

# EVENTS

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**T**HE members of the House of Commons were more deeply interested on Tuesday evening in the returns from the two bye-elections in Ontario than in the proceedings of the House. The leader of the Opposition was out in the township of Carp indulging in a lawn social with Presbyterian friends, and in order to make quite certain that he was at home, Col. Sam Hughes went along.

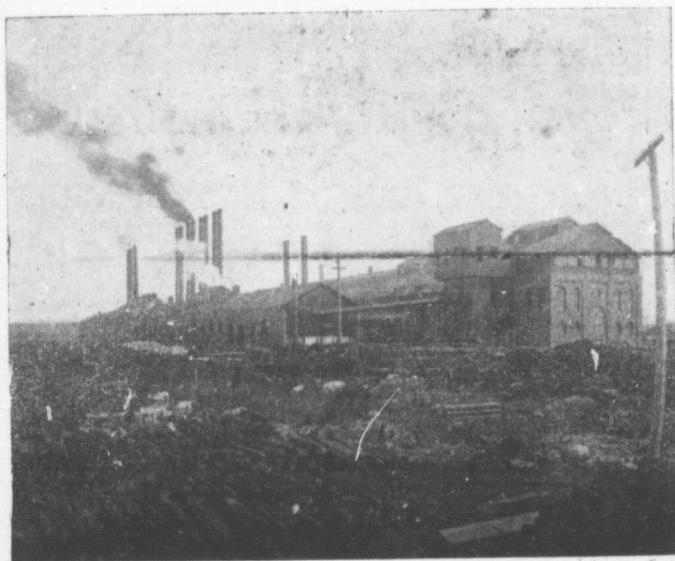
Mr. Borden's attempt to associate with the Orangemen of Ontario turned out to be rather unlucky. The two bye elections were fought on the sole question of separate schools for the new provinces in the Northwest as granted by the Autonomy Bill. It came to be a question in this country whether the Protestants, who form the minority in the Province of Quebec, should alone be entitled to the

benefits of a complete system of separate schools. The Roman Catholics thought that there should be a law providing for separate schools in the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, and many Protestants thought that so long as they were prepared to pay for separate schools they ought to have them provided they were efficient. The law as incorporated in the Autonomy Bill makes complete provision for the efficiency of the separate schools, exactly in line with the public schools. That being the case it was pleasing to learn that the propaganda, emanating largely from the newspaper press of Toronto designed to make a cleavage over this question had no effect on the minds of the bulk of the electors. If it had any effect if the attempt to stampede the Presbyterian vote in Ontario had succeeded then

the Conservative candidates in North Oxford and in London would have been elected by overwhelming majorities. On the contrary the Minister of Public Works, Mr. Hyman, and the Liberal candidate in North Oxford, Mr. Smith, were returned by 380 in the case of Mr. Hyman as compared with a majority of 23 last fall, and 349 for Mr. Smith. This shows that the strong Protestant constituencies in Ontario are not averse to granting the kind of separate School described by the Autonomy Bill. There is no doubt that a separate school managed by any particular church is objectionable, but that question did not in the least arise in this particular matter. The separate schools in the Northwest is separate in name only because it is conducted along lines practically similar to the ordinary public schools.

Now that these bye-elections are over,

the Government will no doubt desire to push forward the session as rapidly as possible. It seems strange that although the House has been in session for several months the Budget has not yet been brought down. The explanation is, of course, that it was considered advisable to keep with the Autonomy Bill until it was sent over to the Senate. That Chamber has been adjourned again for a couple of weeks. The chief business of the Senate this session has been to adjourn from time to time. When there is no business to do is probably the cheapest thing to adjourn, and we are not imputing any fault to the Senators who are always willing to work when there is work to do. It behooves the House of Commons to get together and try and conclude the session before the dog days are upon us.



Part of the Soo pulp works

## Pictures of Italian Life.

THE sights and personalities of Italy—the dinners, fetes, fashions, and the bright pageantry of court and Vatican—are presented in attractive fashion in a volume made up of the letters written by Madame Waddington, daughter of Charles King, President of Columbia College, New York, and wife of M. Wm. Henry Waddington, some time Premier of France, and a noted diplomat. It is divided into two parts, Part I. containing the letters written by Madame Waddington to her mother and sister during a winter's sojourn in Rome in 1879-80, and Part II. relating the incidents of a visit to Rome twenty years later, after the death of M. Waddington. There are pen pictures of the Popes, Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Pius X., and the picture of the latter has a contemporary interest that makes it seem worth transcribing.

"He was dressed of course, entirely in white. He spoke only Italian—said he understood French, but didn't speak it easily. He has a beautiful face,—so earnest, with a refined, upward look in his eyes, not the ascetic appearance of Leo XIII., nor the half malicious, kindly smile of Pius IX., but a face one would remember. . . . He was much interested in what Bessie told him about America and the Catholic religion in the States—was rather amused when she suggested that another American cardinal might perhaps be a good thing. He gave me the impression of a man who was feeling his way, but who, when he had found it, would go straight on to what

he considered his duty. . . . As we were leaving I explained that I was a Protestant, my son also, but that he had married a Catholic, and I would like his blessing for my daughter. He made me a sign to kneel and touched my head with his hand, saying the words in Latin and adding, "E per Lei e tutta la sua famiglia" (for you and all your family).

It seems from this brief quotation, that the style is vivacious, clatty and bright—just such a style, in a sentence, as a clever American woman of the most exclusive social circle might be expected to write in a family letter. The accounts of intimate acquaintance with such notable personalities as Cardinal Howard, Mr. Wm. Story, the distinguished sculptor, and the portraits of Queen Margherita of Italy, Victoria, Crown Princess of Germany, Cardinals Antonelli and Merry del Val, unite to form a fascinating and picturesque narrative of Italian life.

As might be expected, in an epistolary style, there are occasional lapses in taste which a more careful editing would have removed. Examples are, "Two swell porters were at the door" (p. 241), and "I am tired from the the quantity of people we saw at the Schnyler's" (p. 48). The volume is profusely illustrated with views of places and persons. The book must prove a diverting supplement to Baedeker for those on tour in Italy—in prospect or retrospect.

## EVENTS

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ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor

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**H**ON. FRANK OLIVER comes out of his preliminary canter over the ministerial turf with flying colors. He distanced all competitors in Edmonton by his re-election by acclamation, and shortly afterwards took an active part in the campaign in London and in North Oxford. Although some persons thought that he was confronted with a difficult task he succeeded in convincing a large majority of the electors that the people of this country are satisfied with the Autonomy Bill, and that the policy of the Laurier ministry was one that would stand the wash. He was assisted by Mr. Walter Scott and others. Premier Haultain of the Northwest Territories (who will shortly lose that job) R. B. Bennett of Calgary and many others took the stump on behalf of the Conservative candidates, and even Lealer Borden went into these constituencies. A great effort was made to carry them for the Opposition. Edmund E. Sheppard, who for several years had written a portion of "Saturday Night" left his sanctum and requited the Liberal administration in Ottawa for what they had done for him by appealing to the electors to turn down Laurier and Cartwright and the other members of the Ottawa government. The effect of the elections will be felt in many ways. The Conservative party has been greatly damaged and the Conservative leader has fallen in public estimation. Hon. Charles S. Hyma is now firmly seated in the saddle as Minister of Public Works, and has already given some evi-

dence of his executive ability in that difficult and heavy department.

**D**R. GOLDWIN SMITH, as Bystander, writes this week: The union of Norway and Sweden was constituted a part of the settlement of Europe after the fall of Napoleon under the influence of the great powers. The terms were that the union of the two kingdoms should be indissoluble and irrevocable, without prejudice whatever to the separate government, constitution, and code of laws of either Norway or Sweden. To this union Gladstone, in introducing his Home Rule for Ireland, pointed as a proof that two Parliaments might well exist and act together in harmony under the same Crown. Even at that time if he had inquired carefully, he might have learned that the harmony was precarious and that there were symptoms of coming discord. Now the example to which he pointed for encouragement has become a signal warning, and will probably not be without practical influence on opinion regarding the Irish question.

**T**HE second number of the Canadian Forestry Journal, the official organ of the Canadian Forestry Association, contains reports of the Annual Meeting of the Canadian Association and of the American Forest Congress. "Forestry in Relation to Mining" by Professor J. C. Gwillim, of Queen's University; "The Forests of the Yukon" by J. Keele, of the Dominion Geological Survey. An article on "The Care of Street Trees" by Roland D. Craig, of the Dominion Forestry Bureau, gives a great deal of information and many useful hints in regard to the selection and management of trees.

## A Peculiar Proposition.

**A** PRINTED circular is being sent to the press outlining the objects of "The Canadian General Service and Colonization Co." which has its headquarters at 242 St. James St., Montreal. Although the circular is being sent through the mails approaching the middle of June it is dated April 29. The circular says:—

The object of this institution, which is about to be incorporated under the laws of the Dominion is to establish and maintain in the City of New York a Canadian headquarters of practical and general utility.

Its chief aim will be to thoroughly and persistently advertise the commercial, agricultural and industrial interests of Canada: to make known the extent of her natural resources and tremendous possibilities, and to assist in the most practical way every individual or corporate enterprise at present existing, and to promote the establishment of others in sections where there are opportunities for them.

It is not necessary here to go into statistical detail. This will be done later, when a more comprehensive outline of the proposed work is given to the public. The present object is to submit a brief statement of the project to the end that a clear understanding may be had of the scope and value of the enterprise—its value to Canadians individually and collectively—that the advantage of opinions and suggestions may be obtained from those more directly interested in the subject, and therefore the better qualified to speak.

One of the principal aims of the corporation is set forth to be the promotion of immigration to Canada, and it is proposed to have a display of exhibits "of all the best that Canada produces". It is also proposed to keep "full particulars of the wonderful facilities of the great canal systems of the Dominion." It is stated that "the Dominion Government immigration agents

under the high and spirited policy of Hon. Clifford Sifton have been doing splendid work in the States adjacent to the international boundary." By a curious inconsistency the circular condemns the English end of the immigration work, although this has had both the official and personal attention of Mr. Sifton for several years. One paragraph in the circular reads as follows:—

In London the British Government maintains an emigration bureau in a remote street in Westminster, where information of a kind is given with regard to all the British colonies, but it is a question whether this is of any great advantage to Canada. There is an entire lack of personal information, and the little handbook containing facts regarding fares, routes, wages, &c., for which he is charged one penny, is not the least attractive to him. The Canadian Emigration Office, however, at Charing Cross, is entirely different, and the personal advice given there by representatives who know whereof they speak from practical experience, starts thousands on their way to Canada. But, unfortunately, a very small percentage of those who sail for the Port of New York ever go near the Canadian Emigration Bureau at Charing Cross before leaving England's shores.

It is stated further on that the reasons for the establishment and maintenance in New York of an institution such as the circular describes are based upon patriotic, humanitarian, commercial and industrial considerations. A printed slip enclosed with the circular was also received in Ottawa on the 12th inst., designed to secure a series of press notices of the proposition, to be incorporated in what is termed a comprehensive little volume. This slip is signed "P. Pculin, President, Canadian

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General Service and Colonization Co., 242 St. James St., Montreal."

We think it is in the public interest to direct attention to the proposals of the company to do something which it is the business of the government to do, and which the Government of Canada is doing. The immigration branch of the Department of the Interior cannot allow any private parties to interfere with the work of immigra-

tion, and the exhibit abroad of the products of Canada belongs exclusively to the Department of Agriculture, while any matters of trade and commerce appertain to the Department of Trade and Commerce. We think it would be advisable for the Government to cause some inquiry to be made as to the avowed purposes of the Canadian General Service and Colonization Co.



A scene at the Ottawa militia camp

## The Unemployed in England.

SINCE the irruption of Jack Cade and his rabble into London, and the gathering of the Chartists on the Lancashire sands early in the last century, there has never been such a concentration of the British proletariat as is manifested in the invasion of London recently by the discontented laboring class during the weeks of the late spring. The first detachment to reach the capital were the army bootmakers of Raundes, who marched to London amid encouragement and hospitable entertainment of every village through which they passed. After making their demonstration they were sent home by rail by their sympathizers. Since then other industrial centres have forwarded their delegations. For instance, at the Dockers' Congress, held recently at Bristol, Mr. Ben Tillett stated that at present there were over 1,000,000 men and women out of employment, and 50 per cent. of dock laborers only obtained two and a half days' work per week. The only way to remedy matters, he said, was to direct the attention of ministers in a forcible manner to the needs of the unemployed, and one of the best means was to march on London.

It is, indeed, a sign of the times that these hordes of the unemployed pour into the city without riot, menace, or signs of temper and indignation. The whole proceeding, says the Standard, is characterized by good humor and patience. On the other hand, the Government of the country acknowledges its responsibilities in the matter. A bill is now being brought before Parliament by Mr. Gerald Balfour, in which special provisions are made for furnishing work and relief for those who need them. Of this bill, "The Unem-

ployed Workmen's Bill" The National Review, London, gives this account:—

"It is proposed to establish a local body in every metropolitan borough, and a central body for the whole London area, the former being charged with the duty of investigating applications for employment, and of dividing the applicants into two classes: 1. Those willing, but unable to obtain work owing to exceptional causes: 2. suitable objects of ordinary poor law relief. For the former class they would endeavor to obtain employment. The central body would exercise a general supervision over the local bodies, and would establish labor exchanges and employment registers. While the local bodies would endeavor to obtain employment, they were not empowered to provide work. This problem would be exclusively reserved for the central body, which would, for certain clearly defined objects, be entitled to draw for a limited extent upon the rates." Meanwhile strenuous efforts are being made to secure the prompt passing of this measure, and a regular "Coxey's army" continues to stream into the capital. The policy of the invasion is thus outlined by Mr. W. E. Skivington, of the Manchester Unemployed Committee. He says, according to the Westminster Gazette, London:

"The unemployed are organized throughout England, and are determined to exercise their strength in the event of the Government Bill being endangered. We propose to dump the unemployed into London if the Government shows any slackness. This line of action, conceived in Manchester, has been approved in all our centres. The idea is that men must go to London by different routes at the rate pro-

bably of two or three hundred a week. These large gangs of 'tramps' are advised to seek shelter of the casual wards on their journey in preference to appeals to people on the roadside. May be guardians who control the casual wards may seek to apply the labor test to them, but it is believed to be more probable that the poor law authorities will be only too glad to get rid of the men at the earliest possible moment. The men are advised to tarow the responsibility of the maintenance of their wives and children during the period of their journey upon the poor law, and also to direct their children to demand food in the schools. The scheme it is evident, is a big one. It is organized, and can be put into operation the moment the signal is given. But it is hoped that the Government obviates the necessity of any demonstration by pressing on the bill.

Mr. Keir Hardie has a somewhat different scheme, which according to the same journal, he thus describes:

'In view of the great distress due to almost chronic unemployment which prevails in most of our great towns and centres of population, I am determined not to permit the unemployed bill to go under without making a big effort to save it. The bill now before the country, with its shortcomings will, when it becomes law create the machinery and locate the responsibility for dealing with this most pressing of social problems, and with people in our midst dying daily of starvation, or ending a miserable life by suicide; it is a scandal that a bill intended to end this tragedy should be treated as if it were a matter of no moment. Having put this view before my confreres on the National Council of the Independent Labor Party, it has been decided that on a given day, as early as possible, and not later than June 10, a great national demonstration be held in London, Hyde Park, by preference, at which the Labor M.P.'s already in the House, and L.R.C. candidates and representative trade unionists who are not candidates, be invited to take part, and

at which resolutions embodying a petition to the Government be submitted. Deputations of the unemployed from the big towns of England must also be present. Simultaneously with the great national gathering in London similar meetings must be held in every town and city of any size in Great Britain.'

The Standard, London, does not approve of Mr. Skivington's plan. It says:

It requires a curiously perverse judgment to discover how the means of employment can be brought within the reach of laborers in the heart of the country by marching them to the metropolis to increase the ranks of those who already crowd our labor market. Nor can it be pretended that an arrangement which involves, as an initial step the breaking up of homes and the consignment of women and children to the care of the poor law, and which implies dependence throughout upon casual charity, is a particularly impressive protest against the hardship of the workhouse system and the humiliations of precarious relief. On the dangers from the police point of view and on the incidental demoralization we would not insist, for presumably a genuine effort must be made by the promoters of the enterprise to keep it within the bounds of sobriety.

The Tribuna, Rome, says that "the final object of this movement is not so much to present a deputation to Parliament as to concentrate in London such a large mass of the unemployed as must force the Government to provide some relief by legislative enactment." Such legislative action is in accordance with the final counsel of The Standard, which says:

'It is time that statesmanship, if it cares to justify itself as truly practical and patriotic should accept it as a paramount and urgent function to convert theoretical potentialities into matter of fact attainment. The 'Condition of the People' question must be the primary article in a rational programme.'



## France and England.

**T**HE Emperor of Germany has lately been more or less instrumental we learn, in straining the relations between Delcasse and Rouvier, and he has also imperiled the good understanding between England and France. It was the German papers who cried out against France as violating international neutrality with England's friend, Japan. The London Times took alarm, and hinted at England's bounden duty to interpose in behalf of Japan. On cooling down, however, it was discovered that the public had been hoodwinked by German intrigue. This is what it says:—

"The hostility to M. Delcasse is due mainly to German intrigue. M. Delcasse represent a policy which is based before everything on the Anglo-French entente and the agreements with Italy and Spain. The policy which led to these different conventions had been that of M. Waldeck-Rousseau for some time before he retired from office. It was continued and developed by M. Delcasse during the Combes Ministry, and has also been that of M. Rouvier's Cabinet. From the beginning it has been the source of profound concern to Germany, who has sought by every possible means to thwart it and to destroy the consequences which it has hitherto produced; for it was not only the entente between France and England that ran counter to Germany's plans for the future, but also the prospect of seeing the Anglo-French entente contribute to a result which Germany dreads more than anything else—namely, a rapprochement between Great Britain and Russia.

"Such a rapprochement could only be based on the renunciation of Russian expansion in Asia, which would inevitably be followed by the restoration of Russia

as a predominant Power in Continental Europe. . .

"At a moment, therefore, when the efforts of Germany, not only in Paris but in different quarters of the globe whence material influence is exercised on the course of international politics, is working against the present Minister for Foreign Affairs and the policy which he represents, it



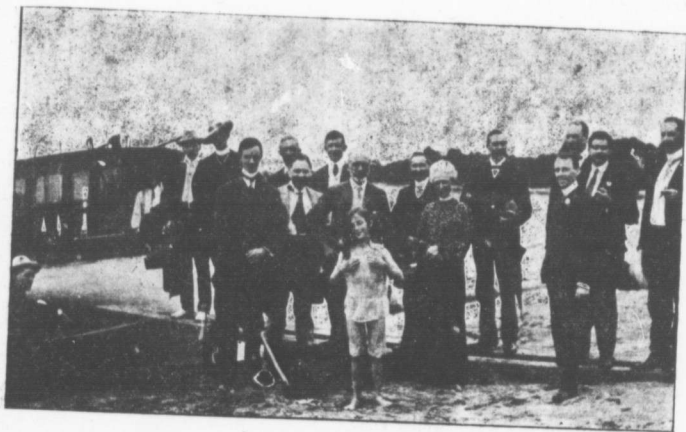
M. Delcasse.

would seem that the interests of France as also of the Anglo-French entente, are best served by supporting him, as his retirement could not fail to constitute one of the most important successes that Ger-

many has ever achieved without drawing the sword."

A like conviction at length dawned on France, for the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Echo de Paris confirms his view in communicating the result of a conversation which he had with a clever Russian diplomatist. William II. of Germany, it seems, had declared in Berlin, on the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, which he had done everything in his power to bring about, "Now is the time to feel the pulse of France. After the battle of Mukden when the friend of France was reduced

to impotence, he "felt the pulse of France" by descending on Tangier, and when Russia was disarmed, having neither shells nor modern quick firing guns sufficient for her to join France in a war with Germany, he sought in every way to break the entente cordiale of France with England repeating the former's breach of neutrality as an incentive to the latter to take up arms on behalf of Japan, her friend. The tact and boldness of Delcasse have again baffled German plots as they were being carried out by political antagonists in Paris.



The good old Summer time.

## The Pope's Pessimism.

**P**IUS X., in his latest encyclical letter to hierarchies and clergy draws in gloomy colors a picture of the "religious decadence" of the age and quotes as applicable to the present state of society this passage from the Hebrew prophet Osee (Hosea): "There is no knowledge of God in the land. Cursing, and lying, and murder and theft and adultery have overflowed and blood hath touched blood. Therefore shall the land mourn and everyone that dwelleth therein shall languish. From the encyclical as translated, we take the following pessimistic passages:

"Long has the enemy been prowling round the fold attacking it with such subtle cunning, that now more than ever seems to be verified the prediction made by the apostle to the elders of the church of Ephesus: "I know that after my departure ravening wolves must enter in among you, not sparing the flock." (Acts xx. 29). Those who cherish zeal for the glory of God are seeking out the causes of this religious decadence. While differing in their conclusions they point out, each according to his own views, different ways for protecting and restoring the kingdom of God on earth. But to us, venerable brothers, it seems that while other reasons may play their part, we must agree with those who hold that the main cause of the present lassitude and torpor, and of the very serious evils that flow from it, is to be found in the prevailing ignorance about divine things. . . .

"It is a common lament, too true, that among Christians there are large numbers who live in utter ignorance of the truths necessary for salvation. And when we say among Christians we mean not only the

masses and those in the lower walks of life, who are sometimes not to blame, owing to the inhumanity of hard taskmasters, whose demands give them no time to think of themselves and their own interests. We include, and indeed more especially, those who, while endowed with a certain amount of talent and culture and possessing abundant knowledge of profane matters, have no care nor thought for religion. It is hard to find words to describe the dense darkness that environs these persons; the indifference with which they remain in this darkness is the saddest sight of all. Rarely do they give a thought to the Supreme Author and Ruler of things or to the teachings of the faith of Christ. Consequently they are absolutely without knowledge of the incarnation of the Word of God, of the redemption of mankind wrought by Him, of grace which is the chief means for the attainment of eternal welfare, and of the Holy Sacrifice and of the Sacraments by which this grace is acquired and preserved. They fail to appreciate the malice and foulness of sin. They have, therefore, no care to avoid it and free themselves from it. . . .

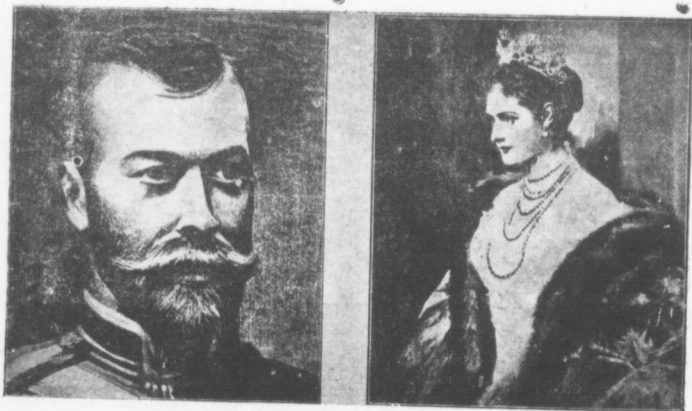
"In these circumstances, venerable brothers, what wonder is it if today we see in the world, not merely among barbarous peoples but in the very midst of Christian nations a constantly increasing corruption and depravity." "

To combat these conditions the Pope urges upon his priests a more assiduous promulgation of Christian doctrine, with special admonition to apply themselves to the teaching of the catechism. Commenting upon the pessimistic note with which

the encyclical opens, the 'Springfield Republican' remarks:

"To the Pope's view the world is on the downward path. He sees 'in the very midst of Christian nations a constantly increasing corruption and depravity.' This is the old cry of those who have ideals of holiness. The early church was built up in the midst of a decadent religion, from which truth had long departed, for it no longer had the restraints of faith. But hope was then its key note. Later came the days when the faith of Christ was overshadowed by worldly disaster, when the

great Latin hymns of the church were framed, when 'Hora novissima' sang sonorously the burden which is now that of Pius X's introduction to his encyclical. And yet even then the new awakening was in progress. And so it will ever be; the spiritual progress of humanity contests its life with all manner of evil circumstance, and whether irruptions of barbarians or corruptions of overrich civilizations rotting to their doom, it conquers them, and each resilient wave of the divine life lifts a little higher."



The Czar and the Empress.

## The Simpler Life.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

"I'm sure its sadly true," said Bid- dy as she laid down the book. "What we need is a return to the simpler life."

"What's that?" asked Carslake, starting behind his paper. He had just enjoyed a good dinner, after a hard day's work, and the atmosphere of the drawing room was distinctly soothing.

"You've been asleep, lazy Tom," she said, shaking her forefinger at him. "Now, if I was some woman, some even we could name, I should sulk in a corner. For I've been alone ten hours of this day, and might want a little entertaining now."

"What do you want, Bid- dy? Shall we go for a walk, or would you like to go down to a theatre?"

"Nonsense, boy, it's after nine o'clock. Before I got my frock changed, and we got down West, everything would be shut. I don't want to go anywhere if you sit up and listen to my plea for the simpler life."

Now Bid- dy had an adorable dimple in her chin, which had never looked more adorable than at the moment when she posed her head a trifle eagerly on one side. For years Carslake had secretly admired that dimple; now he was at liberty to admire it openly, and did it with his entire might. He was foud of saying it was the mark of Bid- dy's good sense and sunny temper. She was certainly a win- some creature to live with, and her fads and fancies were only part of her charm. She was one mass of them. They had been

married five happy years, and having no children, Bid- dy made up the empty spaces with fads and fancies aforesaid. Mostly, they were quite innocuous, and Carslake looking on was amused thereby, only beg- ging her not to go in too seriously for re- form lest the dimple should be impaired.

"What's that about the simpler life, Bid- dy? I'm sure we're simple enough. You can have a new frock if you like. That bu- siness of Rathbone's turned out much better than I expected."

"A new frock" For the moment Bid- dy's eyes shone. She loved pretty clothes and possessed a good many. But no extravag- ance could be laid to her charge for her own clever fingers fashioned most of them, and her eye never made an error in form or color.

"I love a pretty frock, Tom, but I musn't have it."

"Why, pray?"

"For the sake of the women who want new frocks and can't have them, and for an example to those who want them and have them, no matter at what cost," said Bid- dy, delivering herself of this heroic sen- timent triumphantly.

"What Johnny wrote the book?" he asked. "Pass it over, dear, I want to see it."

"It wasn't a Johnny, Thomas, and you are very vulgar. A woman wrote the book. There are not many men who would entertain a plea for the simpler life."

"No, we're a shocking bad lot," he ad- mitted lazily. "Helen Waterhouse! I

know this woman, Bidly. She wears short hair, and a man's hat. She's out of the count."

"But she's clever and convincing. She says we spend too much money on everything, and that our ideals are crushed by sordid pandering to our inclinations."

She ought to know, she pandered to her own; she's got herself talked about," he said, quite severely for him. "And what does she want us to do? Go back to a state of nature, eh?"

"I want you to read that chapter on dinner giving, Tom. It must do you good I'm sure; we've often said how dreary are those long, expensive dinners. She sets forth how much better is a dainty meal which does not hamper the imagination, and where the talk's the thing."

"But when the company's stodgy, besides being hungry, when they want their dinner much more than the talk, what happens then?"

"They must be lifted to a higher platform," said Bidly, severely.

Carlsake smiled, amused, as he turned over the pages of the brochure which had that day come into Bidly's hands.

"Wonder how much Helen Waterhouse knows about a good dinner. Shouldn't think she'd ever eaten one, let alone cooked it."

"O, Tom, you are horrid! Why, she writes as if she were accustomed to the very best society. If only you would read it you would see that she couldn't write like that unless she knew."

"O, yes, she could. They all do it. You buy the women's papers and spread them out at the correspondence pages, and read the home hints and the doings of society. They contradict one another; but if you mix everything up and shake it about, you can make anything you like. And you can always positively assert that yours is the latest mode. It's very easy. If I weren't a stockbroker I could do it myself."

Bidly laughed, but continued to shake her forefinger.

"I suppose you think that's clever. I wonder why men are always so abominable to lady journalists!"

"They're not abominable, only afraid of them, and they have reason," he said, with the same twinkle in his eye.

"If their consciences weren't uneasy they wouldn't be afraid. It's because the arrow hits the mark so often that they take up a hostile position"

"You're uncommonly severe tonight, dear. But have it your own way."

"That book has awakened my conscience. I must write to Miss Waterhouse, perhaps I may even invite her to tea. Just think how pleasant and uplifting it would be for her to have my letter, and to know that her words had done some good."

"But you're right, Bidly. I don't complain," said Tom, in his most aggravating voice. "Why should we ask in Miss Waterhouse?"

"Then I mayn't have her to tea or write to her?"

"Dear child, do as you like, he made haste to answer. "Miss Waterhouse is a new type, but I don't want to be reformed just yet, Bidly darling! And when I think you need reform I must do it myself."

So the talk died out in happy laughter. But the last had not yet been heard of the simpler life. The Carlsakes were people of modest means, both well connected and living within their income, thanks to Bidly's clever management. They had a very pretty house and gave parties to which everybody wished to come. They did not give very many, but these were of the best.

Carlsake's ideas on the subject of hospitality were old-fashioned. He never took his wife to dine at a restaurant, or asked his friends there. Hitherto Bidly had not quarrelled with him on that score, nor had there been the slightest friction on any of these points. He supplied her with more than the needful money, and got the return he cared for—a comfortable home, with every refinement a clever wife could devise for, and in it.

He accounted himself a happy man, and was one in the best sense of the word; also, he was a thoroughly good chap, whom both men and women liked; but he had his sterner side.

Carlsake dismissed the conversation re

garding the simpler life from his mind, and as Biddy said no more about it he concluded she had got rid of the impression too. But he made a mistake. Biddy was on the eve of a great experiment. Supported by the writer of the book, whose acquaintance she had made, she was about to give the social set in which she moved a lesson in the whole art of the simpler life.

A dinner was arranged with Carslake's ready approval, he being a social soul, never happier than when entertaining his friends in his own home. He asked no questions about the dinner, having already had ample proof of his wife's ability to deal with it.

He had always been proud of her achievement, and trusted her absolutely. It had been his custom to bring the fruit for dessert out from the City, partly because it was cheaper than in the expensive suburb where they lived and partly because he liked to save her the trouble.

"What'll I bring today, Biddy," he asked as he was leaving the house. "Pines are rather dear. Yesterday there wasn't a decent one under six shilling."

"Never mind, dear, I think I've got everything." Have you? Good, if I see anything special I'll annex it. Good bye dear, be sure you lie down for a couple of hours in the afternoon and get a good rest. I want to turn that chap Dodson green with envy. He's such a self-sufficient ass."

"O, wicked Thomas," said Biddy, as she put him gently outside the door.

Carslake had a busy and successful day, and returned home at night half an hour earlier than usual, prepared to have a thoroughly enjoyable evening. He let himself in with his latchkey, and, not seeing his wife, he looked into the dining room.

The table was laid very daintily and very prettily, but not a flower to be seen. There was a centre of white satin upon which some dried leaves and some ferns had been scattered. A silver flower pot in the centre held some growing hyacinths of a rather crude pink shade. The effect was rather disappointing. Hitherto Biddy had never failed to provide a pleasing sur-

prise in the way of table decoration. "Something's happened to the flowers. I suppose they've forgotten to send them, or something, and she's gone out to see. Poor little woman! she'll be worked up about it."

He glanced at the clock. It was already ten minutes to seven, and the guests were to arrive at half past.

He went rather soberly up stairs, and to his surprise found Biddy in her bedroom, apparently sewing some chiffon on a sad colored gown.

"What's happened Biddy, about the flowers: did the reprobrates forget send them?"

"No, dear, I thought it would do. Have you been in? Don't you think it pretty?"

"O, yes—not up to your usual, that's all, and I did want to impress that ass Dodson. Didn't you feel up to it today?"

"O, yes," she said, and there was a little nervous note in her voice. She was not so eager on her experiment as she had been ten hours ago, and at the last moment had been tempted to send round to the florists. But she had held on to her courage only she did not like the disappointed look in her husband's eyes.

"What's that you're doing, dear? Surely you're not going to put on that rag?" he asked gazing with dismay on the sage green velvet.

"It's very nice and simple, Tom, and this is a fichu of real lace."

"Where's the white one?"

"In the wardrobe."

"Well, get it out. I want you to look your best, Biddy and you know Mrs. Bellamy wears her wedding frock. Don't let them think it a century since you wore yours."

She smiled somewhat wintrily, and obediently put the sad coloured garment out of sight. The intervening half hour swiftly passed, and the guests arrived, eight in number, all persons of good position asked to meet a newly married couple for the first time. The bride was a country girl whom Biddy had been a-keed to befriend, and she had thought it her clear duty to show her an example of the simpler life.

The dinner was in Carslake's estimation

a ghastly failure. It was cooked first rate, for Biddy herself was a good cook, and used only the best materials. But it was a short meal of conspicuous plainness, a dinner such as none of the guests had ever eaten in the Carslake house before.

Carslake concealed his annoyance only partially. His chagrin was beyond expression. When the meagre dessert of oranges and apples came on he made a bold plunge in order to save the situation.

"Any of you read a book named *The Simpler Life*?" he asked with an ironical smile, when the door was shut and he was alone with his men friends. They shook their heads, but one of them said he had seen it on the book stall, and thought it rot.

"O, it's good enough as far as it goes," said Carslake it admirable ease. "My wife got hold of it, and she thought she'd like to try the experiment of the plain dinners advised in it. Very good for the liver doubtless, but I think we must tell her we prefer the old style of thing and let our dignified look after themselves."

It was passed off as a prime and amusing joke in the dining room, but in the next room Biddy had a bad half hour, and when the end of the interminable evening came

she was conscious of nothing but a sense of complete rout. When Carslake closed the door behind the last guest he did not return to her with the usual speed to congratulate her on the success of the evening and she was too miserable to seek him. He came presently and stood in front of her.

"Well, did you like it, Biddy?"

"No, I didn't, it was ghastly, Tom," she said. "I don't want to rise to the higher platform. I'm content to grovel along as before. I nearly died of mortification."

"I thought you were in your glory," he said solemnly.

"And when that Marchmont woman condoled with me, and asked if the dinner was the work of 'oblige a lady,' I was nearly finished. O, Tom, don't let me try the simpler life any more I—I haven't the courage."

"If we'd been monsters of extravagance, Biddy," he began. "But we don't spend half our income. I think we'd better let the simpler life alone."

"I mean to," cried Biddy desperately.

"When I saw them look at that stodgy hyacinth pot in the middle of the table I suffered enough to absolve me forever from the simpler life."

