EVENTS

Published Weekly.

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THE one Government programme announced by the Prime Minister at the beginning of the session is still the sole idea occupying the attention of the House of Commons. The student of politics cannot fail to observe two phases of the controversey which some persons have endeavored to cultivate. In the bye elections in London and North Oxford all the resources of a great political party, including the most prominent of the daily press in Ontario, endeavored to stir up passion and strife against the Pope and the Roman Catholic Church. Now, for his own purpose, Mr. J. G. H. Bergeron, has introduced an amendment to clause 16 of the Autonomy Bill wherein it is declared, practically, that the Roman Catholic people have not secured justice under the Bill and that fuller concessions in the way of complete, separate, and, probably, church schools should be embodied in the law. In other words Mr. Bergeron as one of the leaders of the Conservative party in Quebec seeing that his Protestant colleagues, like Mr. Sproule, the Orange Grand Master, have failed in riding the Protestant horse in Ontario, thinks that he can set a fire in Quebec where the large majority are Roman Catholics, and is declaring to the people that Wilfrid Laurier has not done justice to the sentiment of the Roman Catholics of Canada in giving a limited separate school to the Northwest which is under public control, public inspection, and carried on only by public qualified teachers.

That is a game that is being played and it will be strange if a progressive and enlightened people of a progressive, enlightened country will permit a political party to play one game in one part of the country built upon conscience and upon creed, calling on the most sacred

principles to back them up, and then to proceed a few miles east and summon the same sacred principles to support a course distinctly opposite. It may be that the famous gate of Janus, mounted with the two faces, one looking back on experience, the other looking forward in anticipation, is historical, but the popular idea of a two faced individual or a two faced political party is neither the wisdom of experience nor the anticipation of youth, but a policy that will work nothing but harm to the leaders who are responsible for it.

The introduction of the Hon. C. S. Hyman took place on Tuesday afternoon He entered the chamber arm in arm with Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Hon. William Paterson. Without doing any injustice to Mr. Hyman and without reflecting in the least degree on his personal popularity his introduction to the House after his re election in London meant a great deal more to the Liberal party and to the country than the mere personality of Mr. Hyman. It meant that Ontario had rejected the idea that a small separate school question could influence the minds of the Protestants of this country. It meant a verdict from the Presbyterian conscience, that if a community or a section desired to have a school separate where for half an hour a day for religious instruction might be given there is no reason why that half hour should not be devoted to whatever religion the ratepayers supporting the school subscribe to.

There are Liberal representatives in this Chamber from all the provinces of the Dominion They represent various classes, various religions, but the one political party, and it does seem that today we must look to Liberalism for that freedom of thought and that freedom of action which belong to every enlightened and enfranchised citizen. We have almost come in this country to a point of religious war promoted actually by one of the great political parties although formally disclaimed. At the bye-elections men were found to stand up and declare that because their fellow citizen worships at a different shrine and kneels before another altar it deprives him of the rights of citizenship and an equality before the law.

Distributing alms to the poor of Lhasa

The first meeting of King Edward with the Queen

EVENTS.

Published Weekly

ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor.

VOL. 8 JULY 1, 1905 No. 1.

THE constituting of the biggest part of the settled districts in the Northwest Territories into two organized provinces has left Parliament with the duty of reorganizing the old Northwest territories. This is done in a bill which has been introduced by the Minister of Justice entitled the Northwest Territories Amendment Act, 1905. In the future the term Northwest Territories shall comprise the whole of the territories that are not organized into the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the district of Keewatin, and the Yukon and, to use the language of the Act "together with all British Territories and possessions in North America and all islands adjacent to such territories and possessions except Newfoundland and its dependencies." Instead of a Lieutenant-Governor at Regina the Northwest Territories hereafter are to be governed by a Commissioner and a Council not exceeding four in number, to be appointed from Ottawa. The Ordinances of the Commissioner and his Council are to have all the force and effect of the Ordinances of the old Northwest Assembly. The Supreme Court of the Territories is disestablished and provision is made for the appointment of stipendiary magistrates whose powers are very large, but in the case of a capital offence sentence of death shall not be carried out until the pleasure of the Governor-General-in-Council at Ottawa is communicated to the Commissioner. There is a very severe clause respecting the conveyance of intoxicating liquor Provision is made whereby the Governor General may appoint a provisional liquidator to take over the property and assets of the old Government of the Territories and to wind up the affairs of the Territories.

ONE of the consequences of the war between Japan and Russia has been to establish Japan as a world power and instead of being regarded as a little pagan nation, Japan is now admitted within the inner circles of the nations of the earth. Therefore it is no longer a question of a province like British Columbia imposing restrictive legislation on these people. The labor element in British Columbia has for many years aimed at putting the Japanese on a level with Chinese but that day is now past and no government of any responsibility can not think of treating the Japanese other than as white men.

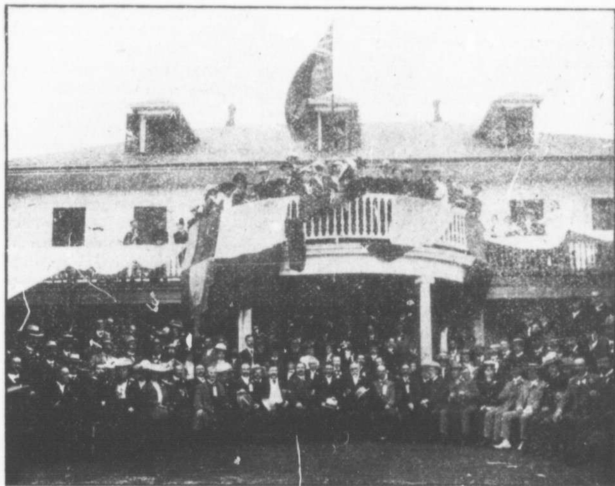
THERE is, it seems, a French invasion of England. Black and White says:

The soundest proof of London's growing cosmopolitanism lies in the increasing number of foreign actors and actresses who find it well worth their while to play a season here in June. There are almost as many French plays and entertainments at the principal theatres as English. Madame Yvette Guilbert is here; Madame Rejane and M. Coquelin; Madame Bernhardt is coming; while Mr. George Alexander's new leading lady is Madame le Bargy. Italy is represented by Signora Duse. As for the Americans, they must feel quite at home when they find an American play at one theatre, a play with "U. S. A." in its title at another, Mr. William Collier at a third, Miss Maxine Elliot at a fourth, and Mr. Charles Frohman prominent everywhere else. Add to these facts the recollection that we have lately said good bye to German and Russian companies, and who shall doubt that if England is insular, London is the reverse?

THE bye-elections continue to go "agin the Balfour Government." Whitby cast a majority of 445 votes for Mr. Noel Buxton the Liberal candidate, against Mr. Gervaise Beckett, the Unionist, after having, at the last contested election in 1892 given Mr. Beckett's brother, the present Lord Grimthorpe, a lead of 1,083. Chichester reduced Lord Edmund Talbot's majority from 1,875 to 412, despite the strong influence of the Norfolk family, of which Lord Edmund is a member, in the neighborhood. Whitby's new representative, by the way, belongs to the well

known brewing firm of Truman, Hanbury and Buxton, which has given several of its partners to legislation and philanthropy. Philosophically as in a general way Government may regard reverses at bye-elections—putting them down as due to the general inclination of mankind to change—Mr. Balfour's followers have reason to feel more than a little uneasy at the long succession of defeats and checks they are obliged to contemplate. There is no gainsaying such portents. The English voter desires a change.

THE Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs is the title of a new book by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, of Toronto. It is dedicated to Sir Charles Tupper and deals with the year 1904. The 630 pages of the work reveal considerable industry and, in addition, there are handsome half-tone illustrations of persons in the public eye.



A group of excursionists taken at the house near Montmorency Falls once owned and occupied by Queen Victoria's father.

The Apotheosis of Byron.

IN English speaking countries no volume of Dr. Georg Brandes' "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature" has been awaited with asmuch interest as this latest addition to the series with its promised discussion of English poetry. Under the title of "Naturalism in England" the great Danish critic undertakes to trace in the British poetry of the early decades of last century "the course of the strong, deep, pregnant current in the life of the country, which, sweeping away the classic forms and conventions. . . bears in its bosom the germ of the liberal ideas and emancipatory achievements of the later periods of European civilization" In doing so he achieves a virtual apotheosis of Byron, that most lauded and most decried of poets. A critic in the London Times characterizes the work as "a romance with Byron for its hero," and declares that to the praise of this poet "the whole book leads up as to a dramatic curtain and culmination.' The gist of Dr. Brandes' argument is summarized by the critic of the Times, as follows:

"The purpose of poetry is to assert and celebrate the emancipation of the human spirit from the fetters of political and ecclesiastical control—to carry out in its own sphere, and by the means proper to it, the work begun by the French Revolution, and set back by the Holy Alliance The poet must be an artist, of course, but the great poet must also be a rebel. That he should be an enlightened patriot is much; but that he should be an enlightened cosmopolitan is more. These being our standards, let us apply our tests, and see which of the poets bear them and which break down under them. The poets of the Lake School break down at once. The French Revolution after having inspired them, frightened them. They became renegades. Having seen the better, they preferred the worse: having put their hand to the plow, they turned back. Wordsworth took to Christianity and conservatism, Southey to Christianity and hack work, Coleridge to Christianity, metaphysics and opium. Let them, therefore, be bowed or kicked out of the competition. Moore, Scott and Campbell stand for nationalism and for nothing more. The best of them only understand political freedom—the sort of freedom that shrieked when Kosciusko fell"; they do not perceive that even under a constitutional government the human spirit may be enslaved. Let them too be dismissed. Keats is very beautiful, but inadequate, because purely sensuous. Landor had the right ideals in the main: but he as crotchety and not born to command; he had not the power of inspiring a multitude of other minds. Shelley had the root of the matter in him. He breathed the very spirit of defiance, making it also a spirit of beauty. In religion as in politic [illegible] was the most uncompromising Radic of the band. But he died without coming into his kingdom; and he was too vague and ethereal—too much to quote another critic, the beautiful, ineffectual angel—to command attention, exert authority, and exercise direct and immediate influence."

In Byron, the Danish critic declares "Romantic sentimentality comes to an end with him the modern spirit in poetry originates; therefore it was he that influenced not only his own country but Europe."

It is the Byron of later years here referred to, who, "afert Shelley's death, arises and lifts up his mighty voice." To him the critic attributes he inauguration of the "Radical campaign against politi-

cal Romanticism and that Holy Alliance which was nothing but a systematization of the political hypocrisy of Europe. He continues:

"European poetry was flowing on like a sluggish, smooth river those who walked along its banks found little for the eye to rest on. All at once as a continuation of the stream, appeared this poetry under which the ground so often gave way that it precipitated itself in cataracts from one level to another—and the eyes inevitably turn to that part of a river where its stream becomes a waterfall. In Byron's poetry the river boiled and foamed, and the roar of its waters made music that mounted up to heaven. In its seething fury it formed whirlpools, tore itself and whatever came in its way, and in the end undermined the very rocks. . . .

"What language! What tones breaking the deathlike silence of oppressed Europe! The political air rang with the sharp notes; for no word uttered by Lord Byron dropped unheard to the ground. The legions of fugitives, the banished, the oppressed, the conspirators, of every nation, kept their eyes fiexd on the one man who, amid the universal debasement of characters to a low standard, stood upright, beautiful as an Apollo, brave as an Achilles, prouder than the kings of Europe together. Free, in his quality of English peer, from molestation everywhere, he made himself the mouthpiece of the dumb revolutionary indignation which was seething in the breasts of the best friends and lovers of liberty in Europe."

In estimating the immediate influence of Byron's poetry upon the temper of European literature, the writer says:

"In the intellectual life of Rusisa and Poland, of Spain and Italy, of France and Germany, the seeds which he had strewn broadcast with such a lavish hand fructified—from the dragon's teeth sprang armed men. The Slavonic nations, who were groaning under tyrannical rule, who were by nature inclined to be melancholy, and in whom their history had developed rebellious instincts, seized on his poetry with avidity; and Pushkin's 'Onjaegin,' Lermentoff's 'A Hero of Our Own Days,' Maezewski's 'Marja,' Mickiewicze s 'Conrad' and 'Wallenrod,' Slowacki's 'Lambro'' and 'Beniowski' witness to the powerful impression made upon their authors. The Romance races, whose fair sinners his verses had celebrated, and who were now in the act of revolt, eagerly translated and studied his works. The Spanish and Italian exile poets took up his war cry; in Spain the 'Myrtle' Society was formed; in Italy his influence was most plainly manifest in the writings of Giovanni Berchet, but hardly less so in those of Leopardi and Giusti. His death made an extraordinary impression in France. A week or two after it happened, Chateaubriand went over to the Opposition, and his first action after his fall was to become a member of the Greek Committee. Hugo's 'Les Orientales' was not a flight straight to the East, like the Oriental poetry of Germany; his way lay through Greece, and he had much to say of the heroes of the war of liberation. Delavigne devoted a beauiful poem to Byron; Lamartine added a last canto to 'Childe Harold'; Merimee permitted himself to be influenced by Byron's occasional spirit of savagery. Alfred de Musset attempted to take up the mantle which had dropped from the shoulders of the great poet; and even Lamennais began to employ a style in which many of the words and expressions recalled the language of Byron's wit. Germany was too far behind the other nations to have exiles and emigrants among its poets, but its philologists had with quiet rejoicing, beheld in the rising of Greece the ressurrection of ancient Hellas; poets like Wilhelm Muller and Alfred Meissner wrote beautiful verse in honor of Byron; and there were other writers who were more deeply moved in Byron's poerty—men of Jewish extraction, whose feelings were those of the exiled and excommunicated—chief among them Borne and Heine. Heine's best poetry (notably 'Deutschland ein Wintermarchen) is a continuation of Byron's work. French Romanticism and German Liberalism are both direct descendants of Byron's Naturalism."

The Poles and the Language Question in Russia.

THAT the bloody outbreaks in Russian Poland which have been so prominent a feature of the events of the past few months, are something more than passing phenomenon, and that the question of a rehabilitated Polish nation is one of the pressing issues of the future, both for Russia and for Germany, is the emphatic opinion of a careful writer in the Deutsche Monatschrift. He reviews, concisely, but with considerable minuteness of detail, the economic situation of the Poles, not only in Russian Poland proper, but in the Polish provinces of Lithuania and Little Russia. In the last named province, the Poles are making no progress in economics; but both in Lithuania and Poland proper, they are gaining more and more the upper hand, by virtue of superior ability and culture. In Lithuania this is manifested chiefly in the domain of agriculture. In Poland proper it is shown in the rapid industrial and commercial development of recent years. In this connection it is pointed out that the Jews in Poland, the educated Jews, are thoroughly identified with the Polish spirit, and "omit no opportunity to give evidence of this feeling." Coming to the question of politics and parties, the writer points out that there are two classes of parties, the social and the political, and it is the social parties that he regards as of the greater importance

The party of greatest importance, this writer continues, is that of the "Ugodowce". It constitutes that National Polish section of the Democratic Jewish Slavonic party. Its plans can be only understood n the light of the Panslavist ideas.

It holds out an attainable end, not a Utopia, like the object of the Pan Poles—a "fatherland from sea to sea." The Ugodowce have thus formulated their political aspirations: Russian Poland along with Galicia is to be a member of a great Slavonic confederacy of states, in which Russia (Muscovy) is to assume the hegemony. Within the limits of this confederacy the Polish tongue is to be the language of the country, and Russia is to have no right to interfere in any of the inner concerns of the state. Customs duties between the individual states are, of course, inadmissable. And here the modern commercial Pole comes to the fore. It is no longer possible for Russian Poland, with its highly developed industries, to exist today without Russia as an outlet, unless, indeed, it were to have its own export harbor whence it could send out its productions into the markets of the world. The reacquisition of Posen, etc., if spoken of as merely a question of time: this is to be achieved by the proletarians, whose hands are needed in German industry.

The Poles, and with them, non-Russians, regard the Muscovite as incapable of exercising the hegemony in a Slav state because Russia proper, as compared with the regions bordering upon it, is at least two centuries behind into the development of its civilization.

But for another Slavonic group, outside of the Poles, to assume the leadership would be out of the question. The only point for the Poles, meanwhile, is to remain Poles, and to enlist the sympathies of the Russian educated classes, and these

classes are today advancing decidedly in the direction desired by the Poles.

The struggle for rights in Russian Poland today may be of two kinds, observed the Polish Zgoda (Concord) of Chicago—the struggle for a right which is and the struggle for a right which is not.

In the first place the nation should resist the demands of the local authorities that are in excess of the existing Russian law. In the second case the nation should claim the just and due rights taken away from it at some former time by the formal decree of the supreme authority of the state. The best instance of the first kind of struggle is a resolution adopted by a number of commune in the Kingdom of Poland demanding that the minutes of the communal assemblies, and the correspondence of the commune be conducted in the Polish language. There is no formal law removing from communal business the vernacular language in favor of the Russian language. The gradual dislodgment of the Polish language from the commune was the work of the local Russian officials, who availed themselves of the ignorance of the peasants and imposed on them a foreign language where the law permitted the Poles to use their own language. The return to the Polish language in the commune is, therefore, a struggle for a right which is, against a wrong which, according to law, ought not to be. In such a struggle even the Russian government cannot employ coercion, if the people abide united by their rights. The police may, of course, molest the leaders and advisers, and even arrest and oppress them, but the public in general does not suffer so much as it would in the case of an armed revolution, while the sacrifice of individuals must be highly beneficail and instructive. Another such case must be the banishment from the schools of the Russian language as the language of instruction. There is a law in the Russian empire that the state language is to be the language of instruction, in the higher and secondary schools. For the common schools, however, the Russian code has kept the native language of the population. It is just on this basis that the Jews teach their children in the Hebrew and Jewish language in their schools; the Tatars teach theirs in the Tatar and Arabic languages; the Armenians in the Armenian language; and the Germans in the German, language. On the Poles, however, the educational authorities imposed the Russian language in the town schools, and the peasants did not resist, judging, in their simplicity, that there is such a law, and that it must therefore be so.

In some villages the peasants have already set about the regulation of their schools on the basis of the existing law. That work, says the Zgoda, "is to be a national, patriotic and beneficial work."

For forty years the government has violated in Poland, the cardinal principle of pedagogics—throwing out honest and learned professors of Polish nationality and putting into the schools of its Polish provinces Muscovite ragamuffins whom the Muscovites themselves did not want in their own schools—but the Polish parents have sent their children to these schools, so as to secure to them the school diplomas, without which it is hard to help one's self in life. . . . And now, after so many years of this torture, the Polish nation has awaked and instituted a school strike. The government has, it is true, closed the schools, but it cannot keep them closed forever, for that would be an international scandal, and to such things the Russian Government has always been very sensitive. If, therefore, the Poles persevere in their opposition: if the parents does not be daunted by the loss to their children of a year or two of the school, the government will have to enter into some negotiations with the community, and make some concessions.

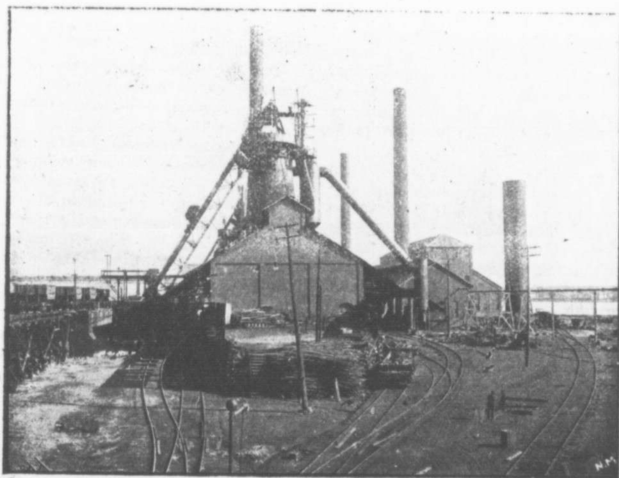
We read in the despatches that Henrik Sienkiewicz has raised his voice on this question. In an article which has attracted the attention of the whole world, the great writer represents the entire abnormity of the school in Russian Poland. The world which had not cared to read what had been written of this matter by hundreds of Polish journalists during scores of years, has now persued this voice of the only Polish writer whom it knows and whom it trusts.

Russia's Reluctance to Conclude Peace.

RUSSIA does not intend to make peace if she can avoid it. That is the deliberate conviction of the London Spectator, which admits, to be sure, that peace is under consideration at St. Petersburg, and that peace may soon come. "But the certainty with which that result is expected," it fears, "is far too unqualified to be wise."

"The Czar, we may take it for granted will not make peace if he can help it, and his resources are not yet so exhausted that he must accept peace from sheer inability to go on. Let the Japanese be as successful as any expert imagines, they can not advance into the old dominion of the Czars, and it is behind that old dominion that the true resources of Russia are still concentrated. Nicholas II may think, and is indeed reported to have said, that he has only to fall back behind Lake Baikal, refuse to make peace and rebuild his forces, as France did in worse circumstances, until he is once more ready for aggressive action. Englishmen think this policy impossible; but the Emperor has many motives for believing that, of the course open to him, this would be the easier. In his own judgment and apart from the internal question, he has only lost an India, which in future may be regained. He is, it must be remembered, the head of a military despotism, and in the army upon which his throne rests the haughty resolution that such a decision would indicate might re-cement allegiance. To be beaten by Europe as that army was in 1855 involved no more dishonor than to be worsted in a duel; but to be beaten in Asia may involve, to men of the Russian training, something of inexpicable shame. The Czar may think that his danger from a continuance of the war is less than the danger to his dynasty, and still more to himself—for under a despotism there are palace revolts as well as revolutions—which would arise from peace, and may harden his heart, like Pharaoh from mere dread of being left defenseless in presence of his people. We all foresee for him an internal situation in which he may be no longer possessed of his free will; but the fact that autocracy may give place to the ascendency of a parliament is not of itself a proof that that parliament would be in favor of peace. Parliaments do not always love peace, and a wound to the pride of Russia, arising from a peace on severe conditions must be terribly galling to a race which for two hundred years has had for consolation the expansion of its dominion. And yet the Japanese terms must necessarily be severe, may include, for example conditions which would fetter the use of war ships in the Pacific as war ships are fettered in the Black Sea. That a Russian parliament would submit to huge sacrifices, to still further additions to taxation, to further and huge supplies of food for cannon, may be most improbable but it may insist on what it would regard as an armed truce, and an opportunity for complete reorganization of the army such as occurred in Austria the collapse after Sadowa. That everyone in Russia is asking the Czar to stop the war is true but 'everyone' means in Russia everyone except the peasants, who are not yet audible.

The conscription is a cruel burden, even in the rural districts but so it is over the continent, and a hundred years of conscription have nowhere produced a successful refusal to be conscribed. The revolution may arrive in Russia, as Western men believe it will; but one has heard of revolutions which did not leave the population enfranchised entirely opposed to war. The industrials of Russia are suffering horribly; but it is not the industrials or enlightened, but the regiments and those who compose them, whom the Czar has to conciliate. A Pretorian Guard has no more power in a true despotism than 1,000,000 civilian taxpayers. We are not be it remembered, affirming that peace is hopeless, but only warning our readers against the belief that because Kuropatkin and Rozhdestvensky have been defeated peace is certain to ensue. It is not certain. The Czar, we may rest assured will not make it unless he is forced to; the Japanese cannot compel him, nor is there any irresistible evidence that anybody can, except the army, which may decide on a long truce as preparation for a continuance of the war."



Part of the smelting plant at Sydney, N.S.

Powerlessness of the American President.

THEER is a clever epigram that the King of England reigns, but does not rule; that the President of the United States rules but does not reign; while the President of France neither reigns nor rules. And, indeed, some political writers have spoken of the American presidency as an autocracy of four years. No sovereign of limited monarchy, we have been assured, has ever exercised such arbitrary powers as belong to President Roosevelt The opposite view to this, however, is taken by Charles Giraudeau in La Grande Revue, Paris. He says that it is customary to contrast the constitutional rights and powers proper to the office of the French president, and those proper to the office of the American President, to the advantage of the latter.

"It is indeed true, that in the United States the President can do almo t anything, while it is practically certain that in France the President can do nothing. But on examination we are forced to the conclusion that the President of the United States has no power excepting that of wishing to do something, while he is powerless to turn the manifestations of his wishes into acts." While speaking of Mr. Roosevelt as an almost unique figure among the successors of Washington in that he is neither a professional politician, a self made man, nor the possessor of acquired wealth, he adds, "Roosevelt pursues politics because he has a taste for it, and because he has ideas which he thinks it would benefit his country to put into practice." One of these ideas is that the United States has reached the age of manhood and should now play the role of a power of the world. Mr. Roosevelt returned from the Spanish War with his imperialistic ideas intensified. He has since then done what he can to give the United States a powerful army and a fleet of the first rank. American squadrons are found cruising in European waters, and the capture of an American citizen by an African brigand has been made the pretext for a naval demonstration at Tangier. "A short time afterward the same squadron went to the other end of the Mediterranean to scare the Sultan." To quote:

"But the imperialistic policy of Mr. Roosevelt has a corollary; namely, the strict application of a perfected Monroe Doctrine.

"The aim of President Monroe was to prevent the creation of new colonies in the Western world by European powers. He thought that the United States ought to mount guard over the whole American continent in order to keep off intruders. Mr. Roosevelt goes further. He considers himself as in some way the guardian of the American republics, and thatthis guardianship gives him the right of interfering in their affairs, in the management of which he sometimes fails to show the predominating influence of good faith. In virtue of this principle, Mr. Dawson, United States Minister to Santo Domingo, signed with President Morales a convention which was the occasion of a conflict between Mr. Roosevelt and the Senate at Washington, and which by its failure exhibited the powerlessness with which the president,

in spite of his constitutional powers, finds himself hampered."

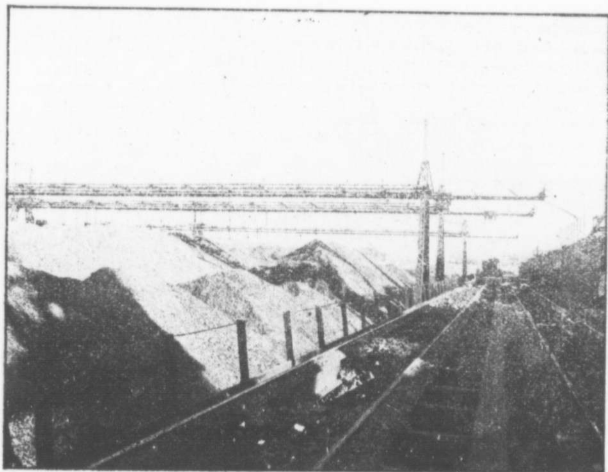
The writer cites also the failure of the President to arrange the financial difficulties of Santa Domingo. He continues:

"Mr. Roosevelt dreams not only of a greater America, but he finds that the way in which trusts are managed are neither moral nor honest. He is of the opinion that certain colossal fortunes of these petroleum, pork, or railroad kings, have not been acquired exactly as the Gospel recommends, or by means which the laws should tolerate."

Mr. Giraudeau goes on to say that the President on the eve of his election found himself powerless to reconcile his convictions and his self interest. "As he was virtuous, but also ambitious, he dropped the thunderbolt and drew in his claws. He was elected by the Republican Party —the great lords of the trusts."

"Although commander in chief of land and sea forces, although he nominates ambassadors, chooses ministers, and concludes treaties, his foreign policy is quite under the control of the Senate, in which a majority of two thirds is necessary to a treaty or convention of whatever sort.

"In this particular," the writer continues, "the President of the United States has less extensive powers than those of the President of the French Republic or the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who can make any treaty without the ratification of the chambers, unless a cession of territory or a national financial obligation is provided for by such treaties. . . The present situation of Mr. Roosevelt, crushed down by absolute powerlessness as a consequence of desiring to do too much, and to do too well, may be thus summarized: He must either give up a portion of his program by leaving the trusts alone, or confine himself to a purely negative course, in which he has the humiliation of seeing his powerlessnes publicly and officially tested.



Ore ready for furnace

The Reformation of Hennessy.

BY ALFRED HURRY.

MERRIDEW is a practical joker. It is a mania with him. He has been assaulted, had his windows broken, been ducked in a horse pond, and threatened with legal proceedings. But nothing has cured him and nothing ever can. I am convinced that if he saw a good opening for a practical joke on his sorrowing relatives round his death bed, he would play it. He is not a bad natured man: his jokes are conceived in a spirit of good humor, and he is sorry when he finds that he has given pain. But in a few days he is devising some new plot against the dignity of his neighbor and the peace of the suburb.

His jokes are elaborate affairs. He spends a month planning one, and waits with the patience of a red Indian for the psychological moment. Some are impromptus, however. The joke that he worked on Hennessy was conceived and worked on the spur of the moment. It lacked the finish and polish of his thought out master pieces, but it served Hennessy's front garden which, with its trim flower beds and graceful shrubs, was once the pride of he terrace and the apple of Hennessy's eye, is transformed into a howling wilderness. Hennessy used to be fond of thelling us that it took him ten years to make that front garden. Less than ten minutes sufficed to unmake it. It happened thus:

Mrs. Hennessy and the children had gone to the seaside. Hennessy's buisness engagements unfortunately prevented him from accompanying them. He is a clerk in Somerset House, and seldom had time for holidays. So Hennessey was a bachelor pro tem., and sought to wile away his long lone evenings by going to theatres, smoking concerts, and playing billiards. To cheer Mrs. Hennessy up he wrote her that he 'felt like a hermit in his aave, in the silent house every night.''

Merridew heard of this, and said he would come round to the Hermitage any night Hennessy liked and play him chess.

'Mrs. Hennessy's a good women, he said to the rest of us. 'It'll do Hennessy more good playing chess than to lose his money trying to learn billiards or increasing the refreshment contractors's takings at theatres. He's fond of a game of chess, and he'll take the bait and never know that he's hooked.'

Hennessy 'fancied' himself at chess, as he did at games of skill, from tossing for shillings to spotting Derby winners. He accepted Merridew's invitation with enthusiasm, and offered to bet Merridew ten shillings hat he, Hennessy, would win less than twenty moves. It was arranged that Merridew should come round with his half sovereign the next evening.

The best laid schemes gang aft aglay, however, Sharp to time, Merridew, in smoking cap and slippers, rang at Hennessey's door.

He was rather disgusted to find that Hennessy was not yet home. He made himself comfortable in the room that Hennessy termed his studio and read. Hennessy came not, and when ten o'clock struck

it was plain to Merridew that his scheme for keeping the grass widower from dissippation had failed. Hennessy had forgotten about the chess engagement, or, if he had remembered it, had not scrupled to break it.

Merridew felt incensed. He solaced himself with Hennessy's cigars and whisky and waited on, determined to give Hennessy his opinion of him, and to claim the half sovereign as fair forfeit under the terms of the invitation.

At twelve o'clock he decided to wait no longer. The servant had gone to bed, and instead of leaving a note, he left a 'booby -trap' over the door of the dining room, rightly conjecturing that when Hennessey found his hat driven down over his eyes by Webster's dictionary, he would remember his engagement. Merridew felt rather ashamed of the booby-trap, as being a stale and somewhat puerlie joke, but for the moment he was too s eepy and annoyed to pln a better. Inspiration comes when least sought, however. When he opened the front door a much better idea for getting even occurred to him. A heavy, measured tread was approaching along the pavement which there was no mistaking Merridew left the door open and strolled down to the gate as if he were taking a breath of fresh air before going tobed.

He gave the policeman good evening and after chatting with him for a few minutes, asked him if he would mind keeping a special watch on the house, as he, Merridew, had noticed a rough looking man prowling about earier in the evening. The policeman said that anyburglar who might try the house was already as good as in his custody. Merridew, to keep him up to the mark, gave him a glss of Hennessy's whisky, extra stiff.

The policeman continued his beat, and Merridew, instead of going home, turned back into the house. He shot the bolt and put out the gas, and then crept upstairs to Hennessey's dressing room which looked over the front garden.

One o'clock came, and with it a few passers by from the last train The garden gate clicked, and Merridew, looking through the half closed window—the dressing room was in darkness—saw a man walk unsteadily up to the path. It was Hennessy.

After five minutes fumbling he managed to get his key in the keyhole, and uttered an exclamation of triumph. On finding that the door was bolted, he changed his note, and Merridew shook with laughter.

He shook the door fiercely, but there was no disguising that he was locked out.

He stumbled over the flower bed and went round the corner of the house to the scullery window. It was about six feet from the ground and about two feet square but by standing on an inverted flower pot and going through a kind of acrobatic performance, it was possible for a man very much in earnest to get through. Hennessey had done so before when the servant girl had absent mindedly bolted him out and had bragged about the feat afterwards. Hennessy, as I hvae said, was one of those men who can do anything, from getting through windows to riding horses which circus riders refuse to mount.

On this occasion he was half in and half out of the winodw when he was seized from behind and hauled down into a potato bed.

'Got you this time,' said the policeman, pinning him against the all. 'Will you come quietly, or are you going to make a fool of yourself'?

'Go away, you blockhead,' said Hennessy fiercely, 'This is my own house, and I've been locked out.'

'Have you, now'? said the policeman' with withering sarcasm.

'Come along of me, and be bolted in. That'll make it even, old chap, it's no good struggling.'

Having convinced himself of this, Hennessy relieve his feelings by cursing the policeman until he was exhausted. He had a good vocabulary, and by the time he had finished the policeman's patience was exhausted too. He told Hennessy to come along and proceeded to haul him over the flower bed towards the garden gate.

Hennessy judged it best to change his tone.

'Look here, old chap,' he said. 'I give you my word of honor this is my house. Knock at the door and you'll find that it's so.'

The policeman consented to knock, and after he had knoked six or seven times there was the sound of the botls and chains being unloosed, and Merridew opened the door.

'Here, Merridew, tell this fat-headed—I mean this active polic officer that I am not a burglar.'

'Says he lives here,' said the policeman, grinning. 'Beg pardon for knocking you up, sir.'

'By Jove, have you caught the beggar'? said Merridew. 'Well done officer. Do you want any help to bring him to the station?'

'For God's sake don't play the fool,' said Hennessey. 'inform him it's alll right and make him lef me go.'

'H'm,' said Merirdew, 'that would be playing the fool, my friend. Take him away officer. This is the man I saw hanging about. I recognize his truculent aspect.'

At this Hennessy lost his head. He twisted round with the suddenness of a catharine whee.l and in another moment he and the policeman were engaged in a catch as catch can wrestling match over the cherished front garden. For five minutes Merridew could not distinguish which was policeman and which was Hennessey. Sometimes they were twisting in the garden path together, sometimes they were trampling the flower beds and shrubs to ruin, sometimes they were doing their best to force each other through the wall of the house, but all the time they were devastating something. At length Hennessey upset the Law into a busha ,nd the polieman, with a shriek, let go. Hennessy leapt the fence and tore madly down the road. The policeman did not linger in the bush. He set off in pursuit like a spurred race horse, waking the echos with agonized blasts on his whistle. Two other policemen appeared from nowhere, and joined in the chase, but Hennesey kept ahead round several turnings, and at last getting back to his house, rusned through the hall into the dining room, and fell on the carpet with a crash. He lay there panting without strength to remove the dictionary, which had taken him in the small of the back and completed Merridew's triumph.

Merridew felt that the joke had gone far enough. He helped Hennessey, who was whimpering with rage and exhaustion, into an armchair, and went back to the door to wait for the policemen. In about ten minute they appeared, and the first one, who was still prancing with agony, said that Hennessey should be caught and hanged if all Scotland Yard were loosed on him. Merridew gave them half a sovereign each and some more whisky, and they went back to their beats fairly content.

Hennessy was not so easily appeased. He said he would have fought Merridew there and then if he had not been so ill, and promised that Merridew should have a letter from his solicitor before next evening. Merridew managed to sooth him at last, and helped him to bed.

In the morning he had thought better of the legal proceedings, but it was several days before he would speak to Merridew. Then Merridew softened him with a barrel of oysters, and they had that game of chess.

Mrs. Hennessy returned from the seaside to find a model husband. Hennessy never comes down by the last train now. He spends his evenings renovating the front garden.