmuir drew $4,470 for remuneration and $768 for expenses. Mr. Tilley, of Toronto, as assistant counsel, was paid a fee of $12,300 and $1,395 for traveling expenses. Mr. Dawson, the actuary, was paid $5,350 for his services and $1,118 for traveling expenses.

American Insurance Companies

Mr. Claude Macdonell was informed that American insurance companies were licensed to do business in Canada, and had fully complied with the requirements of the existing law in respect to their deposits in Canada. Thirty-one of these companies had made their deposits with the receiver-general, whilst the deposits of the remaining five were held partly by trustees, appointed for that purpose under the terms of the Insurance Act.

The deposits of the American companies with the receiver-general were as follows: In Canadian securities, $19,183,129, or 90.20 per cent; in other British securities, $535,333, or 2.51 per cent; in United States securities, $1,-550,000, or 7.29 per cent. Their deposits with trustees are as follows: In Canadian securities, $4,827,125.32, or 25.80 per cent; in United States securities, $13,880,000, or 74.20 per cent.

Merging the two classes together the percentages were: In Canadian securities, 60.06 per cent ;in other British securities, 1.34 per cent, and in the United States securities, 38.60 per cent.

Wants Plebiscite on Senate

Mr. Lewis (Conservative, West Huron) resumed the debate on the address, and his most important proposal was that the following questions should be submitted for the votes of the people at the next general election:

(1) Are you in favor of the abolition of the Senate? (2) Are you in favor of the appointment of the Senate by the provinces? (3) Are you in favor of the election of senators for districts?

In support of it he quoted Sir Richard Cartwright, who, he said, was prepared to affirm that whatever the Senate's capacity for good, there was no doubt as to its capacity for mischief. He also quoted many opinions adverse to the present arrangement.

Banks Are Censured

Turning to the banks, Mr. Lewis said, in part: "I have long thought the solidity of the Canadian banking system is to be highly commended; still the banks are not doing all they can to help Canada. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways' does not seem to apply to banks. In other words, why do bank branches get large sums on deposit in the small towns, villages and townships of Ontario, and take the most of same to larger places to invest and thus help industries? There would not be so much objection if they let it out in Canadian cities, but they take it to the United States. What is occasioning the present tightness of money in Canada, forcing many men out of employment at the beginning of the winter? I say the banks. Why? Because 63 millions of Canadian cash has been invested in New York. Why? Because times are hard there and large interest is paid. This money should be in circulation in Canada. The banks of Canada are an example to the world, but, like other large corporations, are selfish, and, operating under public franchises, should be under government control."

Wildcat Mining Companies

He also drew the attention of the minister of finance to the incorporation of mining companies. Our mines needed exploiting and developing, and he had no wish to prevent this, but what he held was needed was legislation to prevent so much cash that is paid in for that purpose being used otherwise. A law compelling companies to expend the amount the sharen realize in developing until the mine is a dividend payer, and limiting the amount of capital, might do some good. To pay 6 per cent on the capitalization of the Ontario mining companies incorporated in the last three years, the mines would have to market 3,000 tons of silver to do so, yearly. No doubt the present stringency in the money market was partly due to wildcat stock speculation.

Dealing with the pulpwood question, he said: "To late to do much in conserving the supply of pulpwood in the United States, Canada had still opportunity to do a great deal to preserve our pulpwood forests from complete annihilation. And we should get full advantage of what we cut by having it manufactured in Canada. If the United States manufacturers want our raw material, let them come inside the Canadian tariff, and make their goods on Canadian soil, with Canadian labor."

The Car Shortage

Mr. Lewis added: "I wish to say a few words in reference to the railways of Canada, both in the interests of the railways and the people who use them. Two million people, one-third of Canada's population, live in Western Ontario; nearly all the manufactories that we have are there. I may also say that the business of this whole section has been paralyzed for want of cars. Notwithstanding the shortage of grain in the West, this has been the worst car shortage Ontario has ever experienced. A list of increase in rolling stock is no assurance. The fact remains that there is not sufficient. An enterprise that pays 25 per cent should be able to do what it is in business for. No one-horse business method will answer. Parliament should give the railway commissioners power to say to the railroads, 'You must haul the loads or break the harness.' An ounce of prevention: Legislative rules are wanted, and wanted now."

Crimes Go Unpunished

Finally, Mr. Lewis drew attention to the inequalities of justice as administered in the criminal courts of Canada, and the ridiculously low penalties imposed on men convicted of assaults on little girls. Only a few years ago hanging was the penalty, and it should be so yet. The people are worked up over these matters, and the punishment, where the proof is complete, should not be left to the discretion of a soft-hearted justice. Legislation is required to prevent the increasing number of homicides committed generally by green hunters, who mistake their comrades for game; negligence of this class should be punished.

Defends Mr. Fisher

Mr. Clarke, the Liberal member for Essex, came to the defence of the minister of agriculture, and attempted to break the force of the attack made yesterday by Mr. Clements, respecting the administration of the Meat Inspection Act. The farmers of Essex are up in arms against Mr. Fisher, no less than are the people of Kent, and Mr. Clarke's position was therefore quite delicate. He insisted that Canadian ham and bacon might be excluded from the British market, unless the hogs were inspected by officers of the government. He admitted, however, that the regulations made by Mr. Fisher had threatened the hog industry with extinction. He insisted that he was entitled to a share of the credit given to Mr. Clements for compelling Mr. Fisher to change his regulations, and to provide for inspection at the shipping point. He commented on Mr. Clements' demand for a uniform stamp for tobacco.

French Treaty a Gold Brick

Dr. Chisholm (S. Huron) said that matters affecting the farmers should not be discussed from a party standpoint. He had hoped that the new French Treaty would be of benefit to Canada, and he was ready to give the government any credit to which it might be entitled. But he feared that it was a gold brick. For example, Canadian horses get the benefit of the minimum tariff, but that minimum tariff is thirty dollars a head, and therefore prohibitory. The duty upon an ox imported from Canada to France under this treaty is about $35 a head. The duty is 2 cents upon pork, 3 cents upon beef, and 3 1-2 cents upon dead poultry. These duties may be minimum duties, but for all that they are prohibitory. Other articles are entitled by the treaty to the minimum duty, but as a matter of fact, as to them, there is but one duty in France. This applies to cheese, potatoes, wheat, oats, barley, maize and buckwheat.

"Iron, it is true, is favored," said Dr. Chisholm, "but haw does it benefit Ontario farmers to pay bounties to the iron men of Nova Scotia if this money is to be paid as customs dues to the French republic?"

"But," said the doctor, "is there any gain on the other side of the ledger, do the Canadian people get a reduction in price upon certain useful articles that must be imported from France? On the contrary, some of the articles cheapened by this treaty to the Canadian consumer are poisonous, worthless compounds, that should not be imported, including artificial brandy and absinthe, a deadly drug and a liquor not allowed to be used in the French army."

Mr. Roche (Halifax) denied that there was any financial stringency, except in Toronto, which he said was the home of frenzied finance.

At six o'clock the House divided upon the proposed amendment by Mr. Cockshutt. The government was sustained, yeas 56, nays 95. Great applause greeted Mr. Owens (Northumberland) and Mr. Beattie (London) as their votes were recorded for the amendment.

Trip to Europe Barrgn.

The debate upon the address itself was continued by Dr. Barr (Dufferin) at the evening session. He expressed pleasure that the debate was to be continued, because he believed much good came out of such discussion. He said that the Opposition were in favor of a meat inspection bill, but it must be a bill that would do justice to both the buyer and the seller. He complained that the Minister of Agriculture had no results to show for his trip to Europe. He commented on the attitude of the hog industry, and said what the farmers of this country required was an inspection which would do justice to both the buyer and seller.

Dealing with the French treaty, Dr. Barr twitted the Government for boasting of its reduction of the duty upon absinthe and adulterated wines and brandy. Absinthe was a horrible decoction which ruined mind and body alike.

He rebuked the Government for its years of reckless extravagance. True, these years had been years of plenty, but could not the Minister of Finance forsee that years of depression might follow. Why had he not garnered in his resources?

A Mythical Balance.

The Government boasted that it had six millions of dollars to its credit in the Bank of Montreal. They did not explain that they owed nearly that amount for money borrowed to build the Quebec bridge. If the bank tomorrow saw fit to make a cross-entry, the so-called "balance" in favor of the Government would disappear. He disclaimed any desire to alarm the people of this country but he felt it his duty to tell them that the sixty million dollars deposied by them in the postal savings bank had been largely used up in paying the current expenses of the Government. Never since Nero had fiddled at the burning of Rome had there been anything to equal Mr. Fielding's behaviour in treating in a jocular manner the pending financial crisis.

Dr. Barr dwelt at some length on the reference in the speech from the throne to Government control of telegraph and telephone companies. Sir William Muloch had proposed progressive legislation on this subject, and on that account had been forced out of the cabinet and put in cold storage at Osgoode Hall. Certainly some relief was needed. The railways were trying to kill off the small telephone companies by refusing them permission to cross their tracks.

He believed that Government ownership was the true solution.

Fielding's Offer a Bluff.

Mr. Lalor (Haldimand) regreted that Mr. Roche had reflected upon the banks. He saw no reason for any criticism. The banks of Canada had accommodated their customers as far as possible. The had been no necessity for Mr. Fielding's offer to aid them in moving the Western crops. That offer, said Mr. Lalor, had been a big bluff. It was an effort to make political capital, and he was glad that the banks, by their unanimous action, had properly rebuked it. But Mr. Fielding was unreliable. A few days ago he had declared in the House that upon his election trial he had answered every question put to him. The Minister forgot that a printed record of that case was accessible. What did it show? It showed that Mr. Fielding had defused to answer hundreds of questions. He would not divulge anything that might convict his friends and followers of crimes against the Election Act. Mr. Fielding had obtained his seat in parliament by giving a judgeship to a member of parliament in exchange for his seat. It was this sort of thing that brought the judiciary into contempt.

Mr. Lalor then paid his respects to Mr. Pugsley. Had that Minister been on the inside of the alleged corrupt deal in 1904? He apparently knew all about it, but he was not willing to have the campaign funds in that election investigated, although Mr. Borden had declared himself anxious for a full enquiry before a Royal Commission.

For Rural Mail Delivery.

Mr. Elson (East Middlesex) made a clear, strong argument in favor of rural mail delivery. No class of people were more deserving of benefits from the Government than the farming population. It was important to keep the people upon the farms and to make their home life attractive. This could be done best by giving them easy and cheap communication, thus keeping them in touch with the outside world. Mr. Elson pointed out that the farmer who lived a mile and a half from his post office traveled no less than nine hundred miles in a single year to get his mail. Mr. Lemieux promised free rural delivery when Canada had twenty million people. But twenty million people scattered all over Canada would not make the country more thickly populated than were certain portions of rural Ontario and Quebec. Why not grant rural delivery now to Ontario and Quebec? It might be expensive, but we were voting enormous subsidies to railways and bonuses to iron and steel industries. The benefit to the farmer was very slight. They were always the last people to be considered by this Government. Mr. Elson favored Senate reform; the Senate ought to be made non-partizan.

He also spoke against the cigarette and called the attention of the House to the deadly level crossings and their harvest of death all over Canada.

Mr. Crawford moved the adjournment of the debate.

A Jaunt Across the Ocean

"It happened in Toyland."—At least it seems now, as I look back on it, exactly as it seemed when I first contemplated the trip, as though it were too good to be true—that it could not be I, but rather it was a chapter from a book of fairy stories—a glimpse into shadowland—it all seemed so unreal, so improbable that I, we, should be going once more to Europe as members of an automobile party pledged to do "the tight little island" from John o' Groat's to Lands End, says a writer in the Montreal Gazette.

The start was auspicious, the six members of the party, beside the chauffeur and the big 60-horse power Thomas Flyer, meeting at Montreal, and together we boarded the superb Empress of Ireland, the Canadian Pacific's splendid liner, at Quebec. All on an ocean going vessel should be, our trip, down the St. Lawrence was a delight. Already we felt the foreign atmosphere as we glided by the ribbon like fields, so trim and so narrow, of the French-Canadians and read the quaint saints' names of the stations from Montreal to the sea. This was the season of icebergs, and as we reached the sea, at a safe distance we passed six of them, giving us a touch of Christmas weather as we steamed past these great white islands.

In four days from our striking the sea, after Belle Isle Straits were passed, we were in Liverpool, and soon our motor car, chauffeur and passengers were ready for the road.

And such roads. It sounds fairly disloyal to our own America to doubt if anywhere on our side of the Atlantic can be found such highways. As level as a billiard table, firm as adamant, of which they seemed made, dustless by reason of the moist climate as well as their granite beds, the poetry of motion was to be found in a perfect car amid such perfect surroundings.

Pictures everywhere. The hills amid the valleys, waterfalls and lakes; the quaint villages with thatched cottages, the fields with rustic life-landscapes with sheep, with cattle, and ancient churches, wayside inns, serious peasants gazing wistfully at our great car, so unfamiliar to their rural eyes.

The fens, with marshlands and peat bogs picturesque at every turn of our winding way, yonder old bridge, that clump of trees, sheltering a dozen southdowns.

Here a sunset, as we reached the steep hill showing England's lake region, a barge load of hay in the foreground, perhaps, or a lumbering waggon of unusual build drawn by four or six great stockened horses.

The moor lands clothed in heather bloom, their only other life being an occasional shepherd with his flock and faithful dogs.

The background of mountains, in bold relief perhaps, or veiled in delicate films of azure or with wreaths of lightest tulle about their summits.

The cities we visited, full of life, but all so different from our own activities; the towns, some of them with ancient walls and towers and city gates so interesting to our western eyes; the villages, trim and neat with hedgrows and gardens, blooming plants, and generous shade trees of a century's growth.

It all seems to me now like a great kaleidoscope—a ribbon which passed through my fingers and on which, embroidered in seductive colors, were these scenes of rural England.

It was a joy to have seen these fair fields, to have journeyed over sea to behold the mother country in all its beauty. Ivy clad ruins with their generous crop of dates—the date tree flourishes in Britain you know—the history of it all, as much ours as theirs remember, was eagerly appropriated and for the time it seemed as if we were really part of it, and were never to leave all this beauty—these things we had read of, dreamed of, for so many years; now our eyes beheld them and not another's.

The castles, the splendid estates, the cathedrals—what a rosary these made! What a memory they still make! Surely architecture must be frozen music and the sunlight as it fell through the twelfth century glass of those rare old rose windows seemed indeed the glory of God; "the light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal," so wondrous was it in richness and beauty.

Perhaps the lost art of stained glass will be found once more someday, and may be it will be revived this light like the twelve gems forming the foundation of the city that lieth four square, these old windows are indeed but precious stones, jasper and sapphire, chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardino, chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysophrasus, jacinth and amethyst, and that they do but give back the lustre of their pure hearts, affecting almost to tears the sympathetic beholder.

England. Scotland. Your ways are ways of pleasantness—all your paths are peace, or so we found them in our summer pilgrimage among your leafy byways.

May we come again some sweet day, once more to listen to your song birds, see your brilliant blossoms, tread the velvet turf and bowl once more over your splendid roads.

The six weeks spent amid rare English landscapes—especially the cathedral towns, so rich in memories, cannot be told in a hurry. Who can place Melrose and Abbotsford and Dryborough on paper, or that land of poesy, Wordsworth's county, the Lake region? Who shall describe in a moment grand old Durham Cathedral, York, Lincoln, Peterboro, Ely, St. Paul's or Westminster? Can Cambridge, with her colleges, the Cam flowing so peacefully at "the backs," be placed on the printed page?

We had "done" Oxford, Warwick, Stratford, Leamington, Kenilworth and Chester on another occasion, so regretfully passed them by this time, for Old England is full to overflowing with interesting things, especially to an American. It is like studying the family history, and we rejoice to get close to the facts and scenes of our common ancestry.

Carlisle calls us back to the "Scottish Chiefs," "Days of Bruce" and the countless border tales of our youth, while Gretna Green started wedding bells a' ringing, and we spoke broad Scotch dialect as we skirted Dumfries, Drumtochty and quaint old "Thrums." It is the land of song and story, you know—the moorlands where "Lorna Doone" lived, and where "Three Feathers" and "Strange Adventures in a Phaeton" fascinated us by their unique environments.

Abbotsford and Sir Walter's library, his books and interesting collection of relics, was most enjoyable. The handsome estate is owned by his granddaughter who, however, is too poor to live there, but rents it, reserving the privilege of showing certain rooms; scarce any shrine in England is better visited. At the time we were there perhaps 200 others (mostly Americans) were seeking admission.

In reply to my enquiry as to which was Scott's last novel, the pleasant middle-aged custodian of twenty years and more, said "I'm sure I don't know. I never read one of Scott's books; you Americans come over here knowing more of Sir Walter than we do."

And so passed the day—each full of beauty, full of interest. We were tired often times, it is true, but we were happy, and, as Shakespeare wrote:

"Your merry heart goes all the day.
Your sad tires in a mile, oh."

Presently the sea was calling—not before we had a ten days' top off across the channel, however.

We had only time for Amiens, Paris and Chartres, but that trinity would be enough for an entire vacation longer than ours.

Paris with Saint-Chapelle, Chartres with its gem of all the cathedrals. Where are words to describe their beauties? Language fails; the tongue is paralyzed. It is enough to stand within their portals and let their glorious twelfth century windows cover you as with a garment.

Don't go to France and miss Saint-Chapelle or Chartres. Your visit will be incomplete if these are omitted. They form beauty spots in memory's gallery and forever afterwards all windows pale before the jewels set in the tracery of these rare old cathedrals.

We found the good ship Empress of Ireland waiting for us at Liverpool, as handsome, as clean, as elegant and as homelike as when we left it six weeks ago. It was with great regret we waved bood-bye to the Rose, the Shamrock and the Thistle.

Like many things in life, the equinoctial storm we had feared did not break on our devoted heads. We sailed the September seas in safety and with little of incident to mark the journey.

Little, did I say? Let me amend it—for "this is another story." We crossed with a friend of yours. You never saw him, perhaps, but nevertheless you are acquainted with him and have had many a happy hour in his company, "On the Road to Mandelay, where the flying fishes play." Yes, it was Rudyard Kipling. He and his wife were our fellow passengers. He is exceedingly pleasant and very approachable, as witness the manner of our making his acquaintance: A rosy cheeked miss of perhaps fourteen summers, with a small camera, darted near where Mr. Kipling was standing and said to a little group of people not far away, "I want to get Mr. Kipling's picture—wish he would come out into the sunshine." "Why not ask him to do so," said I, and presto—young America, ever without fear of God or man, acted on my suggestion, and a score or more of passengers smiled as the distinguished writer walked into the broad sunlight and stood at attention.

It took but a moment to "snap" his strong features, and, smiling, he turned to our little group, whereupon, perforce, I said, "You are surely the most obliging gentleman on the ship—I must apologize to you for inciting this young lady to make so bold a request." He smiled most pleasantly, and his large eyes behind great round glasses seemed to illuminate his bronzed features as he said, "It would be hard for me to deny so dainty a little lady; I have a daughter of my own." A conversation ensued that naturally turned on his prolific pen, one and another of the group suggesting their indebtedness for particular stories and poems.

As the good fortune I had had through the entire trip would have it, I chanced to attract him by a happy reference to his own favorite—I said, "Mr. Kipling, I must thank you for many pleasant hours spent with your stories, and while I appreciate all of them these friends have mentioned, my own favorite does not seem among them. I think you have never done anything better than your "007." I saw I had touched a tender spot. He quickly replied, "I am so glad you like that story; it is the best thing I ever wrote; strange to say, though, I made a mistake in that yarn, and never knew I had done so until I was "called down" by a letter from a man in Wisconsin. I had lived in the United States four years—kept house there, and should have known better than to refer to "iced water"—you people do not have "iced water." Inadvertently I added a d and had to acknowledge my mistake."

I said to him, "Mr. Kipling, I have a friend who is a civil engineer connected with some very large railroad work in the Northwest, he is likewise a great reader and an ardent admirer of your books. We have discussed '007,' both agreeing it was one of the best stories we had ever read. This gentleman said to me, 'you think you appreciate that story, you should have been with me one rainy Sunday afternoon in a round house filled with engines, the engineers and firemen kept prisoners by the downpour. I had one of Kipling's books in my pocket and read aloud '007.' You should have seen my audience. Listen? Well, the proverbial pin might have dropped and made a noise in that stillness. I never saw anybody so captivated as those men were with that story. That was appreciation for you."

Mr. Kipling's eyes danced, and his prominent dimple took part in an almost audible smile as he said, "I'd rather have that compliment than any I have received. Those fellows know. If I'd made even the smallest mistake they would have hissed me and my story, while the reader would have thrown the book to the farthest corner, exclaiming: 'He don't know what he is talking about.' Thank you for telling me that—I am so glad you like '007.'"

He spoke often and most pleasantly to the passengers in his vicinity and seemed quite cosmopolitan in his manners and easy in his intercourse with everyone.

The last evening at dinner a rap for order was heard from the Captain's table, and Mr. Kipling rose to address the passengers. In a few well chosen words, the author of "Lest We Forget" used that sentiment as a theme, calling attention to the faithfulness of the officers and crew, who had stood between us and danger through the voyage now so nearly ended; he called for a toast to these "toilers of the sea," and every man, woman and child were on their feet in response to the novelist's eulogy. It was a stirring scene.

And so the voyage ended, and when the morning dawned we were at the landing in Quebec harbor, the Citadel smiling us a welcome home.

We looked back on the Plains of Abraham as our special train bore us westward to the Canadian metropolis en route for our own United States.

Other lands are gladsome—good to visit, to buy and sell in—good for everything but to live in. "The Stars and Stripes forever," to go out from beneath their sheltering bars is but to ensure the happiness of the return; our Limerick friend was right when on a similar occasion he exclaimed, "Here's to our native land—whether we were born there or not."

The most effective means of breaking up sea waves, giving practically a smooth surface, seems to be a discharge of compressed air into the water. This new discovery is expected by Philip Brasher, of Brooklyn, to prove of importance in various ways. A disabled vessel drifting toward shore may protect itself by throwing out an anchor through which air is forced, and a lightship may be shielded by a surrounding circular air pipe giving a region of calm in the centre. More visionary is the scheme to provide harbors in mid-ocean by means of pipes suspended by floats so that both floats and compressor plant may be protected from wave action.

The Art of Public Speaking

Mr. Balfour appears to have told the students of the Philomathic Society at Edinburgh that the art of public speaking was but the art of public conversation raised to a higher level. This reminds us of Bright's saying that the best House of Commons speaking was "pointed and eloquent conversation." And so it is, for ordinary occasions, and for the transaction of business, said the Saturday Review. But this "public conversation" is not oratory; it is debating—a very different thing. Mr. Balfour naturally praises the conversational style, in which he excels all his contemporaries. Twenty years ago Mr. Balfour was the most hesitating and awkward speaker on either of the front benches in the House of Commons. By daily and nightly practice, at the expense of his audience, he has made himself the most dexterous debater of the age. We do not disparage the qualities required for the attainment of this art. Perfect command of temper, unsleeping vigilance, a sense of humor, the habit of remembering points advanced by an adversary and instantly framing a reply, however bad, these are the requisites of a debater; and though they are not mental qualities of the highest order, they can only be acquired by courage, and they are indispensable to the leader of a popular assembly. Mr. Balfour has wisely never attempted oratory, which is to debating what a picture is to a cartoon, prose to a leading article, or poetry to vers de societe. Indeed the combination of the power of oratory and the power of debating is very rarely found in the same speaker. Burke and Bright, the greatest orators of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries respectively, were no debaters. Of Pitt, Fox and Sheridan we know too little to say; if we were to judge by the valueless reports of their speeches, they were neither orators nor debaters. Brougham possessed in a high degree the art of weaving extemporaneous replies to previous speakers into a carefully prepared speech, as did Disraeli. Only once or twice in the course of the terrible battle over the Corn Laws did Sir Robert Peel attempt the perilous flights of oratory, and then, according to his hostile but judicial critic, he was only partially successful. Lord Derby (the Prime Minister) was reckoned the first debater of his day in the House of Commons, and in the House of Lords he once or twice discovered the power of impassioned rhetoric. But unquestionably the speaker who combined in the most superb manner the handling of details, the answering of opponents, and close ratiocination with appeals to the passions or the ethical imagination of his audience, was Gladstone. That is why he was equally successful in the House of Commons and on the platform—another very rare combination. Mr. Balfour expressed the hope that none of the students would try to learn gestures or tones of voice, a needless exhortation in these inartistic days. We know that Wedderburn took lessons in elocution, to correct his Scotch accent, and we are told that Murray (Lord Mansfield) practised before a looking glass. This devotion to "the tedious ways of art" is of the eighteenth century, and there is no fear of its re-appearance in the twentieth century. Most speakers hang on to the lapels of their coat, or stick their thumbs into the armholes of their waistcoat, or thrust their hands into their pockets. Gladstone sometimes employed the most picturesque and impressive gestures. We remember once seeing him turn round, in one of his Home Rule speeches, to warn his party that there was "danger in delay." He flung both his arms straight up in the air, and let his long, artistic hands droop, in the attitude of a denouncing prophet, or weird Sybil. Though it was mere rhetoric, and there was no danger, men held their breath. Gladstone was emphatically the last of the orators. Randolph Churchill reserved his more elaborate rhetorical efforts for the platform; in the House of Commons he, too, made himself a debater at the expense of his audience. At public meetings Churchill delivered written speeches with marvellous memory and vivacity, thus effectually concealing the preparation. But his defective education caused him just to miss the true oratorical note, which has been defined as something between poetry and prose, and better than either. There was a vigorous vulgarity about the Randolphian style which was anything but classical. The same remark applies to Mr. Chamberlain, who makes speeches bearing obvious marks of preparation. Mr. Chamberlain's speeches have all the charm of fluency and clearness, of great apparent ease, and there is a pleasant piquancy about them, a general impression of "scoring" all round, which excites admiration. But they are spoiled by bad quotations, by trite metaphors, and by hackneyed phrases. Commonplaceness of thought and expression removes them from the region of oratory.

speaker besides Gladstone who exhibited too rarely occasional flashes of oratory, Mr. David Plunket, now Lord Rathmore. He had a musical and flexible voice that could weep, laugh, or soothe at will, and when he did employ a metaphor it was a poetical one. Unfortunately, he very seldom made a speech, and appeared content, as First Commissioner of Works, to supply dressing-rooms, where, as he said with a stutter, "politicians might be glad to change their coats." Mr. Joseph Cowen, the member for Newcastle, had oratory in him, but his Northumbrian burr was so strong that he was almost unintelligible to the House of Commons.

What is the explanation of the vulgar prejudice against prepared speeches? For Mr. Balfour was merely expressing a popular notion when he said that the signs of preparation were fatal to effect. No one who has ever studied a fine passage in one of the speeches of Grattan, or Burke, or Bright (whose every sentence was polished like the facet of a diamond), can imagine that the words welled up out of a well-filled mind, or that they were not carefully written out and committed to memory. Most men men shrink from the drudgery of writing their speeches; many men are so afraid of their memory deserting them at a critical moment that they dare not attempt to remember the words, even if they have written their speech out. Lord Lyndhurst declared that he was not equal to the feat of following the thread of an argument on his legs, and at the same time of thinking about the words of a manuscript, though he admitted that Lord Brougham's method of writing was the better one. Bright used to write his great speeches out three or four times, without comparing them, so that if the words of one edition failed him, he might trust to the recurrence of the words of one of the other copies. Yet from time immemorial preparation has been a gibe against orators:

"Pitt has no heart, men say, but I deny it;
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

The root of the prejudice against preparation is, we think, the old puritanical idea that the speaker is a preacher, a man of God, inspired to deliver the words that are put into his mouth. Ever since Antony's speech in the forum, the popular orator always begins by assuring his listeners that he has no written speech to deliver, "I am a plain blunt man who speaks right on," etc. The ethical fallacy is obvious, for there is no reason why that which is meditated should be less sincere less the offspring of conviction, than that which is spoken on the spur of the moment—quite the contrary. In the vulgar have an idea that, given enough time to prepare, anybody can make a good speech! Give a fool a year, and he will only produce a foolish speech. We cannot agree with Mr. Balfour that the best speeches are not those which read best. That is Lord Chesterfield's doctrine that the voice, the manner, the arrangement are more than the matter. But seeing that for one man who hears a speech a thousand read it, it is well worth while to make one's speech good reading, which can only be done by putting good matter into good words. The art of debating will probably be carried to still higher perfection as the time for discussion is more curtailed. But the art of oratory is doomed, for it is a tender and graceful plant, requiring leisurely cultivation and space in which to expand, and everything is now hurried and crowded.

The secret ballot provided by the Automobile Club of America in its palatial New York club house consists of a small two-drop annunicator, supplied with electric current by a set of four dry cells, and having wires extending around a large table to a button-block at each of the chairs at the table. When the board of governors is to vote on an application for membership, the face of the annunicator is covered with a curtain. Each member of the board then presses the white or black button of his block, and if any black button is pressed the black disc is seen when the curtain is removed from the annunicator. It is impossible to tell how any person voted or even how many black balls have been cast against the rejected applicant. The apparatus, which is the invention of Dr. S. S. Wheeler, a club official, can be quickly put in place or packed in the battery box.

In the production and control of a pure food supply by thoroughly scientific methods the Germans are disposed to keep their lead. The new government institute for milling research, supplementing the two institutes for research in the sugar and fermentation industries, is equipped with an experimental granary, a wheat and rye mill, and a bakery, together with administrative offices and laboratories, the machinery and apparatus being of the most advanced kind, all driven by electricity. The mill has two distinct plants, each milling two tons of grain in ten hours. The purpose of the institute is to carry out practical research and scientific investigation on grain during storing, milling, working up and baking; to experiment with the baking of home and imported grain, to conduct research work for the government, and to carry out official and private analysis of grain, flour, fodder stuffs, etc. Every effort will be made to investigate thoroughly the numerous problems of milling and baking.

Stranger—What sort of a man is your neighbor, John Braggs?

Native—Oh, he's all right, but he has a telescopic imagination.

Stranger—How's that?

Native—Yes. He can't even tell the truth without getting it at least two sizes larger than it is.—Chicago News.

A war-hoop—The wedding ring.—Judge.