

EVENTS

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OTTAWA, APRIL 8, 1905.

Whole No. 315.

Hon. Robert Rogers Convicted.

THE people of Canada were rather astonished to read in the daily papers of the 5th inst. a statement prepared by Hon. Robert Rogers, a member of the Manitoba government in which by implication an attempt was made to charge Sir Wilfrid Laurier with co-operation with Mr. Sbarretti, the Papal Alegate in this country, so as to induce Manitoba to restore separate schools in that province in return for an extension of Manitoba's boundary to the Hudson Bay. For nearly two columns Mr. Rogers belabored Sir Wilfrid Laurier and introduced the names of Mgr. Sbarretti and a former Papal Alegate, Mgr. Merry del Val, in a very obvious effort to create the impression that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was consulting with the papal alegate at Ottawa and mixing up affairs of State and Church.

In the House of Commons on the same day Sir Wilfrid Laurier took the first opportunity after the opening of the sitting to make a statement. He gave it "an absolute and categorical denial." Mr. Rogers began by stating that he had received a telegram to come to Ottawa to discuss

the boundary question, and that in this way he arrived at Ottawa on the 16th of Feb. of the present year accompanied by the attorney general, Hon. Colin Campbell. He thus created the impression that the Ottawa government initiated the interview. Sir Wilfrid, by reading a letter from the Manitoba government, sent in Jan. 1905, asking him to grant them an interview on the subject, and it was in compliance with this request of Manitoba's that Sir Wilfrid telegraphed on Feb. 13, stating that he was ready to receive delegates. The way Mr. Rogers put his public statement conveyed the impression that Sir Wilfrid Laurier after consultation with Mgr. Sbarretti had of his own motion invited the delegates, and that in pursuance of previous plans and double dealing the delegates when in Ottawa received an invitation from the Papal Alegate to confer with him. The day they arrived in Ottawa they received a letter from the Prime Minister's Secretary stating that he would receive them on the next day, which was the 17th Feb. At that conference Mr. Rogers asked for an extension of the boundaries of Manitoba

westerly, easterly, and northerly. The Premier told Mr. Rogers that the request to extend the boundary west had been refused by Sir John Macdonald in 1884, and that the reasons which moved the Macdonald government to deny the request then were much stronger now in as much as the territory westward had now a settled population and, in addition, they had received a copy of the resolution of the Northwest Assembly protesting against it. With regard to the extension northerly to Hudson Bay Sir Wilfrid informed the delegates that he did not know that there was any objection to extending the boundaries northward so as to include a portion of the north part of the District of Saskatchewan but before action was taken in regard to that, Sir William Mulock, who was present, objected on the part of Ontario. Finally, Sir Wilfrid promised to give the delegates an answer at an early day. With Mr. Rogers on the floor of the House the government's answer was given four days later upon the introduction of the Autonomy Bill in the House. Premier Laurier stated then that the boundaries of Manitoba could not be extended westerly but they reserved the territory to the north for future consideration, and to allow for a conference between Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba and the new province of Saskatchewan. Afterwards it was decided to drop Quebec and to limit the conference to Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Mr. Rogers states that he wrote a letter dated Feb. 23, which reads as follows:

"Russell House, Ottawa, Ont.,

"Feb. 23, 1905.

"Sir—As we find it necessary to leave Ottawa tomorrow, we desire to refer to our interview of Friday, the 17th, respecting Manitoba's claims for the extension of her boundaries westward and northward, when you were good enough to suggest that if we would remain here for three or four days you would then be in a position to give us an answer respecting the same. Up to the present time, however, we have heard nothing farther from you, excepting your statement in Parliament on Tuesday last, when introducing your autonomy bills, which we presume represents your

fixed and final decision as to our western boundary. In view of Manitoba's very strong claims as presented to you in the memorial unanimously passed by our Legislature, and supported and supplemented in our interview, we must, in behalf of the Province, confirm our protest against the decision in refusing to grant the prayer of our request, the extension of our boundaries westward, and exceedingly regret that apparently local considerations have deprived Manitoba of what she rightfully regards as a most just claim. Respecting the extension northward, we most respectfully urge upon you that this should engage your consideration and attention during the present session. We, of course, emphatically deny the right of Quebec and Ontario having anything to say in respect to the extension of our boundaries to James Bay, or that if they could advance any claim worthy of consideration that would necessitate delay in attaching this territory immediately to our Province. We regard this as exclusively a matter for settlement between your Government and Manitoba. We sincerely trust that upon further consideration you may see your way clear to grant the request we make on behalf of an united Province. Yours faithfully, R. Rogers, C. E. Campbell.

This letter by some mischance or for some unknown reason Sir Wilfrid Laurier never received. It was given to a messenger.

Mr. Rogers states that he and Mr. Campbell both accepted the invitation of the Papal Alegate to confer with him at his residence. What took two ministers of the Crown to the door of the Papal Alegate, it is for them to explain. What induced them to enter into secret negotiations with the representative of the Pope in this country, with respect to education, they must also explain. Sir Wilfrid Laurier stated that he first learned of their conference with Mgr. Sbarretti and what is alleged to have taken place, from the daily press of five weeks later. Mr. Rogers stated that Mgr. Sbarretti told them that the failure of Manitoba to restore the separate schools there had in the past in-

terfered with the extension of the boundaries of that province northerly, and submitted two sections as suggested amendments to the existing school law of Manitoba. Now, Mr. Rogers' insinuation was, plainly, that there was some collusion between the prime minister and the Papal Alegate to force the hands of the Manitoba government. To this Sir Wilfrid Laurier gave the most unqualified denial. He said that if there had been such a conference between the Manitoba delegates and the Papal Alegate he had no knowledge of it. It was no concern of his. Neither he nor his colleagues knew of it until today. To show that any statement that Manitoba's claims in the past had been affected to by the failure to restore separate schools was ridiculous, Sir Wilfrid Laurier stated that from the time the government came into power in July 1896 up to Jan. 1905 they never received from the government of Manitoba any communication asking for an extension of the boundaries of the province. How then could the failure to amend the school law have affected in the past a claim that was never made? That claim was first made in Jan. 1905. Only a distorted imagination could have pieced together such a droll story as Mr. Rogers handed to the press last Tuesday.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier backed up all his statements by reading official documents, and his explanation was perfectly satisfactory to his friends. Even Mr. R. L. Borden, the leader of the opposition, stated that he had nothing to say about what he termed the disquieting rumor about Mgr. Sbarretti. He was glad that the prime minister had been explicit and added that he was glad to know that Sir William Mulock was strenuous in defending the rights of Ontario. In the course of his remarks the leader of the Opposition said that the prime minister should have made his statement some days ago, because there were rumors published in the press. If the prime minister felt called upon to detain the House by making a statement with reference to every political rumor

which shrieks out Roman Catholic domination in this country he would be kept busy. We would like to have Mr. R. L. Borden's opinion of the conduct of one of his supporters, the member for South York whose paper, the Toronto World, published these startling statements for at least three days, and all the time Mr. Maclean sat in the House opposite the premier from whom, by a question, he could easily have learned the truth. The trouble was that the premier's reply would have punctured the bubble which Mr. Maclean's employes in Toronto were daily blowing up to larger and larger dimensions.

Since the above was written Mgr. Sbarretti has issued a statement. His Excellency says that he invited Mr. Campbell, who has charge of the Department of Education in Manitoba, and whom he knew personally, to have with him a private conversation, in the course of which he pointed out, merely as a remark, that those persons in the territory which Mr. Campbell and his colleagues desired to incorporate with Manitoba, now enjoying separate schools and who objected to being brought under the school system of Manitoba would naturally make it more difficult for the Manitoba government to succeed. He suggested the two clauses restoring separate schools in Manitoba as being "politically expedient for them to adopt." This memo, he says, was given to Mr. Campbell in response to Mr. Campbell's desire to know what would be satisfactory to the Alegate. His Excellency adds: "I never met Hon. Mr. Rogers, nor did I have any communication with him. The federal government had absolutely no knowledge of my interview with Mr. Campbell. I think my right of speaking to Mr. Campbell in a private way, and on my own responsibility, cannot be disputed."

This places Mr. Campbell in the awkward position of divulging a private conversation, which his colleague, with his permission, has published for the shabby purpose of party capital. This, to our mind, is the worst feature of the whole episode.

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ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor

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THE Halifax Board of Trade has been notified that there are 7,000 Welsh settlers in Patagonia who desire to settle in Nova Scotia. This recalls the fact that when a delegation waited on the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, a few years ago to promote the emigration of these same Welsh settlers to Canada, they were told by Mr. Chamberlain that the climate of Canada was too rigorous for the settlers. Mr. Chamberlain, who advised that they be taken to South Africa, has always been hostile to Canadian interests, not only in matters of immigration but in matters of trade and legislative jurisdiction.

PREMIER TWEEDIE in his budget speech announced that New Brunswick had a surplus for the past year of \$16,500. His speech was buoyant in tone. He asserted that the province had a rightful claim against the Dominion government for depriving the province of its revenues arising out of the fisheries on inland waters. He announced a change in the game laws, with the object of encouraging foreign sportsmen to come into New Brunswick and hunt for game. He was convinced that sportsmen from abroad (which means the United States chiefly) spend from \$150,000 to \$200,000 a year in the province. Perhaps some bright member of the House of Commons will move the insertion of an item in the tariff placing a tax on these United States sportsmen for the protection of the native article. Mr. Tweedie announced the prosecution of the Grand Falls development. The Grand Falls Co. have made a deposit of \$50,000 and if the company expend \$3,000,000 within five years the deposit will be returned

with 3 per cent interest added. The company has a minimum of 30,000 horse power and they propose to build at Grand Falls the largest pulp and paper mill in the world with a capacity of 600 tons a day. Arrangements have already been made with United States parties for the purchase of 400 tons of paper a day.

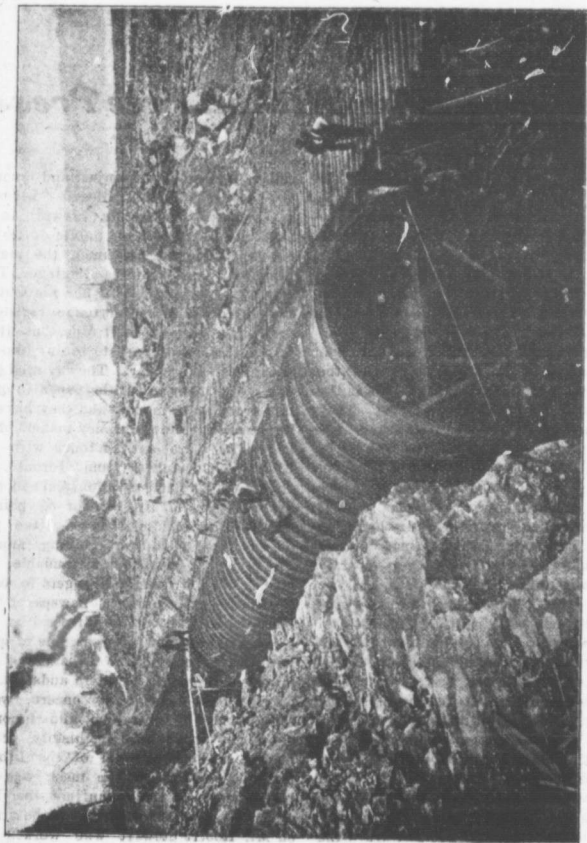
THE largest steel flume ever built is at Niagara Falls on the Canadian side of the river where the Ontario Power Company has secured rights for the development of 180,000 horse power. The flume in question has a length of 6,180 feet its inside diameter is 18 feet, and it will divert 3,900 cubic feet of water from the river above the Horseshoe Falls every second. This flume is so large that it was necessary to establish a temporary shop on the grounds for its construction. It runs through Victoria Park and is laid in a trench. In order that it may not mar the beauty of the park lands the great pipe is covered with earth, but before being so concealed was given a jacket of concrete so that there would be no unequal pressure of the earth. The flume is protected against electrolysis. From the water that will flow through this pipe it is expected to develop 60,000 electrical horse power. Three such flumes will be constructed.

THE cover portrait this week represents the member of the House of Commons for the constituency most remote from the capital, Yukon. Dr. Thompson is not only a Canadian, but the son of Canadians. He was born 36 years ago at Nine Mile River, Hants county, N. S. He graduated as a medical doctor at Dalhousie University and married a Nova Scotia girl. In religion he is a Presbyterian, and in politics a Conservative, but Magurn's Parliamentary Guide adds: 'but elected now as an independent and not affiliated with either party.' He won a notable victory at the general election, defeating the government candidate and receiving a large measure of Liberal support.

Who Owns the Ottawa Free Press?

THERE has been some discussion in public this week as to who controls the Ottawa Free Press. Point is given to the question by the fact that the sheet claims to speak the sentiments and expound the views of the Liberal party. It appears that the paper is controlled by a man who is one of the chief factors in the electric interest of Ottawa, a member of a firm composed of Conservatives when the Conservatives were in power, but who moved the switch in their power house as fast as the government was moved out in 1896. They have since been receiving that heavy patronage to which old Liberals are said to be entitled, but which old Liberals seldom receive. Both of the gentlemen at the head of this firm are good citizens and it is useless to deny that towns are built up just by such energy and enterprise as they have for years displayed in their capacity as business men. But they are not the Liberal party. Money talks, but only goes a certain distance in politics. The Ottawa Free Press represents the Liberals in no manner or form. Indeed it has the hostility and ridicule of the best and leading Liberals of the city. A resolution saying this if moved at a full meeting of the Ottawa Liberal Association would be carried without a dissenting voice. Only the other day in defence of the electric bill which the House of Commons passed in defiance of the wishes and the interests of the people of Ottawa, the Free Press attacked the Liberal member for the city, Mr. Robert Stewart, who had just received the confidence of the Liberals of Ottawa, and who had behind him the best Liberal organization that has existed in Ottawa for at least ten years. The attack was not only un-

called for, but it was unjust and ignorant and appeared in this alleged "Liberal" paper simply because Mr. Stewart, in the faithful discharge of his public duties was not supporting in parliament the men to whom the Free Press owes allegiance. They may have put up \$10,000 when the first instalment of the large mortgage registered against the property fell due, but it is fully as important to put brains into the paper as to put money. The avowed purpose of the managers of the paper in question is to make money, and they have allied themselves to the money makers of the town. They are out of touch with the Liberals. One comes from Toronto, another from England via Montreal and they know nothing of Ottawa or of politics and care nothing for Ottawa or the people except as a field for making money. The desire to be rich is a laudable ambition, but for a set of strangers to come to Ottawa and acquire a newspaper and place it politically at the disposal of the electric interest and then assume to speak with the authority of the Liberals of Ottawa is outheroding Herod in audacity. A purely selfish, commercial concern, wearing the mask of Liberalism, and ignorant of its first principles, its history or its leaders, is a sad betrayal of the Liberal party, or would be if the mask was not transparent. In the meantime the Liberals will remember and resent the attack on Mr. Robert Stewart who worked for the success of the Liberal cause during years when the gigantic force now applied within was serving Toryism as heartily as was the gigantic force now applied from without.



THE LARGEST STEEL FLUME IN THE WORLD
 One of three flumes belonging to the Ontario Power Company, running through the grounds of the Canadian National Park at Niagara. The flume is eighty-four feet in diameter, and will develop 60,000 electrical horse power

Why Some Novels are Popular.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

IN art nothing succeeds like failure, and nothing fails like success. An inquiry into the basis of the popularity in art is therefore an attempt to discover the bacillus of bad art. But before we investigate the cause of popularity, it is well to define it. There are different kinds of popularity. Shakespeare, for instance, is at once the most popular and the most unpopular of poets. The popular elements in Shakespeare are those which are least precious. There is a sense in which the Bible is the most popular book in the world, but there is also a sense in which it is the least popular. Indeed, it may be said, that the Bible as literature is an unknown book. These are platitudes, but they show that there are two kinds of popularity—that which is based on the verdict of the few, and that which is based upon the verdict of the many. When the many come to accept the verdict of the few there arises a third kind of popularity which is mainly spurious, seeing that it rests upon acceptance unqualified by personal experience.

The kind of popularity which I propose to analyze here is that which is solely based upon the verdict of the many. It is not generally realized that the voice of the people has begun to speak in the court of literature only during the past fifty years. In no other age has the crowd been able to read. The audiences which applauded the plays of Aristophanes, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were not popular audiences. The Roman poets were not read by the Roman people. The great

Oriental poets addressed a learned audience. The Elizabethan dramatists wrote for a scholarly few. So did Fielding, Scott, Blake, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley and Wordsworth. Tennyson was the first really popular poet, but he captured the public ear mainly by his feeble verse such as "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The May Queen," "Enoch Arden," and "Maud." Dickens was the first great popular novelist. He is the true progenitor of the popular novelists of our own day, and in his work we may find the first trace of the bacillus for which we are searching.

Whatever education has done, it has not raised the standard of taste in literature. It has lowered it. Popularity in our time does not mean what it meant when Waverley was published. It means more and it means less; for what it has gained in quantity it has lost in quality. The Board schools and the press have dragged the people up to literature, but they have also dragged literature down to the people. No artist can now afford to be popular for the path of popularity is no longer the path of art. Our writers keep one eye on the ideal and the other on the mob. Grant Allen killed his talent by trying to serve these two masters.

This sordid conflict between art and popularity may be seen in the work of many living authors. Most of our novelists make the right hand of the mart wash the left hand of the mase. This debasement of the artistic conscience has gone far since the death of Rossetti. Literary simony is no longer regarded with horror. Mr. Kip-

ling humbly alters the unhappy ending of *The Light That Failed* to please the happy enders. Mr. John Davidson and Mr. Stephen Phillips forsake the green slopes of Parnassus for the barren boards of the stage. Mr. Barrie stifles his subtle humor and delicate sentiment in the soulless atmosphere of the theatre. And this debasement of art debases the popular taste. Even the artist who works with a conscience and an aim does not escape from the prevailing pestilence. Chilled by a sense of alienation, Mr. Henry James darkens the windows of his soul with filmy arabesques of frosty ambiguity; while Mr. Maurice Hewlett wanders in labyrinthine preciosity and Mr. Francis Courtz scornfully devotes his genius to dignified self-dissection. Popularity is a deity which slays both those who seek it and those who shun it. Even the comic irony of Mr. George Meredith is not invincible against its cruel blandishments.

Rossetti once denounced as a miscreant the man who tells the world that a poem or a picture is bad when he knows it to be good. "If I met such a man at dinner-table," he exclaimed, "I must not kick him, I suppose; but I could not and would not, taste bread and salt with him." There is another kind of miscreant who seems to be a still more eligible candidate for Coventry—the artist who deliberately degrades his talent to supply the demand of the market. That is the unpardonable sin against the spirit of art. Of course the mercenary man of genius elaborately deceives his conscience and works in an unconscious or semi-conscious hypocrisy. *The Spirit of the Market* is not a clumsy pander like Mephistopheles; it is a sardonic atmosphere rather than a sardonic demon.

The literary world is rich in humor but nothing in it is more humorous than the scorn of the unsuccessful for the successful huntsman of popularity. The most popular novelist of our day are undoubtedly Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli, and that is why they are lapped in envious invective. It is proper and pleasant to laugh at their foibles and frailties. I strictly reserve my right to that pleasure

and duty, for I hold that every good human being ought gladly to allow other good human beings to laugh at the absurd side of his personality. It is good to laugh at one's self for then one can always laugh last; but it is also good to permit—nay, to invite—others to laugh at you. But the deepest laughter is that which is born of understanding and sympathy and love. No human being is too absurd to be understood, or too grotesque to be loved.

Let us try, then to understand Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli, and to help them to understand each other; for, believe me, it is as necessary that they should understand each other as it is that we should understand them. I have often thought that the Peace Society ought to endeavor to compose the feud between the lion and the unicorn in the royal arms. It seems so wanton, so wicked, so demoralizing. Why should they fight forever for a crown which they can never wear? And it disturbs me in the same way to think that possibly Mr. Hall Caine may fully realize the glory of Miss Marie Corelli, and that possibly Miss Marie Corelli may not adequately grasp the splendor of Mr. Hall Caine. For it seems to me that these two popular novelists are bound up with the British constitution as irretrievably and inextricably as the Whig lion and the Tory unicorn. If we can understand the British constitution which they incarnate which incarnates them. "The British mind," says Mr. Watts-Dunton, "has always been bipartite as now—has always been, as now, half sublime and half homely." Now, I think it is the "homely" half of the British mind which we get in such novels as *The Prodigal Son* and *God's Good Man*. John Bull is fond of pier glasses which mirror his noble lineaments. Here is a pair of pier glasses which delights the good man—*God's Good Man*—who also rather fancies himself in the part of the *Prodigal Son*. For John oscillates forever between the hot fit of prodigality and the cold fit of repentance.

John's character is pellucidly reflected in these popular novels. Its dominant traits are an innocent righteousness and a native honesty. Other races may be as

righteous and as honest, but they are not so sure or it as Jobu. Now the dominant traits of the Caine novel and the Corelli novel are an innocent righteousness and a naive honesty. Like John, they believe in their gospel with a violent certitude. John delights in his own domestic sentiment, his own religion, and his own social conventions. So do they. John revels in the moral contemplations of his own immorality. So do they. In fact, the only brave charge which can be brought against them is that they are more Johannine than John.

Not being English, I can praise John without immodesty; and so I boldly declare that John's most alluring charm is fidelity to his own one sole point of view. Others may call it arrogance, insularly, insolence or stupidity, but although these are all admirable virtues, I think they do not adequately suggest John's superb fixity of vision. In such a transient and fickle world as this, it is well that one race should be so sure that it is always right about everything, and that everybody else is always wrong about every thing. John is the lynch-pin of this planet. The secret of worldly success is to have one point of view like the English. The secret of worldly failure is to have many, like the Irish.

Now in the novels of Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli I find the incarnation of John Bull and his own one, sole point of view about everything. Take, for instance, the Prodigal Son. The parable of the prodigal has become deliriously Anglicized. If there is one delusion which is firmly rooted in the homely mind of John Bull, it is the delusion that "honesty is the best policy," that vice is always punished, and that virtue is always triumphant. The idea of prosperous prodigality may be Irish or French—it is not British. Mr. Caine in a fit of rebelliousness, seems to have resolved to paint a prosperous prodigal, a rake who safely garners the harvest of wild oats, and who comes home bringing his sheaves with him. That is a stroke of Hebraic humor. The Psalmist saw the wicked flourishing like a green bay tree. He flourished himself. It was

at Job, the righteous man, that all the arrows of misfortune were shot. But Mr. Caine shirked the grave irony of the Hebrew novelist. He refused to allow vice to conquer; and so, like the lady and gentleman in Ibsen's last play, the prodigal is avalanched, and his ill-gotten gains are distributed among his worthy relatives.

John Bull dislikes and suspects subtle shades of character in politics or any other form of fiction. He prefers the labeled vice and the ticketed virtue marked in plain figures. For him a Gladstone or a Chamberlain is either an archangel or an arch fiend. Mr. Caine paints character with the same austere simplicity. The good are good, the bad are bad, and they do not shade off into each other. And this, I think, is the secret of Mr. Caine's Broodingnagian vogue. What delights me most of all in his work is its volcanic seriousness. There may be a shadowy tinge of affectation in Mr. Caine's personality, but I feel sure that his novels are a sincere expression of his temperament.

Miss Corelli vies with him in this spiritual sincerity. God's Good Man is horrent with earnestness. It is a Tate Gallery of John Bulls in various attitudes of explosive seriousness. If a Frenchman were to ask me to give him an epitome of the British temperament, I should refer him to God's Good Man. The Rev. John Walden is an incarnation of the Rev. John Bull to whom it is dedicated. Every character in the novel is a firm shadow of a fixed idea. The peculiar charm of John is his passion for docketed emotions and standardized moods. A witty Irish woman once told me that at a British dinner party she always feels sure that nothing is going to happen. There is the key to Miss Corelli. She appeases the national hunger for the obvious. Do not imagine that it is easy to be obvious for six hundred pages. Many clever men could not keep it up for six. The lady of the manor, the proud but beautiful Maryllia Vancourt; the wicked agent; the vulgar bone-boiling baronet; the sinister earl; the decadent poet; the venal critic; the pert ingenue; the "smart set" and the "Souls"; the sermon and the French songs; the Ouidaesque dogs and

horses; the sour spinster Tabitha; the comic rustics; the tags from Omar Khayyam; the voluptuous glimpses of high life; the pink slippers; the tirades against day bridge and smoking women; the scathing allusions to the Savile Club—these are the reverberations of that enlarged heart which beats alike in the queen on her throne and the housemaid in her basement.

The novels of Mr. Caine and Miss Corelli are popular because they give back to the British soil in copious showers the emotions which they draw from it. Like Shelley's "Cloud":

They silently laugh at their own cenotaph,

And out of the caverns of rain,

Like a child from the womb, like a ghost

[from the tomb

They arise and upbuild it again.

If we turn from them to a novelist like Mr. Hewlett we realize that they have one advantage—the advantage of being sincere. Mr. Hewlett is a subtle verbal artist, but his subtlety is essentially insincere. The Queen's Quair delights the connoisseur; it repels the ordinary man. I confess that I prefer the childlike sincerity of Caine and Corelli to the subtle insincerity of Hewlett. There are two kinds of simplicity—the simplicity of art and the simplicity of artlessness. Coleridge is right in declaring that an imaginative work should be written in a simple style, and that the more imaginative the work the simpler the style should be. The best example of subtle simplicity in poetry is Coleridge's "Christabel"; the best in prose

fiction is Aylwin, and that is the secret of its inscrutable popularity.

There are signs of a reaction against a romantic preciosity. It is seen in the novels of Mr. Robert Hichens. He groped after sincerity in *The Woman With The Fan*. He seems to have grasped it in *The Garden of Allah*, one of the sincerest romances of recent years, and one of the most popular. Another example of the sincere novel is Mr. Hilaire Belloc's *Emmanuel Burden*, a masterpiece of the ironic method. Another sincere novel is Mr. Barrie's *Little White Bird*, a book which is worth many a *Little Mary*. All these novels are subtle as well as simple; and it seems to me that the novel must develop on these lines. All the great novelists are simple in their subtlety, Turgeniev, Tolstoy, and Hardy are as simple as Scott; and yet they express the complexities of the modern mind.

One word more. It is possible to weary the public by writing down to it. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in *Micah Clarke* and *The White Company*, was traveling in the right direction, but the popularity of *Sherlock Holmes* tempt'd him and he fell. The most tragic proof of the perils of popularity is the case of Mr. Kipling. His genius naturally yearns to write simple stories and simple lyrics; but his knowingness is destroying his genius, as it destroyed Browning's genius. To him and to all our novelists I preach the gospel of simplicity. Clarify, clarify, clarify!



The Struggle for the Command of the Sea.

FEW more significant debates have taken place of late in any European parliament, says the London Times, than that which resulted in the decision of the French Chamber of Deputies recently to put into effect a policy of increasing the navy of the republic "which will keep French naval power in the same relative position toward that of Germany that it occupies today." "It is not to be denied that the resolve of France not to allow the balance of naval power to be further affected by Germany to her own disadvantage does give point to the question how far and how long Germany will be able to hold her own in competition which her own action has done so much to intensify." "We are of opinion," replies the Berlin Kreuz Zeitung to this, "that if ever the day should come—we seek it not—when our navy will have to show of what it is capable, the world will experience the same surprise it had in the case of our army." It copies into its own editorial columns, "with thanks for the well-meant advice," these remarks by the London Times:—

"After all there is a limit set by financial endurance to the defensive preparations which any Power can afford to make. 'However strong you may be,' as the late Lord Salisbury once said, whether you are a man or a nation, 'there is a point beyond which your strength will not go. It is courage and wisdom to exert your strength up to the limit to which you can attain; it is madness and even worse if you allow yourself to pass that limit.' That is a salutary warning to all countries in these days of growing expenditure. It now rests with the German Reichstag to determine which way wisdom and which way madness lies in view of the fixed resolve

of England and France to maintain their respective positions on the seas."

The German Reichstag must add more than ever to the German fleets, says the Leipzig Grenzboten, exponent of the gospel that in the case of Germany "our future is on the water"; but the Socialist and the Radical press take quite an opposite view. The agitation for an expanding navy must "discredit Germany" thinks the Zeitung, to which a Berlin paper replies that an "adequate" navy is an "essential instrument" of German policy. But the resolve of the French Chamber that "France will meet Germany ship for ship" means, according to the London Outlook, that Germany is quite out of the struggle for command of the sea.

The determination of France to maintain her lead at sea is serious enough in itself to counteract the vast relief with which, beneath a politic show of regret the Germans have watched the singeing of the Emperor of Russia's beard. Even if it were merely a trial of financial strength between France and Germany the issue for the latter, with her limited capital and the financial defects of her financial machinery, would be doubtful for at least two decades. But an attempt by Germany to reduce the naval gap between herself and France would be something more than a duel of resources. . . . Nor is it France alone that is turning the balance definitely against him (the German Emperor). Mr. Roosevelt has wrung from Congress within the past week substantially all that he asked for; and the Wilhelmstrasse has now to face it as an unescapable fact that within a few years America will possess the third, and possibly "the second largest navy in the world."

The Reaction of Democracy.

THE events which have culminated in the resignation of Mr. Wyndham are, by general consent, the severest blow that has yet been dealt to the settled conventions of Unionism. Unionism has, of course, been undermined in various ways by the inevitable developments of the last sixteen years. The Land Act has removed one of the chief arguments on which it rested, the interest of the landlords in maintaining the existing system, the cost to the country of a settlement that would protect them from the injustice to which they thought they might be exposed under another system. The Local Government Act set up in Ireland a state of things which Lord Salisbury thought was more to be dreaded than Home Rule. Ireland has been passing, under Unionist treatment, through processes which were solvents of Unionist forces. This was, in a sense, the irony of the Unionist position. No reasonable Unionist could argue that nothing could be done for Ireland. Yet nothing could be done for Ireland without weakening one or other of the arguments, drawn from the state of Irish society against Home Rule. This was of course the clearest symptom of the nature of the disease which was ultimately amenable only to the remedy of self-government. If Mr. Balfour had the courage or the power of his convictions, and gave Ireland the University she wants, the last of the popular formulas against Home Rule would disappear. But nothing so dramatic has happened in the way of undermining the whole fabric of Unionist formulas and sanctities as the transactions of the last two years, and this well-intentioned and strangled attempt of a Unionist Minister to introduce the principle of governing Ireland by Irish rather than by English ideas

It is a curious coincidence that this collapse of Unionism comes at the very time when the general body of Imperialist ideas and reasons of force is in palpable dissolution. In his important article on Mr. Hobhouse's book in the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Morley points out that the Imperialistic reaction dates from 1886. "Unionists in resisting the new Liberal policy for Ireland, were naturally forced to make their appeal to all the feelings and opinions bound up with concentration, imperial unity, and determined mastery in the hands of 'the predominant partner.'" The reaction became general. The Home Rule movement marked a passionate crisis in which men were driven back to an institution as the citadel of their resistance to change. As Mr. Morely and Mr. Hobhouse both show, Imperialism had great attractions for men of liberal and generous minds. But the fierce concentration on a challenged institution is not the best school for the free exercise of the critical intelligence. The institution tends to become not the symbol but the fetish. Many men believed that the Union in any form was the condition of freedom and justice, and therefore they were prepared to defend it in its worst form against all the particular claims of freedom and justice. In the same way enthusiasm for the British Empire has often begun in an admiration of what is liberal in it and degenerated into a distrust of all that is liberal outside of it. Of course, the tendency to make institutions rather than ideas the subject of discussion and reasoning is native to all conservative minds and native to so essentially conservative a society as ours. But there is this difference between the way in which Englishmen have always regarded for example, the House of Commons and the way in which they have

lately regarded the British Empire, that the one was a familiar institution which had grown up with their ideas of liberty, the other, in the form in which it has held men's minds, was a sudden suggestion which had been sprung on their instinct for power. The Imperialist conception was an improvised superstition in the sense that men eased to test it by ideas and came to make it the test of all ideas. We do not mean that there have not always been men who defended all the Imperialist conceptions because they had analyzed them and believed in them; we only mean that it is an easy thing to pass from the ideas to the institution, and from the institution to a fixed hostility to all ideas that challenge it. From 1886 a great many men have been living in an attachment to the British Empire as a formula, without asking themselves what it meant, what purposes it served, by what methods and policies all that was noblest and most individual in it could be preserved and developed. When an institution occupies this position in a man's mind, it follows that every abuse that can attach itself to the institution becomes as sacrosanct as the institution itself. Burke had reached this stage when he thought that to disfranchise a single rotten borough would be to destroy the British Constitution. In the same way many Unionists have defended every Irish injustice with the same passion as that with which they defended the Union itself.

How apt men are to become so dominated by an institution as to make it the measure of all things may be seen by the case of a learned and liberal minded ecclesiastic like Dr. Creighton, who said at the end of his Hulsean Lectures, in a passage quoted in his *Life*, "Liberty is a tender plant and needs jealous watching. It is always unsafe in the world and is only secure under the guardianship of the Church, for the Church possesses the knowledge of man's eternal destiny—which alone can justify his claim to freedom." What Dr. Creighton said in England M. Pobiedonostzeff said in Russia, and what Dr. Creighton felt about the Church a great many Englishmen have felt about the Brit-

ish Empire. Liberal ideas were only safe under the guardianship of the British Empire, and, therefore, if the British Empire had to choose between acting like Russia or relaxing its grasp on the hopes and aspirations of some other people, it must act like Russia. The British Empire sprang from liberal ideas, and therefore if it came into conflict with liberal ideas it must be maintained against them. What often seemed like cant during the war was nothing else than subjection to this false syllogism, by which a historical basis of generous ideas was made to serve as a moral basis for the most direct aggression and tyranny. At a certain crisis in the war with the American colonies the chief English Liberals said boldly that it would be better for Great Britain to lose her colonies than to conquer them by force, just as they said it would be better to give Ireland independence than to hold her in subjection. These men were not less concerned for British ideas. Their love for their country was not less profound but it was more masculine, for they had the courage and independence of mind to consider and explain what British interests were, and why it was essential to discriminate between different manifestations of energy and influence. They meant to associate British power with free government, not to identify free government with British power. It is these qualities of courage and independence of mind that are wanted today, and it is not too sanguine to suppose that the facts of the last few years are bringing their lessons; that those facts are addressing, the British public as Chatham once said the Crown ought to be addressed, in the language of truth. Certainly no more dramatic lesson could have been provided than that which the Government have taught the nation by crowning the conquest of the Boer war by the introduction of Chinese labour. And no more dramatic proof of Mr. Balfour's apprehension of the consequences of the free play of men's minds could be found than his haste to raise the cry of the Union in danger, and to recall the country's attention from his clandestine policy of good will to the outward superannuated formulas of force.

What is Style?

IT is essential, thinks Mr. C. F. Keary, that the literary critic should get rid of the idea that style is a kind of polish, or an external ornament added to the essential of writing. Style, according to his theory, is an instrument not of ornamentation but of expression. Such writing as is concerned with style aims to express ideas colored by emotion and by personality. The measure of style, in Mr. Keary's view, will be the completeness with which this expression is achieved. Enlarging upon this idea (in *The Independent Review*) he says in part:

"Baudelaire reports—and he means it for praise—that in conversations Gautier's sentences came out so clear and well-ordered that they might have been printed straight away. In other words, Gautier talked like a book. But to talk like a book oneself is as much a sin against style as to make one of your characters do so. In the old-fashioned novel, even in Scott's and Dickens's novels; talking like a book is a privilege reserved for the hero and the heroine, who rarely fail to claim it. Stevenson himself, though his talk was often delightfully witty and was always spiritual had something of the same fault which Gautier had. It comes from a wish to play hero to your audience. He gave one a little the impression of talking for effect. Now to pontificate is a defect of style.

"On the other hand Newman has recorded that he never had any other object in view than to convey as clearly as possible his thought to his reader. That is the other theory of style.

"No doubt there has been something in the influence of the time which caused and partly justified that rather precious

writing which was Stevenson's—searching the dictionary for unfamiliar words and so on—and through his authority, through Mr. Meredith's too (only his case is a little different), has been so broadly scattered forth in imitations. For—if I may venture on a judgment—there exists a curious parallel to it in Mr. Whistler's painting. There is an immense charm in the style of both, Stevenson and Whistler's a something which in neither case have we ever had before, and should have lost much if it had never been. The atmosphere in which Stevenson wraps all his 'Arabian Nights' stories is a thing inexpressible by other words than his. Changing what needs to be changed you taste the same sort of pleasure in Whistler's nocturnes and symphonies; and Whistler, now that he is dead is creating the same kind of school and formula which Stevenson created. But I deny that either artist drew direct from nature, or that man as man, and not used (so to say) decoratively, is to be met with in either. . . . Put beside the painter the brutal truth of Manet, beside the writer the truth of Gorky (not brutal, though at first glance it seems so), and then you can judge. This criticism is, however, beside the mark, except to show the effect of a style which is partly good [in that it is, in Stevenson full of individuality and charm; partly bad, in that it tends to let that charming individuality obscure the personalities of his dramas. . . .

"Style is in one sense, an easier matter to a Newman, always intensely in earnest or to a Carlyle, than to an Eliot or a Thackeray, or anyone who places continually a point of irony between himself and his audience. But their attitude does not

need or presuppose the least of affectation. Always, be your mood what it may, you will seek and hope to find the words which belong to it, which make ambiguity and misunderstanding between you and the reader as unlikely as such can be made."

In addition to this broader phase of style Mr. M. Keary examines the element of intonation, or, "the mere cadence of sound." In prose, he states, this particular part of style "is used most often for expressing the personality of the writer." To quote again:

"The rise and fall of sentences, the use of long words or short words, the mere alternation of vowel sounds: these things belong more or less to each writer who has a style of his own—to Macaulay one sort, to Johnson one sort, to Hooker one sort, to Thackeray one sort of cadence or totality in their prose, taken up as a whole. It is his part of style, more than any other, which is 'of the man himself'."

Mr. Keary adds the further statement:

"The task before our critic who aspires to be a critic of style is no easy labor. And one cannot lay down for him golden rules. But... Horace stands straight in his path with the maxim touching the summit. That style alone is of the best which is in the first place unobtrusive, in the second place does in the long run convey an impression of individuality, in the third place of an individuality high above the commonplace."



GENERAL NOGI
The Japanese commander who besieged
Port Arthur.

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MGR. SBARRETTI
Papal Alegate