CURRENT COMMENT

Russia Seeks a Modus Vivendi.

M. Tschitcherin, the Soviet Commissary for Foreign Affairs in Russia, is recognizing the compromise principle which has been the distinguishing feature of British politics, since the British nation became a political organism. When two opposing forces meet in mechanics they find a mean, and the Russian socialism and the British capitalism must find some common ground as M. Tschitcherin now admits. It is the beginning of the dawn of reason in Russia, for only reasoning beings can compromise. Of course, there can be no compromise with positive evil, but in practice, it is a most difficult business to identify any comprehensive national policy as positively evil. It was only when Germany broke loose in 1914 that her policy was seen to be essentially evil. No such view can be taken of either socialism or capitalism. The patriarchal system is a combination of both. It is conceivable that the common phenomenon of alternation in human affairs may be detected in the centripital and centrifugal aspects of capital and socialism, first as the republic and the monarchy are found to alternate in the longer cycles of history and reach a compromise in Britain at present. "There may be a difference of opinion as to the duration of the capitalistic system," says M. Tschitcherin, "but capitalism exists and we must make the best of it. A modus vivendi must be found, so that our socialist state, and capitalistic states can exist and negotiate with one another for the best interests of all. British statesmen have been the first to recognize this necessity," which is one more tribute to the sound common sense of British statesmanship. It must not be forgotten that Russia is striving after an ideal. If we saw and felt as Russia does we would act as Russia has done. If the Russians saw and felt as we do they would have taken a different course since 1917. It is useless to find fault with a man or a nation for not being something else than what he is. The Republic of the United States had to do business with the monarchies of the old world. No doubt the Russian Soviet Government will be able to sustain similar relations.

Home Rule May Develop Unexpectedly.

Sir Edward Carson's reply to Herbert Asquith, M.P., in the Home Rule debate left nothing more to be said. Mr. Asquith by his admissions had cut the throat of his own offspring. How, asked Sir Edward, could he go to Ulster and ask his followers to fight to protect Ulster if they rejected the Lloyd George bill, which gave them control of six counties? This is unanswerable, but the wonder is that it was not perceived years ago. There is not the slightest doubt that the Ulster counties would be administered with efficiency and with far more satisfaction to the people under a Home Rule system of their own than under the present costly and complicated method in which everything has to be referred to London. Belfast could not repair the Albert Bridge or widen the Queen's Bridge over the Lagan without expensive legislation carried through the Imperial Parliament. Belfast business men would be quick to see and to utilize the advantages of decentralization and parts like Coleraine which complained bitterly as long ago as 1825, as may be seen from Thom's official directory at the loss of trade deliberately taken away by the English Government, will look for revival and expansion. The more efficient government of the Ulster counties may have an entirely different effect on the whole Home Rule situation than is anticipated in some quarters in the United States. It may be the south that wants to join the north instead of the very different conception now held.

Exploitation of Electric Power.

A huge, far-sighted and perfectly feasible scheme has been planned in New York and made the business of a gigantic corporation to be known as the Electrical Power Co. The idea is to obtain control of all the sources of power not yet exploited, to develop them, and to sell the energy as light or power to cities, railway companies or other consumers in whatever form required. The conception is a natural outcome of the work of the Ontario Hydro Power Commmission, whose work has been watched with the closest interest by magnates of every description. As soon as electric power was recognized as practicable it was seen to be an unusually easy means of extracting tolls from the public, and the tolls in such cases are usually regulated by one limitation only—what the traffic can bear. This singularly vicious principle tends to build up a fabulously wealthy class and to create divisions in society, which are not good for the people of a nation, either individually or collectively. So long as the common sense or the moral perception of a nation has not risen to the level where such undue levies are regarded as bad for all concerned, it must be the duty of governments to protect the people from the rapacity and plundering instincts of those who use power and opportunity for such ends. It is a magnificent idea to utilize all the waste water powers of the continent, water falls, river flow, tidal forces, and coal from mines located at places where transportation is not to be thought of, but the generation of power would enable the transmission of power to be accomplished. All these sources of power are the natural wealth of the nation, and the nation as a whole, should have the benefit of them. There can be no objection to permitting those who undertake their development to have a reasonable profit from their enterprise, but there should be a strict supervision of such projects and a limitation of the exactions to be permitted from the public. The ideal methods of such development is that adopted in Ontario under the Hydro Power Commission, but failing this private corporations should not be allowed to plunder the people through the exploitation of the people's own resources. This is what has led to the growth of socialistic sentiment and defenders of the capitalistic and competitive system, should have the good sense to see that in the case of what are natural monopolies founded on the national resources and common needs of the people if private enterprise is to have a hand in them at all, it must be under conditions of moderation in charges, of consideration for the public in service, and generally the observance of such conditions as will anticipate and forestall the advantages that have been derived from public ownership. The prevention of stock-watering, and the restriction of capitalization to the actual investment made would go a long way to placate the demand for public ownership and service at cost.

Cases For Discipline.

Medical men have a right to complain of the stigma cast upon their profession by the small number of men who have violated the spirit of the Ontario Temperance Act. Respect for law is expected more particularly from the educated and professional classes than from others, and even more particularly from medical men than from any others. The testimony of Mr. J. D. Flavelle, the Chairman of the License Board is, that ninety per cent. of the medical profession issue fewer than ten prescriptions a month. "The other ten per cent," he declares, "are bedevilling their profession." One doctor in one of the smaller cities of the province had issued 2,005 prescriptions in a month. This is not a matter of temperance, or indulgence, or prohibition, or license. It is a matter of observing the law. When the people through their representatives make a law, if the learned professions set an example of contempt of the law, of disregard for the authority of the state, of concern for their own interests and opinions only, what can be expected from those less intelligent, less educated? The medical authorities of the poration, and should assume the responsibility, as indeed they have already province have constituted the members of their profession into a close cordone in certain cases, of disciplining those who have incurred such severe denunciation.

No Cohesion With Hate.

It is announced that the former Crown Prince of Germany refuses to live near his father. No doubt father is hard to live with, but so also is son. There is more in this than meets the eye. It is a fixed principle in nature that there can be no alliance permanently among elements bound together only by hatred and bitterness. Love is the only binding force for any permanent union, whether it be a family, a nation, a political alliance, or whatnot. An example of this is seen in Ireland, where the principle animating the party of murder and assassination is not love, but hate—hate of England and not love of Ireland. It is impossible for such elements to continue permanently in co-operation. They develop hate for each other, because they deal in hate, and all the world knows the result. This disintegrative tendency among those who work by evil methods is one of the natural laws of the universe, whereby provision is made for the preservation of virtue, the maintenance of justice, and the eventual reign of righteousness. It is just as scientific in its operation as the law that prevents water from becoming denser below 39 degrees Fahrenheit. Otherwise the ocean would become solid ice. People who deal in murder and hate cannot stick together. They lack the elements of combination.

Many people throughout the province are beginning to look with regard upon the big overgrown village where the provincial legislature and the provincial university are located. They have had but little effect on the municipal life of Toronto. Municipally, Toronto is a generation behind its growth. With a revenue and expenditure estimated for the current year of $30,000,000, the city council has never had more than one or two men in it capable of dealing with business of such magnitude. The permanent officials have great responsibilities and the finance commissioner, Mr. Thomas Bradshaw, has shown remarkable cleverness in handling the city finances during the last six difficult years. What Toronto needs in her civic life is men of $30,000,000 calibre, and young men at that. The older generation of civic politicians belong to the last century and have no conception of the modern methods of handling the problems of a city of half-a-million people.

FILIPINO "SIAMESE" STICK TOGETHER

The little Filipino "Siamese twins" who now live at Washington, D. C., do not want to be separated. Their guardian, Commissioner Yaugco of the Philippine Islands, a surgeon at the John Hopkins Hospital, says an operation cutting the muscular wall which binds the two little bodies together would be a very simple surgical feat. But Lucia and Simplicio say they are happy as they are—and the picture above indicates that it is so.

THE BRAINBOX

CONDUCTED BY E. GUNN RAMSAY.

Happiness and success in life are largely made up by the way we view things. Success that is not wrapped up in happiness, true happiness, is but an empty triumph.

This talk of looking at things from different viewpoints reminds one of the story of the man who was advised to visit Mudbury on the Ooze. We will call him "Jones."

Jones was badly in need of a change. This fact was very apparent to all his friends. He had long possessed an air of being "fed up" with life, grouched about his work and everything generally. Mudbury therefore was described as the ideal remedy for such a condition. "Mudbury!" scoffed Jones, "the name doesn't sound very inviting. However it was described as a most alluring village with beautiful walks and views.

Jones arrived. First impressions, as he stepped off the train, were certainly not conducive to uplifting his drooping spirits. The outlook from the station platform was dreary in the extreme, and as Jones had unfortunately carried his grouchy outlook with him, this added to the very obvious untidyness of the immediate surrounding districts, almost put the finishing touch to his despondency, when—along came the friend with the other vision.

"Hullo, Jones, old boy! Glad to see you!" he said in a hearty voice which in itself was calculated to smite the worst case of dumps. "What are you doing down here?"

"That is just what I am asking myself," said Jones. "What a fool I was to come to a hole like this!"

"Hush," said the friend, "you're talking too soon, come with me. What's the good of criticising any place until you have explored it?

To the left of Mudbury station was a gigantic hill. Towards this the two made their way. The friend with the other point of view chatting in his bright tones all the way.

An hour later from the top of the hill, even the pessimistic one was in raptures over the wonderful view which stretched out below him of verdant valleys, picturesque streams and glorious country which held so much promise of rest, hearts-ease and happiness."

"It's a great country," remarked the friend, "when you look in the right direction."

Jones' attitude is unfortunately too common with many of us in every walk of life, carried into not only the outlook on life generally but the inlook upon the things that lie close to hand, the daily work and its opportunities.

"I am so limited," you hear many say. "There is no scope for me."

That is one point of view, but the man who has the possibilities within him must break through the hard shell of seeming indifference upon the part of others. He will make the scope; he will find the way.

Then again let us remember there are always two ways of looking at every problem in life.

Your way, which may seem very right to you, and the other fellow's way, which also seems very right to him.

Two ways of looking at things always, for you—a way upward and a way down—a way in, and a way out. A way out when we find we have been in the wrong; a way into the lives of others when we may assist and cheer; a progressive way or a hindering way. Yours is the choice.

And all of life and all of success and all of happiness for you and the other fellow and from you on to the whole community depends just upon the point of view.

As John Oxenham says:

To every man there openeth
A way and ways and a way;
And the high soul climbs the high way,
And the low soul gropes the low;
And in between the misty flats
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A high way and a low;
And every man decideth,
The way his soul shall go.

Our Own Letter From Filmtown

BY BEATRICE BLAIR.

Whenever folks don't know each other very well or can't find anything better to talk about, they usually discuss the weather. In some climates this doesn't offer a particularly fertile topic for conversation, but in New York it's something else again, for New York has more different kinds and a greater amount of weather per capita than any other city you can find on a time table. That's the reason this story is perfectly legitimate and reasonable and everything like that.

It took a lot of coaxing to lure Juanita Hansen away from sunny, balmy Southern California, especially when the substitute offered was New York in the grip of a winter that would have made an Eskimo install a steam heating system in his igloo. But being a fearless serial heroine, Miss Hansen ultimately heeded the call of Pathe, hired an ice pilot and braved the frozen wastes of Manhattan where tropic sunshine and orange blossom scented zephyrs are as scarce as prunes in an oyster stew.

Just to celebrate the event, New York staged the worst winter since 1888, or some such year. The snow fell as if it never intended to do anything else, the sleet piled up so deep in the street that the harassed property owner had to conduct mining operations to find his own sidewalk, the wind romped along about ninety miles an hour and the street cleaning department went to the Bahamas, or some place—anyway, they didn't streetclean much to speak of. Everybody got stuck in the snow and couldn't get home and if they were home they couldn't get anywhere else and the street cars quit running, and a pleasant time was had by all.

But the golden-haired Miss Hansen has a disposition as sunny as she looks. It might have been worse—it might have happened to her beloved California, for example, instead of New York. Did she sit down and bewail her fate? Well, not to any noticeable extent. She just went and rented Texas Guinan's studio in Greenwich Village, got out her book of snapshots showing Sunny California at its sunniest, and said, "Let it snow," or words to that effect. She knew she could get to George Seitz's studio when it was necessary, and when it was she set forth bravely into the arctic blast, went to work in "The Mad Talon," the Pathe serial in which she is being starred, and was as happy as a bumblebee as it bumbles from flower to flower.

In the meantime, as the serial scenario writers say when they wish to express coincident action, Miss Hansen's chief villain in "The Mad Talon," one Warner Oland, was trying to get to New York from that same California, but was being successfully stuck in the snow somewhere out around Oshkosh. This is merely interjected to show the length and breadth of the weather conspiracy which was cooked up to keep Miss Hansen from liking New York. But when she makes up her mind to like something, even New York, she usually ends up by liking it, and that is what she did in this instance.

"Why, do you know, I've only been homesick once?" she said as I sat with her at the side of a set in the Seitz studio. "That was the day when I thought New York was surely going to be buried in snow.

"This is my very first visit east and my glimpses of New York have been limited because I have been so busy and because the weather has been just as busy. Of course, it is a marvelous city—your fascinating shops, your theatres, Fifth Avenue; you always seem to be accomplishing so much here—everybody seems to be in such a hurry!

"Oh, I don't see how you people live, cramped in so close together! Sometimes it just seems as though I couldn't breathe—there is so little space for everything. Please don't misunderstand me. I know I will love your New York. The privilege of working for Mr. Seitz, the greatest of all serial makers, is the supreme privilege of my career. I'm here to work and I shall work; but when I want to play, I shall turn my face toward the land of the golden sunset!"

Reginald Barker, directing Galdwyn Pictures, was at one time stage director for Henry Miller, Olga Nethersole, Robert Hilliard, Emily Stevens, Walker Whiteside and other stage celebrities.

Lionel Belmore, supporting Tom Moore in his latest Goldwyn picture, "Duds," appeared with the late Henry Irving for more than fifteen years.

B. F. Blinn, who will appear with Madge Kennedy in her Goldwyn picture, "The Blooming Angel," was with the old Beach and Bower minstrel company in 1890.

The Quiet Observer

WAS OTHELLO A "MOOR"?

Matheson Lang has produced "Othello" in London on a scale of completeness satisfactory to modern scholarship and stagecraft, and a controversy has arisen whether Othello was a Moor or a negro. Mr. Lang points out that the "thick lips" referred to by Roderigo are characteristic of nearly all colored races whether Egyptian, Moorish, Indian, Kaffir, Zulu or pure negro. He thinks it more in keeping with Shakspeare's idea of the poetical and beautiful character of Othello to portray him as a high-bred Moor. He uses the costumes of the year 1490 or thereabouts for his production, as Shakspeare's imaginary expedition of the Turks to Cyprus did not result in the Venetians being driven from the island as was the case in the later historical expedition.

ANTI-GERMAN SUFFRAGIST

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the eminent suffragist who declined to follow in the steps of her pacifist daughter, is once more in Canada Mrs. Pankhurst represented the strongest anti-German and anti-pacifist sentiment during the war, and has little sympathy with the redder phases of radicalism. She knows what it is to be without the franchise and now, having won it, she has no wish to imperil her newly gained privilege, nor can she value it lightly as so many young men do who have always had it and never used it. She is still fighting the Germans, she says, declaring that "the reactionary movements in the ranks of labour are engineered by German influences." Mrs. Pankhurst represents the sanest political thought in England today and is on the side of the ballot against "direct action."

Rev. Geo. Jackson, D.D.

Professor George Jackson, who was so popular in Sherbourne Street Church in Toronto and whose young men's classes were the means of a sensation in the Toronto Globe when a deaf reporter attributed to Mr. Jackson the very heresies he was earnestly endeavoring to refute, has been doctorated by Aberdeen University. The degree is worthily bestowed, and one may suppose that the learned and broad-minded principal, Sir George Adam Smith, had something to do with this recognition of Dr. Jackson's work.

Robert Elsmere's Author Dead.

The death of Mrs. Humphry Ward (and by the way, scarcely a paper in Canada spelled her name correctly) removes one of the very notable figures in the world of English letters. The Arnold family, from which she sprang, was one of the most richly intellectual of the last century. She first made her mark with "Robert Elsmere" in 1888, a work which would be regarded as very mild to-day, but at a time when Edna Lyall anteceded the "Railyard" school of fiction with the first pale-dawn glimpses of the new theology, was radical almost to redness. Gladstone gave the book a great boost by reviewing it, but theologically none of them reached the level of George Macdonald's great religious novels. She did useful work in her day, however, and will not be forgotten.

An Actress of Supreme Talent.

A great tragedienne is being heralded in England in the person of Miss Sybil Thorndike, who has taken London by storm in her impersonation of Medea in Prof. Gilbert Murray's translation of Euripides' Greek tragedy. The critics are ranking her with Mrs. Siddons, with Rachael, with Ristori, Janauschek, Genevieve Ward, Sarah Bernhardt and the other acknowledged genius of the tragic stage. Her Heiuba, in "The Trojan Woman," last October was regarded as a great contribution to English art. In comedy parts she is equally successful. Miss Thorndike is a daughter of Canon Thorndike, of Rochester Cathedral. Her sister Eileen and her brother Russell are notable ornaments on the stage. Miss Thorndike has been seen in America during four years with Ben Greet. She is married to Lewis Casson, who is a theatrical art producer. The advent of a great actress is symptomatic of a renewal of the great traditions of every line of English art, and may be regarded as an indication of the developments in art stimulated by the deep searchings of the great war.

The Joyful Game.

There never was a greater season for hockey than that which has just closed with the winning of the Allan Cup by the Falcons of Winnipeg. During the season there was an unusual amount of competition in the various rounds and interest grew very keen towards the close. The University team, which had never been regarded as in the running, pulled itself together and managed to upset all calculations. University is not a popular team at any time, for some reason, perhaps being regarded as representing Toronto, although it is actually an all-Ontario aggregation. It had not been anticipated that the team would do more than compete in the inter-collegiate series, and good men were permitted to line up with the Dentals, etc., who might have strengthened Varsity. However, when the Sudbury "Wolves" came down to eat up Varsity, an altogether unexpected result followed. If Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother had eaten the wolf the surprise to the wolf could not have been greater than Sudbury experienced. Sudbury did not get much sympathy, however, as their style of play was not distinguished by regard for the rules of the game or more conservative in recognizing the the spirit of sport. Varsity played gamely against the Falcons but willingly admitted their defeat by a better team, and by one, too, which played in a manner altogether worthy of gentlemen amateurs, which is a much bigger thing than merely winning the game. The Falcons go to Antwerp to represent Canada in the Olympic games and it is hoped their brilliant play will secure them champion honors in the fastest and finest game in the world.

Two British Clerics in Denver.

Denver, Colorado, recently lost two eminent clerics. On March 24th Dean Martyn Hart passed away, at the age of 82, and the following morning Monsignor Percy A. Phillips died at Vancouver. Monsignor Phillips was Chancellor of the Denver diocese of the Roman Catholic Church for thirty years past, and falling into poor health returned to his native country last fall in the hope that the lower altitude would benefit his malady. He was born in Baptiscan, Quebec, May 5, 1855. The point is that both these eminent United States clericals were British. Dean Hart was born March 3, 1838, at Otley, in the vale of the Wharf, Yorkshire. where his father had been vicar. He was ordained in 1863. He had a useful and distinguished career at Blackheath, London, and paid a visit to America for his health in 1872. In 1879, urged by those who had been impressed by him seven years previously, he consented to settle in Denver, and at once set about building a cathedral, and had it opened Nov. 6, 1882. It was destroyed by an incendiary May 15, 1903, but the Dean, nothing daunted, set about building a new one and a splendid cathedral was finally completed and the first service held on Nov. 5, 1911. There were difficulties to be overcome; one of the chief being that in September, 1909, it was found that the pillars were inadequate to support the roof. The great Gothic mass had to be taken down and re-erected at a loss of $30,000. The Cathedral of St. John, with the Chapter House and land, cost altogether $360,000, which should encourage the promoters of the Cathedral of St. Alban in Toronto. Dean Hart remained a Briton until the summons of the war trumpet led him to file his first papers for United States citizenship, April 23, 1916, when he was 78. His final application was made Jan. 17, 1919, and he became an American citizen in March following.

Not the Man, but the Office.

Sir George Foster made some difficulty about shaking hands with J. Harry Flynn when the latter went up to interview the Government. It was not Sir George Foster, per se, who refused to shake with Mr. Flynn, but Acting Premier Foster had no option, it seems, but to refuse to shake with the man who uttered detractions of the Premier of Canada. There is a great deal to be said for the impersonal attitude of members of the Government. They represent Canada, and Canada has a right to the utmost respect any citizen can give her. Too many people forget that ministers must observe the decorum of their office, whatever they may think personally, and in the most democratic governments there is still much of "the divinity that doth hedge a king." An instance of this occurred in the experience of two reporters in Quebec during the Ter-Centenary celebrations of 1908. They were in the citadel and deemed it necessary to see the Governor-General, Lord Grey. He was dining in a certain apartment and had to pass an open and unguarded door to reach the staircase, and here the reporters took their stand. Very soon Lord Grey came along the corridor. As he came abreast of the door, "Your Excellency," they cried. He never moved a muscle nor turned a hair but walked straight on and marched up the stair as though such beings as reporters did not exist. Afterwards the aide-de-camp, gallant young Captain Newton, one of the first to fall in the war, explained that it was simply impossible at that juncture for the Governor-General to permit himself to be interviewed by even the most discreet of reporters. It wasn't Lord Grey that refused, but Canada.

A United Grand Army.

A well-defined get-together movement is apparent in the ranks of the several veteran organizations. A meeting in the Chateau Laurier, Ottawa, indicated that the difficulties in the way of union were not so great as had been supposed. Representatives of the Great War Veterans, the United Veterans League, the Grand Army of Canada, His Majesty's Army and Navy Veterans' League, Naval Veterans' League and the Originals' Club found themselves in essential harmony, and moved with a common desire to wipe out past misunderstandings and bury personal differences. It can scarcely be doubted that this consummation will be reached. The strength of such a united body would be very great, and those who understand the soldier spirit best, and the patriotism of those who fought for their country overseas, are confident that it would benefit the whole country to have an active patriotic body of this kind taking part in public affairs.

Sir Adam Beck and Labor.

Sir Adam Beck was defeated in the last election in London by a combination which seduced the labor votes into believing that the leader of the public ownership movement in Ontario was hostile to labor. A sequel to this has been the appointment of a board of concilation to adjust wage troubles on the London & Port Stanley Railway, at a meeting of which Organizer Parker, of the Employes' Union, gave a very different version of the situation. The union representatives flatly repudiated the allegations as to Sir Adam's dictatorial attitude and stated that they had been uniformly satisfied with their conditions and the treatment they had received. The appeal for higher wages, if granted, it was pointed out, would give the L. & P. S. men higher wages than are paid on any other electric road in Eastern Canada. The schedule offered was that of the Niagara, St. Catharines and Toronto Railway.