



## Truth.

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### THE NEW POLICY.

The Colonist declares that a new country's development cannot be financed on the present value of its vacant land and undeveloped resources. That is contrary to experience and fact, and also to sound reason and common sense. Wherever the land has been made the basis of securing funds for development, whether that development has been in the way of maintaining schools, building railways or roads and trails, it has led to successful development along these lines, to a lightening of taxation and to a stimulation of industry. Our land in British Columbia is not different from any other kind of land. In agricultural land and timber land this way mineral land and timber land can certainly be used in the same way. The argument that British Columbia is differently situated from other countries as regards the character of its land, and that therefore no such policy could be applied to it, is simply the argument that there is nothing on or in the soil of British Columbia worth anything when it is taken out. If that is true, what is the good of anybody buying in the province? If it is not true, where is the objection to making the value of the land the basis of the financing of its development? In British Columbia we have, and are continuing to tie up our lands in such a way as to afford no satisfaction to the land hunger which induces settlement in a new country, and at the same time we find ourselves without funds for development and with taxes daily increasing and pressing a heavier burden all the time upon productive industry. Look at mineral claims for instance. Suppose we had an arrangement by which a man when he located a mineral claim might pay a fine outright for a hundred dollars. He might still go on holding it an indefinite number of years on an annual assessment work. But at any time he might get an absolute title for one hundred dollars even the very day after he staked the claim and surveyed it. Out there in the vastness of the province, the country that speculators would tie up large areas of the country and do no work on them. They do that now. The \$500 worth of work done on most mineral claims to secure a grant is divided into two classes. It is either work that would be done whether or not it is wasted work, worthless to the claim owner and to the country. If mineral land held on such absolute title were assessed uniformly at say \$5 an acre and the taxes on it collected, all the land so secured would pay a rent to the province which would be enriched by the sum of \$100 received in the first place. The land laws of this province are so designed that they cause a man in order to secure a piece of land to go through every legal gymnastic contortion you can think of, except dignified work, to his pocket and pay for it. He pays all right in time, labor, worry, legal expenses, journeyings to and fro from the Red Tape and Sealing Wax Department to the Proclamation and Circumlocution Office. The province extracts everything from him except money, which is the one thing it requires the most. And it keeps him forever on the tenterhooks of an uncertain and variable title which is the one thing he desires the least. Rapid alienation of the land for money, certainty of simplicity of title, and sufficient direct taxation upon unworked land to insure its being either worked or given up, with those three things British Columbia would rapidly increase in population, and its financial tribulation disappear. We are on the wrong course in dealing with our resources. As long as we remain on the wrong course we are bound to suffer.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mayor Barnard will not be opposed in the election made necessary by his disqualification. He is generally acceptable to the people of Victoria.

The next event to bring men from all over the province to Victoria will be the Mining Convention. It is to be hoped that convention gets as good a deal. Victoria put on her brightest garb of sunshine to welcome the delegates.

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper will be heartily welcomed in local politics. We need strong men in both parties. He is a strong man.

On Tuesday afternoon the Times published the report of the Government House arbitration which "Truth" had already published the previous week.

Mr. Rattenbury has forgotten in his letter published to-day that the remuneration of arbitrators is fixed by the Arbitration Act, and not by any professional scale of fees.

Visitors to Victoria from other parts of the province, particularly from the Kootenays, speak very hopefully of returning and stable prosperity. If increasing industry has only the effect of attracting capital to the province, good times are in sight. But capital has been apt to receive the impression that it does not receive a fair show in this province.

The Tourist Association must be supported. The facts regarding what it has done for Victoria are indisputable. The opportunities before it are as great as ever they were. Its appeal for funds must be met liberally and spontaneously. Let no man say to himself that he will be the first to retire from his obligation to subscribe to it.

An attempt is being made in Victoria to procure a lifeboat. There is little or no shoal water on this coast where a lifeboat would be of use. A steam tug capable of breasting any sea or wind in these waters is the only life and safety buoy in the province that will be effective. By all means get a lifeboat, but it will rot on its ways.

The system of division into municipal wards which we have in Victoria does not give equal representation to all parts of the city in the Council. The idea of the ward system is to provide direct representation for local interests as distinct from the general interests of the city. The local interests, say, Spring Ridge, are entirely distinct from those of Victoria West. Therefore the division of the city into municipal wards should either be amended or abolished. Because it does not and cannot carry out its purpose. A civic ward containing Victoria West, Rock Bay, the Work Estate and Spring Ridge is not a ward at all. It is simply an arbitrary division of the city's area upon no intelligible plan. The people of Victoria West do certainly receive less attention from the Municipal Council than they should. It may be accidental, but it is certainly a fact that the two great interests of the city, Spring Ridge and Victoria West, often find themselves at odds. The fault lies in a ward system which does not carry out what a ward system is supposed to carry out, the direct representation of divergent local interests. The North Ward is an anomaly. The dividing lines are quite arbitrary. The North Ward is not only a smaller representation per capita, but it contains the most absolutely diverse and widely separated localities. The basis of equal treatment is equal representation. If the attempt is made to give direct representation to separate localities, it should be made upon more rational lines than those adopted in the present ward division of the city of Victoria. Even if the grievances are not always real, there is a real foundation for the fact that there are grievances.

George F. Fuller, said to be the oldest theatrical manager in the United States, recalls that seventy years ago in London the device of an iron curtain to separate stage and auditorium was proposed. Whereupon a manager, addressing his audience, said: "We will not burn our generous benefactors; We'll only burn the scenery and the actors."

Lew Dockstadter and his company were in South Carolina recently, where the dispensary system is in vogue and "livery and social clubs" are as frequent as saloons are in other States. Going into one of them the first day he arrived in town, Dockstadter said: "What do you keep in the way of periodicals?"

"Well, sherry, corn liquor, beer and wine, but mostly corn liquor," was the answer.

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### RATTENBURY'S LETTER.

He Protests Vigorously Against the Finding of the Arbitration.—Calls Upon the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works to Give Him an Opportunity to Explain.—Accuses Arbitrators of Wilful Falsification.

The following letter addressed by Mr. Rattenbury to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works adds a new sensation to the Government House investigation. In it Mr. Rattenbury protests that the finding of the arbitrators reflects severely upon himself and declares the reflections unjustifiable:—

Victoria, B.C., Dec. 17th, 1903.  
Hon. R. Green, Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works:

Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge the receipt from you of a copy of the award in the matter of Drake vs. the Government of B. C.

I see that the arbitrators have awarded the contractor the sum of \$19,198 out of the \$29,035.75 claimed. My estimate to you was \$17,156.23. So that the arbitrators' decision practically bears out my valuation and is an award in favor of the Government.

In spite of this, I note that the arbitrators have charged their costs, \$4,927.20, against the Government, on the ground that: "The said supervising architect, being the recognized agent of the Government, and having been the cause largely of the present state of affairs."

An ordinary man would have supposed that the cause of the arbitration was owing to the contractor claiming \$29,035.75 when \$19,198 was all he is entitled to, even according to the arbitrators' own valuation.

Regarding the arbitrators' bill of \$4,927.20 for valuing some \$19,498, I prefer not to report upon the circumstances, except to point out that the schedule professional charge would be two and a half per cent., or \$487.45.

I note with the greatest surprise that after the arbitrators have made their award, and thus fulfilled their entire duties for which they were appointed by the submission to arbitrators, that they continue: "We desire respectfully to direct your attention to the following, which in the public interest should be made known," and then follow over six folio pages of a personal and malicious attack upon myself, in which the arbitrators (all three of whom are professional, and two of them personal opponents of mine) have exhausted every resource of invective and innuendo at their command to destroy my character as a professional man, both as to my ability, my trustworthiness, and my probity.

If these charges, thus made, directly and indirectly, were true, it must be obvious that my professional career in this province would be ended.

The peculiar feature of the situation is that the arbitrators were appointed only to examine and determine certain accounts between the contractor and the Government.

The whole of the charges made against me are gratuitous on their part, and they have been made without letting me have the slightest knowledge that they proposed to make such charges, and without affording me the slightest opportunity of meeting them.

Should you accept this award in its present shape with these charges attached, the whole will appear, when called for in the House, as a verdict against me, arrived at under oath, by impartial and unprejudiced arbitrators.

Thus, even if subsequently disproved, the result would necessarily be to injure my reputation beyond recovery.

I emphatically deny the charges made, and on my part claim that they are slanders, maliciously and knowingly made by the arbitrators, for the purpose of discrediting me in the eyes of the Government and the people of British Columbia.

If the award should be received, I shall, of course, be compelled to commence an action to vindicate my character. I am advised that it is doubtful whether these reflections upon me, so public and so malicious, if they are I shall be compelled to rely upon publication to do so, and the Government, but no verdict or judgment would erase these slanders from the records of the department. These men, misusing their temporary position as arbitrators, are attempting to use the House of Parliament in such a way as to wreak their private malice upon me, without as they imagine, any personal responsibility on their part.

On thus drawing the position to your notice, I do so with confidence that you will not allow this gross

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abuse of your departmental records. That a man should be virtually tried, condemned, and, through your department, the verdict published before the world, without any notice to him that he is being tried, and without affording him any opportunity to defend himself.

Sir, it is not in the public interest that these charges be made known, as the arbitrators desire, unless they have been proved to be true.

I am quite willing to appear under oath before you or any commission that you may think fit to appoint, and I know that I can not only prove the falseness of the charges, but also prove the arbitrators have made them knowing that some at least of them are false.

In the meantime I submit with all deference that the award of the arbitrators be returned to them with instructions that they must confine their award to the matters for which they were appointed; and further, advise them that if they desire to make any charges against me they must do so on their personal responsibility.

### THE POLITICAL VIRUS.

The political virus is a horrible inoculation which causes men to assemble themselves together in a vitiated atmosphere and talk, while they are at it they are as happy as a hashish eater in the enjoyment of his visions. Care and troubles are forgotten. In contemplation of the affairs of the nation they forget their own. The men who appear to enjoy politics most are not apparently the men who participate in the solid fruits of office, but men who have neither hope of reward nor ability for the discharge of executive functions. To them politics means loss of time, loss of money, acrimony in their relations with one half of their fellow citizens, and a number of disappointments and disabilities. Yet with singleness of heart they follow a road that leads them nowhere, grasping at a bubble which has no real existence for them. It is not often that such men get a dose of the cold truth administered by the editorial pen of the Liberal-Conservative Union of British Columbia, a man who has been deeply immersed in provincial politics for fourteen years and who has gained more well-deserved prominence and influence than nine out of ten politicians in the province. To him the Liberal-Conservative Union of British Columbia is a man who has been deeply immersed in provincial politics for fourteen years and who has gained more well-deserved prominence and influence than nine out of ten politicians in the province. To him the Liberal-Conservative Union of British Columbia is a man who has been deeply immersed in provincial politics for fourteen years and who has gained more well-deserved prominence and influence than nine out of ten politicians in the province.

"I am going to leave the province," he said. (Cries of "No! No!") "Yes, I find that I cannot remain in politics and pay my grocery bill," he said. He had reached the limit of his borrowing powers one year ago. (Laughter.) I am going to leave the province and get out of politics, but I will remain, as I always have been, loyal to the Liberal-Conservative party, and ready to assist it in every way in my power.

It has been said that English-speaking people laugh when they wish to conceal emotion. If that is true, then the Liberal-Conservative convention was stirred at this statement made by a somewhat different feeling than an honest one. To be amused at by no means a unique result of devotion to politics would argue a more complete inoculation with the political virus than would be expected. Look over the list of prominent men in British Columbia politics during the last ten years. To be amused at by no means a unique result of devotion to politics would argue a more complete inoculation with the political virus than would be expected.

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If the magazines are taking over the editorial functions of the daily, and have done better by them with the advantages of time for "mature preparation and space for full development and illustration of an argument," it is just as true that the newspaper has assumed the picturesque of the magazine in the display of what are hastily termed "features"—and that with a lack of success that appals. Consequently the anxiety of the daily, as expressed by the daily, is not justified. The theory that the newspaper really need not editorialize is a faulty one, if the influence of such papers as the New York Post, the New York Sun, the Louisville Courier-Journal, the Springfield Republican, the Portland Oregonian, date, as it doubtless

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is, to editorial treatment of questions of the day, might be considered typical. These journals print the same fashion as a thousand others. It is the four or five columns of trenchant and individualistic opinion that give them their value and power. But their success is not typical. They are all products of the genius and ability of single men. They are almost survivals of another age, when the slow and meditated diets of the old quarters proved too infrequent for a new generation. They depend for much of their success upon the aged wholly upon the prestige gained years ago and maintained to this day by a policy no longer feasible. They are the exception that prove the modern rule. The public has grown beyond the snapshot opinion of the morning or evening wisecrack, although it still swallows much grinning the "coloring" of the news columns by astute city editors.

### A MURDEROUS COMMUNITY.

In San Francisco in the fiscal year 1902-1903 there were seventy-seven murders, four justifiable homicides, and six cases of manslaughter. Assuming a population centering there of 500,000, and it will be observed that, while London has one murder for each 325,000 people, San Francisco has seventeen. There were actually seven more murders in the city and county of San Francisco than in all immense and dense London. Of the twenty murderers in London, four committed suicide, thirteen were tried by the courts within the same year, nine were hanged, and four adjudged insane. The other three were discovered and arrested by the police. In San Francisco in the year ending June 30, 1903, there were, out of all the murderers indicted, a thirteen convicted, eight as murderers, and five of lesser offenses. With a record of forty-two homicides and one hundred and eighty-three suicides in one year, there should be to room for progress. Possibly some of these unfortunate might be persuaded to stay a little longer if justice were hastened.

Editor in chief (to office boy)—Bennie, where's the theatre tickets I sent you after?  
Bennie—I forgot 'em.  
City editor—Bennie, where's that paste I sent you for?  
Bennie—I forgot it.  
Sporting editor—Bennie, what was Jack Glascock's battin' average in 1888?  
Bennie (promptly)—Three hundred and eighty-six.—Cleveland Leader.

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## POLITICAL NOTES.

There has been a rough house in the Government's caucus during the past week.

The promoters of different pieces of railway legislation are savage. Everyone of them was promised assistance and not one of them is going to get it.

It is unlikely that any appointment will be made for some time of a collector of customs in Victoria. The office is likely to be shorn of a good portion of its emoluments.

"Truth" was correct when it said three weeks ago that an effort would be made at the Conservative convention to bring Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper into provincial politics.

The remaining business of the Legislature is being held up until the Government makes some declaration of its railway policy. A number of the supporters of the Government are in sympathy with the Opposition in this course.

John Houston, M.P.P., made a good impression as chairman of the Conservative convention. But he did not give way an inch on the point that his attitude towards the McBride Government is correct and he still refuses to enter the Government caucus.

## GUNS AND BOYS.

Victoria has another fatal accident to deplore through the careless use of lethal weapons by infants. It is the ambition of most boys to possess a gun of some sort. A gun is handy to shoot at things. The fact that it is a deadly weapon, and that it is capable, wrongly directed, of extinguishing the vital spark in a playmate does not strike the boyish consciousness. The boy does not desire to kill his playmates, but he does desire to use his gun freely within the confines of the city. That the rising generation should be familiar with the use of firearms is desirable from some points of view. But a familiarity which breeds contempt is likely to be dangerous both to the young sports

appeared in the Mail's columns. The Mail is an up-to-date paper. It requires freshness in its contributions. It studies the times of its readers. Gordon Smith has been able to supply the stuff that the readers of the Mail want to read. This young newspaper man, trained almost exclusively in Victoria, possesses the artistic faculty, both in his sketches which, however, were marred by lack of technical training, and in his descriptive work where everything was vivid and clean cut. It is the rarest faculty on earth. Education does not produce it and experience is no substitute for it. It is the radius of intellectual effort and is worth a great deal of money even in small quantities. Gordon Smith had little or no scope for his talent in Victoria, but by working hard in the sphere he had, he received the opportunity of enlarging it. "Truth's" opinion is that Gordon Smith will rise to the occasion and have a distinguished journalistic career, which his many friends in Victoria will watch with interest and pride.

## AN OLD SEA DOG.

One of the most interesting figures in Great Britain among those who have lately died, was Admiral Keppel, the "grand old man" of the British navy, ninety-four at his death, yet still in nominally active service. Think what a man must have been and experienced who fought under five kings, in every corner of the earth! Sir Henry was the son of the fourth earl of Aldermarle and Elizabeth, the daughter of Lord de Clifford. He entered the navy as a boy; at twenty, he was a lieutenant. He witnessed the disappearance of the wooden warship, and the advent of the ship of iron and steel. He commanded a naval brigade in the Crimean War, and in the China war of 1857 he took a prominent part. His greatest interest, in fact, has always been in the Far East. Only four years ago when he was ninety, he visited Singapore, with the development of which city he had much to do.

With the present king and queen, Keppel was a great favorite. There are photographs extant, showing him with the queen's hand placed affectionately on his arm. As a youth, Keppel was emphatically a harum-scarum; once, while under Sir Chas. Napier, being arrested for "cheeking" a superior officer, and then breaking arrest to attend a negro ball. Great seamen as he was, he once lost his ship, the "Raleigh," on an uncharted rock in Chinese waters. He was a celebrated teller of sea-yarns, and gives many in his autobiography. There also he relates the story of the only duel he ever fought. It seems he had by accident spilled a glass of grog upon the clothes of a brother officer; the officer was ugly about it; and Keppel thereupon pretended that it was intentional. An apology was demanded, refused, and a meeting thereupon arranged. I quote from the book:

"As I had been the aggressor, I did not wish to draw blood, but held straight enough to make my opponent believe I meant business. As the handkerchief fell, Hutton fired low and sprinkled me with gravel. Our seconds held counsel and said honor was satisfied. I thought so, too, but Hutton declared for apology or blood. On retaking our places I began to think that I would rather bleed Dirk (Hutton) than die myself. When the handkerchief fell, I thought I had spotted him. His pistol misfired. My ball went through the third part of his cap, and I was saved a life's misery. Seconds decided to load again, and recommended the necessary shaking of hands. Hutton stated that I should go to him. I refused to go more than half way, which the seconds decided was just, and so ended the affair. I think I said my prayers more earnestly that night than ever I did before."

## CLAIM BIAS.

The Victoria Trades and Labor Council has adopted the following report on the findings of the Labor Commission. It claims that the commissioners were biased and partial:

"Victoria, Nov. 3rd, 1903. To the Officers and Members of the Victoria Trades and Labor Council, Victoria, B.C.

"On report of the Royal Commission on Industrial Disputes in the Province of British Columbia, we, your Legislative Committee, beg to report as follows:—

"Having carefully read and examined the report we have come to the conclusion that it is grossly one-sided and unfair, evidence of which may be found on almost every page of the same. But as we deem it unnecessary to

go through the whole report to establish our charge; we will mention only a few of many glaring instances.

"First—In mentioning the work of the secret service of the C.P.R. a great stress was laid on the proof it affords of the corruptibility of union officials, but little is said of the contemptible methods of the company in employing men to spy upon the actions of its employees even outside of working hours, or the unreliability of the evidence given by men who lead themselves to such despicable service. The organizer who betrays his trust is held up to deserved contempt while the company that uses its funds and systematically employs men for corrupt purposes goes practically uncondemned.

"Second—The Commission spent days in trying to find connection between the trouble in the coal mines and the railway strike, but the charge that the C.P.R. was privy to a black-listing scheme in connection with other railway companies they found no time to investigate.

"Third—The unlawful conduct of the strikers by boycotting, intimidating and picketing is much spoken of, but the fact that a union man met a violent death at the hands of a hireling of the company is not mentioned. "Fourth—Pages of evidence are published to show officials of unions in a bad light, but Mr. Dunsinuir's evidence which showed so conclusively the arbitrary and despotic manner in which he treated his men is entirely excluded.

"The Commission seems to have been appointed to report, among other things, upon the causes of the disturbances, but it fails to mention any specific cause or causes, although the evidence points strongly in one direction, viz.—

The men under both the C.P.R. and Mr. Dunsinuir were subjected to the most tyrannical interference with their rights as citizens of a free country. They were prohibited from joining the union of their choice, and in Mr. Dunsinuir's case, from joining any union at all under pain of dismissal; and we submit they would not have been true to their manhood had they not resented such treatment.

"That they were capable of fair dealing with their employers if approached in a reasonable manner is proved by the evidence of Mr. Robins, who had for many years employed the same class of men.

"This astounding unfairness on the part of the Commissioners may in part be accounted for by the unsympathetic disposition so often displayed by professional men toward laboring men in general as well as their ignorance of the rights for which we are contending. Their environment, education and association all making it so difficult for them to understand many more trials to which working men are daily subjected.

"Therefore, we feel that the practice of appointing commissions to enquire into labor matters without giving labor a fair representation thereon deserves condemnation in the strongest terms.

"All of which we respectfully submit."

(Signed by the Committee.)

## UNTIDY WOMEN.

A man has been found to commend untidy women. He writes in the New York Sun under the name of "Bachelor." "A missing button," he declares, "will attract attention, while the peeping head of a safety-pin may lend enchantment to the view. Besides, a woman, like an elephant, is never still. She must be about her business, and her business is all-reaching. Therefore at times she comes undone. A woman, too, dressed as if turned out of a bandbox, is not an object of universal admiration. The woman who spends most of her husband's money to put upon her back is a creature who is sadly deficient in brain. Untidy women are the most modest, as a rule. Go East to India or therabouts, and you will find the 'females' half dressed, but with their lack of raiment goes their degree of modesty which is far beyond that of their beflowered and be-gowned sisters. What is prettier, too, than an Irish girl with dishevelled hair and flowing, untidy hair? Travel, my friend, you are a chicken that has never been out of one field. Travel, and if you return from your wanderings still in the same state of mind, for goodness sake pay all your attention to an immaculately dressed and orderly model; for that, and nothing else, will meet your extraordinary fancy. An absolute and always correctly dressed woman is as much of a monotonous eyesore as a dummy."

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## GORDON SMITH.

Gordon Smith, until last week a reporter on the Colonist, has gone to Japan on the staff of the London Daily Mail, thus securing the finest opportunity for a brilliant career the newspaper world affords. Gordon Smith has been for some time the correspondent of the Mail in Victoria where his thorough knowledge of the Eastern Question from a news point of view and painstaking work have brought him the appreciation of the great London daily. On several occasions signed articles by Smith have

## THE SECRET HISTORY.

Of the German Court Published in Two Volumes by a Scandal-Loving Countess.—The Kaiser a Megalomania. Whose Constant Recreations Alarm his Intimates—A Sordid History.

Ursula Countess von Eppinghoven lives in Russia. She was dame du palais to the Empress Queen of Germany. She evidently quarrelled with the German Court and has revenged herself in 700 pages of unmitigated scandal.

One does not have to read far in the "Prives Lives of William II. and His Consort, and Secret History of the Court of Berlin," to discover the author's bias against the Kaiser. We hear, immediately, of the "stigmata" of the Kaiser's disease—of his inflamed ear, which has to be constantly cleaned by a pumping apparatus, of his left leg that every now and then gives out, and of the useless arm. The true story of this arm, accordance to the behemine who officiated at the birth of the future Kaiser, is this:

"At first we were all so busy putting life into the prince, and keeping it in him, that no one thought of examining his limbs. Even when, on January 28th, the late Crown Prince showed his son to his relatives, friends, and the assembled royal and princely households, no one observed that anything was wrong. But on the last, or the last but one day of the month, it was noticed that the child could not move his left arm; an investigation was made, and, in the course of it, the surgeons discovered that the elbow joint was dislocated. This is nothing serious in a healthy child. However, in the case of Prince William, the surrounding soft parts were so injured, and the muscles attached in such a condition, that no one dared attempt to set the bone then."

Further information about that withered arm is given farther on in the book:

"This arm the Kaiser hugs closely to his body, allowing the hand, which is not deformed, but puny like a child's, to rest against his waist, or upon his hip, if on his back. Any one following the German papers will probably remember that the official journals issue balloons d'essai from time to time to ascertain public sentiment in respect to the introduction of a belt for army officers, an article of accoutrement foreign to the Prussian uniform, and out of harmony with the general style. As the Empress Eugenie re-established the crinoline in the 'sixties to hide her interesting condition, so William wants to change military dress to find a convenient resting place for his poor left hand and arm, which, being about six inches shorter than the right, would attach to a belt unostentatiously. But alas! the majority of officers feign to regard those re-occurring proposals as manoeuvres of mercenary army contractors, and treat them with fine scorn, so that William, unwilling to own his secret reason for the innovation sought for, must go without relief."

As already intimated, the fingers of the crippled hand are movable, for, although the head of the radius of the forearm does not set properly into the condyles of the humerus, the limb is not altogether inert."

From the account of the Kaiser's nativity, the chronicler leaps at once to a consideration of his acts after he ascended to the throne. It is contended that from the first the emperor was a victim of megalomania—egomania. His "first official acts," we are told, "were those of a disordered brain, unstatesmanlike, heedless and offensive." Again and again, the parallel is drawn between the Kaiser and the Mad Ludwig, and other kingly maniacs:

"Another and more dangerous form of the Kaiser's excessive vanity and egomania shows in the current prosecutions for lese majeste. For this offence, sentences amounting to some three hundred years of imprisonment are imposed by Prussian judges from January to December, and as the courts of the allied German states and statelets follow the lead, it is calculated that, on this score alone, as many years of imprisonment are annually meted out in the Fatherland as there are days in the year. Accordingly, three thousand five hundred years—twice the time of the Christian era, lacking a few paltry centuries—were wiped out of the lives of some eight or nine thousand of his subjects since William assumed the crown, the list of culprits

embracing both sexes and all classes of society. And for what? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred (I quote from pure records) for the heinous crime of impeaching the Kaiser's aptitude as a composer, as a ruler, poet, diplomat, or ship-builder; as a conqueror, orchestra-leader, or expounder of the Monroe doctrine; as a sportsman, as God-anointed, as a painter, strategist, novel-writer, circus-director, or lawyer; as advocate of duels, as a constitutional king, stage-manager, or absolute monarch; as playwright, huntsman, infantryman, cavalryman, familyman, or maid-of-all-work."

Here is another incident adduced to show to what lengths go the Kaiser's alleged "delusion of grandeur": "His Majesty sat down to dedicate a number of Bibles for the new Berlin garrison church, inscribing them as follows: 'I will walk with you and you will be my God, and you shall be my people. Ye shall walk in all the ways which I have commanded you. Without me you can do nothing.' He signed each sentence, 'Wilhelm, Emperor Rex,' and omitted quotation marks, as well as book, chapter, and verse, which to indicate the origin of the phrases. 'They shall stand by themselves as expressions of my royal will,' he said to Her Majesty."

Bloodthirstiness is another attribute of the emperor, according to the writer: "Some time ago the emperor was boasting that he had killed his fifty-thousandth head of game. 'When I think of the number of animals in my forests,' he added, 'I feel like Frederick the Great at Kolin, when he shouted to squadrons: "Dogs double and treble my shooting record during the next ten years. If a king can not go to war, he must be content with practising in the forests. It keeps one in fighting trim, anyhow.'"

His public actions have given evidence enough that there is a queer streak in the German Kaiser. But a picture like that given by this spiteful Countess is something the world was not prepared for. Spite is always capable of torturing incidents entirely out of their proper significance. But while the malice of the authoress is sufficiently declared, much she has to say about the emperor could hardly have been invented. Countess von Eppinghoven is one human being who will never trust herself within the limits of the German empire.

## AN ALCOHOLIC REACTION.

The Review, London, England, is always refreshingly frank and outspoken. Regarding the mortality of abstainers it says: "We are not prepared to enter into an actual discussion as to the longevity of total abstainers, but amongst our acquaintances the most hopeless wrecks that are going around at present with rheumatism are men who have been total abstainers during their whole lives. One or two others ranging from a quarter of a century to thirty years are quite broken up. In other words, it is possible to have a long life, and yet a merry one."

## THE BABY YELLED.

She got into the car at the corner of Broadway and Fortieth streets. She carried a baby on one arm. On either side within the car ran an unbroken line of newspapers. The line remained unbroken.

She held on to a strap. The baby yelled. The newspapers rustled in disquietude. The baby yelled.

The newspapers trembled. The baby yelled three times in succession—sharp, ear-splitting, terrible. The newspapers were rattled. A voice said, "I—" She said: "Poor darling, does 'oo always try when 'oo can't get by a window to look out? Yes, 'oo does."

The baby yelled. All the seats were vacated simultaneously. Each seat was by a window. The newspapers settled down with a rustle of relief. The baby yelled. The newspapers shook with astonishment—infinitely terrible. The baby yelled. "Thirty-fifth street," sang the conductor. All the newspapers got off. The baby yelled.

## HER FIRST CALL

## ON THE BUTCHER.

(She enters, shakes skirt free of sawdust, and wrinkles nose in disgust. She moves uncertainly, finally points at one man.)

You, if you please. Good morning. I want to look at something for dinner. . . . Oh, I don't know what I want—just show me what you have. . . . Of course, I can't tell what I want till I see what you have, and even then it's very hard. . . . Yes, just us two. . . . Well, the platter use ordinarily for dinner—I don't use the best set for every day, but this one is really very pretty, white with little pink roses—Well, it's about so long and so wide, and I would like something to fill it nicely. . . . I can't think of one thing. What are these? . . . Chops? Well, I never saw chops growing in bunches before. . . . I don't care when I was at home we often had chops, but they weren't like that, but sort of one and one, with little bits of parsley around them. . . . You put them up? Oh—oh—I suppose different butchers have different ways. . . .

I don't think I care for that kind of chops, anyway—I mean those with the little tails. I like the ones with the long, thin bones. . . . French chops? Oh, no, they weren't imported—oh, no, because the cook used to go out any time and get them. . . . Oh—oh—oh—you do? . . . They are? I see. . . . I'll take some. . . . How many?—Oh—I—er—Why, about as many as you usually sell. . . . Well, let me see—Mr. Dodd generally eats about a dozen oysters at a time—I don't mean all at once, you know—so for both of us I think about a dozen. . . . Oh, I can send for more if that isn't enough.

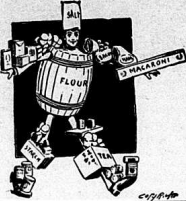
I would like to look at some chickens, please. . . . Why, it hasn't any feathers! . . . It did. . . . You haven't?—It was. . . . Oh—oh—oh. I don't like the color—it seems very yellow. . . . Because it's fat? Well I don't want a fat chicken—neither Mr. Dodd nor myself eat a bit of fat. . . . Oh—oh—oh. I can't help it—I don't like the color of that chicken—you'll pardon my saying so, but it does look bilious. Why, what are you breaking its bones for? I wouldn't take it under any circumstances. . . . Perhaps, but Mr. Dodd wouldn't like to buy a damaged chicken. There, I like these chickens hanging up. . . . No, no, not that one—rather a little no—yes, yes, that's it—the blue looking one with the large face. . . . I don't care, I like its looks much better than the other one.

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## A PRESBYTERIAN ICONOCLAST.

Dr. Watson (Ian MacLaren) runs amuck amongst some of the dearest traditions of the Presbyterian churches when he says: "Can there be anything more unbecoming in our office than preaching the evangel of Christ in a competition against five other selected candidates, or anything more likely to hinder a good self-respecting minister or the ministry? Can there be anything worse for the spiritual temper of a congregation than to sit as judges on the declaration of divine truth, or is there any function which in practice arouses worse passions in church life than a disputed election? Is it not the case that the judgment of the half-dozen well-educated and spiritually minded men in a congregation counts for very little in the kind of congregation to which the probationer makes his appeal, against the votes of the multitude who are not well educated and not accustomed to deal with large affairs? The few will inquire many things before they appoint their clergyman—about his scholarship, his character, his common sense, his inherent capacity, his manners, his piety—and they will not likely appoint a quarrelsome man or a rude person; but the many can be captured any day by a windbag with two sermons full of apocryphal religious anecdotes and conventional phraseology. Here again we feel that there is something wrong, and that the best is not being done, either for the candidates or for the church."

Dr. Bird was once the guest of Captain Burton, the explorer, and one night, when Burton had been telling of an Arab attack which ended fatally for his assailant, the doctor poked from his one of the most perfect retorts ever made at a doctor's expense. "How do you feel, captain, when you kill a man?" said he. Burton paused a moment, and then replied, slowly: "I don't know, doctor. How do you?"



E. J. WALL.

W. A. SMITH.

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