

THE OTTAWA EVENING CITIZEN

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Minding Ottawa's Own Business

With the candidates nominated for the government of this city, the electorate will be invited to consider numerous questions of vital importance to the welfare of Ottawa during the election campaign next week. The municipal election is really an invitation to the people of Ottawa to mind their own business. It is the best opportunity they have of doing it once every year. The process is to elect trustworthy fellow citizens to serve during the year as mayor, controllers and aldermen.

The election is an opportunity also to review the work done by the city council in the past year. The elected representatives are, in effect, something like Ottawa's board of directors reporting progress to the shareholders at the annual meeting. The opportunity is given to the shareholders to say whether they are satisfied with the results of the year's work in the city council.

Dissatisfied shareholders can demand the promise of something better in the year ahead from the present councillors, or they can give new candidates an opportunity to do better. On the other hand, many shareholders may feel that the present city council has done as well as can be expected under the circumstances. They will vote accordingly.

One difficulty about this annual survey of government in the municipality is that people are liable to be distracted from considering the question of satisfactory service into arguing over side issues, particularly relating to the personality of candidates. Without showing how anything of great importance could be better dealt with than it has been by the city council in the past, one candidate will appeal to the electorate to let him displace another for racial or sectarian or some other reasons apart from the general question of good government.

Because of the intermingling of so many people of English and French origin particularly, but also of other nationalities, there is more than the ordinary need for tolerance in Ottawa to maintain a reasonable measure of harmony. It must be said, too, that the present personnel of the city council, including Mayor Nolan and Controllers Lewis, Geldert, McVeigh and Charpentier, is evidence that there is a spirit of tolerance between races and creeds in this community. In this spirit, the people of Ottawa may be confidently expected to refuse to be misled along side paths in the election week ahead.

The immediate necessity is to give very serious consideration to the problems of public service in various directions. The record of some candidates at present in the city council will surely commend them to the electorate for another term of office. At the same time, new candidates are offering to serve. This is the opportunity to consider whether they are likely to do any better. Public interest in the management of the city's business is growing healthily.

Bouquet de Canada

The possibility of Eastern Canada becoming a center of the perfume industry opens up the question whether the fame of a peculiarly Canadian perfume will be established. England has her lavender, Cannes the rose and jasmine and Nice the violet, and there are the rare and costly scents that come out of the East, and from Mexico and Peru.

The natural scents from the colder lands are the more delicate, and it remains to be seen whether a distinctive, delicate Canadian perfume is to be found from her forests, her flowers or to emerge with triumph from the synthetic amalgamation of a variety of laboratory concoctions.

Then there are the purely animal scents, which, although few, do include a native Canadian, the castoreum from the beaver, to go into the distinctive Canadian scent. And what wonders for my lady's atomizer may not be hidden in the red trillium or the skunk cabbage, to be brought out by the cunning hand of the perfume maker?

It is to be hoped that if the branch plant in Eastern Canada of the internationally famous French perfumier materializes, the scents produced there will not wholly be the synthetic product of the laboratory, or from the mineral kingdom. It is a commonplace that almost anything can be produced from the by-products of coal, even rivals for the finest attars, but it would be pleasanter to think of the perfume which may make Canada famous coming from the trailing arbutus rather than from a mere lump of coal.

Assailing British Good Faith

In most countries outside the British Empire, opinion inclines to the view that the present efforts of Great Britain to marshal the forces of the League of Nations against Italy's aggressive war is neither noble nor disinterested. Because of that, they look upon the eloquent asseverations of British statesmen as typical examples of what is called "English hypocrisy."

Some United States newspapers have been foremost in characterizing the British attitude as a camouflage for British imperialistic designs, and nothing more. Why, they ask, did Britain stand still while Japan was ravishing Manchuria? And the question is not without some force.

But in urging league action, there is no question that Britain is saving the league from ignominious default on this occasion, and that behind the government is the almost unanimous support of the British people. The Foreign Office may not be altruistic, but there is no doubt that the nation as a whole is sincere and disinterested.

Discussing the point, the "Christian Cen-

tury" of Chicago puts forward a sound argument when it says:

Why should we withhold our moral approval of a good deed, because, forsooth, it is in the line of the doer's self-interest? All morality begins in just such situations, where idealism and egoism merge in an identical line of conduct. If there were no cases of self-interest which could be rationalized as unselfishness, there would be no morality.

Those analysts who see in British policy nothing but British imperialism think they are very sophisticated. As a matter of fact, they are naive—as naive as those who take the pious talk of the diplomats at its face value. The truly sophisticated observer sees Great Britain driven by imperial interests to make idealistic commitments to the League of Nations which she may have to live up to against her own interests when the next crisis comes. All these fine speeches in which Britain's imperial interest is concealed under the language of high devotion to the league will come back to plague any British government which undertakes to evade its league obligation in the future.

It is undoubtedly true that whatever Britain hopes to gain from its firm stand against Italy in union with the League of Nations, she is also committing herself to action to resist the use of war as national policy on future occasions also. But the unfortunate part of the whole business is that these efforts for world peace are merely makeshift in character. Until root causes are discussed, in other words, talk of international law will remain largely unconvincing.

Royal Family Greetings

The supreme royal greeting to a loyal people comes on Christmas Day when His Majesty's voice reaches out over the radio to his subjects throughout almost the whole world. There are other personally privileged recipients of royal greetings, however. Certainly, whatever Christmas cards the Royal Family may send out, many recipients will cherish these marks of royal favor.

The famous publishing house of Raphael Tuck have for many years provided reproductions of these royal greeting cards which, as may be expected, serve as a model for less exalted senders of Christmas good-wishes. Specimens of reproductions of the cards specially prepared for Their Majesties, the Princess Royal and the Royal Princess show that they are characteristically individual and a nice indication of the royal taste. The words of greeting are simple and sincere and any quotations from the poets are really appropriate.

His Majesty's card shows the scene in Westminster Hall on the occasion of the loyal address from Parliament on his Silver Jubilee. The Queen has chosen a bowl of hederger flowers; the Prince of Wales displays his home, the soft red brick exterior of St. James's Palace. T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York have gone in for the old inn, mine host, horsemen and dogs of "Merrie England in Days of Old," which rather shows up the fables of less restrained Yuletide interpretations of "ye olde" times. The card selected by the Duke and Duchess of Kent indicates their more specialized artistic sense in the portrait of a lady in yellows and browns. The whole series of royal Christmas cards this year are nicely varied, and loyal subjects will no doubt have plenty of opportunity when making their own choice of selecting favorites among them.

Women in the House

There will be fewer women members at Westminster in the new parliament, nine as against fourteen in the last House. Many other women candidates ran but failed to win. There will perhaps be regrets that the previous total could not at least be equalled, but it will be seen that it is still a hard job to persuade electors—men and women—that the women can contribute a vital part to national government. Eight of the returned nine had previously sat in parliament, so evidently there is virtue in experience, even though five experienced candidates failed in re-election.

Consideration of the greater population in the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland will show that the Canadian quota of women members—two—is not so small as it seems. Indeed it is in just about the same proportion as in the British House. Canada should, however, certainly put more women candidates into the field. But that no doubt will come in time.

In the King's Service

The appointment of A. F. Lascelles to be an assistant private secretary to His Majesty must have been noted with satisfaction in Canada. As secretary to the governor-general, during Lord Bessborough's years at Government House, Mr. Lascelles came to be respected everywhere as an Englishman of ability. It has never been more necessary that His Majesty the King should be served by men of broad democratic experience. The King cannot personally reside in every dominion, but the Canadian people need to be encouraged to think of His Majesty as King of Canada as well as King of England. Canadian observers can feel that with Mr. Lascelles as one of the King's secretaries there will be an added Canadian link in the ties between this country and the throne.

Comment

Malcolm Campbell found it harder going in an English election than in navigating over the Utah salt flats.

Cape Cod has petitioned Henry Ford not to take its old windmill. Cape Cod is perhaps hoping to supply the Republican candidate for president.

"Poisonous snake dies 30 minutes after biting army officer." Fugitives from Germany would wonder whether it had been General Goering.

Transpacific flying boat is called the "China Clipper." Imperial Nippon may feel that the United States is infringing on Japan's favorite occupation.

Waste cuttings from Irish lenses are used in making American paper money. So there may be more truth than poetry in it when the visiting Irishman puts his shirt on Napper Tandy to win the Kentucky Derby.

Press Paragraphs

The New Religion

Adolf Hitler's book and speeches are our Sermon on the Mount.—Herr Wagner.

Under Economics of Scarcity

Social Credit (London)
The world has been following the advice of the economists for too long, and the results are not encouraging. Individuals and nations at each other's throats, poverty, crime, increasing insanity, riots and insurrections, repressed with ever-increasing brutality, the return to many barbarities of the bad old days, suicide and child murder through "financial worry" occur daily.

Trade has become a thing only distinguishable from warfare by the absence of machine guns and poison gas—with every sign that these will soon appear on the field and put a stop to the whole "sorry scheme of things entire."

Dual Personality?

Gilbert and Sullivan was undoubtedly a great man.—Hesketh Pearson.

Too Much Flour, So—

From the address of Mr. Joseph Rank to the shareholders of Ranks, Limited (United Kingdom)

The fact remains that flour from certain countries still finds its way here at a price which is actually below the cost of production, and at much less than the price at which it is sold in the country of origin, which is to the detriment of the home miller and the British farming industry, as well as keeping out of employment a certain number of operatives whose services could well be utilized if this subsidized flour ceased to find its way here.

The Empire Mills at London were planned and erected to replace some of the older plants which had been worked by one of the subsidiaries of Joseph Rank Limited. One of these mills has been sold for purposes other than flour milling, and others have ceased manufacturing because the whole of their production is being more economically and profitably carried on at the new Empire Mills.

A Widely-Shared View

It seems to me the world is heading for a very great catastrophe.—David Lloyd George.

In Prison With the Door Open

Major C. H. Douglas in "Warning Democracy"
Another very curious and almost universal form of resistance which is met with by credit reformers is the general determination to believe that any proposal which offers a radical amelioration in the economic situation must be a fairy tale.

Inspired by the bankers and orthodox economists political spokesmen have been at in asserting that there is no short cut out of our difficulties.

That is what they are paid to say, and it is perhaps not surprising.

But what is surprising is the unanimity with which most people accept the statement.

The world at large is in prison and shows many symptoms of dying in prison, and there is nothing whatever to prevent it from walking out.

Hemispherically Speaking

World conditions emphasize the fact that all countries of the northern hemisphere should get closer together. North and South America can get along without the rest of the world.—Mayor LaGuardia, New York.

Education

'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.
—Pope.

FROM The Times OF 1835

November 24, 1835. Price 7d.
The Jubilee of George III. most affectionately brought to recollection.—On the 23d. inst. George Jubilee Emblem, second son of the Rev. John Emblem, Minister of the Protestant Meeting, Stratford, Essex. The very kind attention of the Rev. Henry Melville, of Camden Chapel, Camberwell, who attended him in his dying moments, will long be remembered by his much-afflicted parent and sorrowful widow.—A Notice in the Obituary Advertisements.

This [a case at Bow Street of cruelty to a cat] is the first conviction under the amended act of Mr. Martin for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The act when first introduced by its former included cats among the animals it sought to protect from wanton cruelty. Owing, however, to the merriment excited in the house when the feline race were mentioned as objects for legislative protection, and the opposition which the clause subsequently met with in committee, the poor cats were excluded from the benefit of the law. . . . The barbarous practice, however, of skinning cats alive, of which many instances have lately occurred, enforced the necessity of adopting Mr. Martin's suggestion, and in the last session of Parliament cats were most properly included in the act.

Little Benny's Notebook

THE WEAKLY NEWS

Weather. Possibly better, probably worse.

EXTER!

Boy Forced to Apologize!
Sattiday morning Shorty Judge got mad and reckless at the same time and called Reddy Merfy a freckle face gasno, and Reddy claimed he would punch him one in the snout no matter how little he was unless he apologized, wich he finely did by claiming it was a misprint.

INTRISTING PACKS ABOUT

INTRISTING PEOPLE
Persey Weaver brushes his teeth 3 times a day without anybody making him, and if you ask him about it he admits it and claims he's not ashamed of it.

Of all the diffrent color links Sam Cross's favorite shade is green, claiming he likes it so much he even taits it once in a while.

Sid Hunt has 2 doctors and a train nese among his relations, only to be sick in his house is ever lucky enough to get sick and take advantage of it.

POME BY SKINNY MARTIN

Thaw's at Bedtime
When I look up at the stars at nite,
They are so many and so brute,
They make me think everything would look
all rite
If I saw it all from such a hite.

LOST AND FOUND

Neither.

Side Glances—By George Clark



"She says he went to Africa to get her out of his mind,
but it was partly to shoot a rhinoceros."

Letters to The Citizen

Unauthorized Solicitors

Editor, Citizen: As secretary of the Veterans' Re-establishment Association of this city, I am instructed by the executive to ask if you will kindly warn the public against unauthorized solicitors who claim to be seeking donations on behalf of this organization.

This association is holding a turkey raffle for the purpose of giving returned men who are unemployed a Christmas dinner and their children a Christmas tree afterwards. This is the only purpose for which the public is being approached to purchase tickets, but requests for donations should be speedily reported to us if they cannot be supported by a letter written on the official letterhead of the association and signed by either the president or myself as secretary.—A. T. McFARLANE, secretary, V.R.A., Ottawa, Nov. 21, 1935.

Religious Faith of Fascists

Editor, Citizen: Several of your correspondents are concerned about Mussolini's confessed belief. One correspondent dares to say, "Mussolini may be a Catholic after a fashion . . . but his actions are not those of a true son of the church." The phrases, "Catholic after a fashion," and "true son of the church," furnish clues which may aid in solving the enigma of religion. To admit that a man is a Catholic after a fashion or that he is a bad Catholic is to deny the regenerative or reformative value of religion. To admit that a man may be trained in the ways of religion from infancy to maturity and yet not be a true son of the church is to deny the potency of religion, and to assert the supremacy of the individual will.

When Mussolini claims to be a Catholic, and when the official organ of the church, after an investigation and with full ecclesiastical authority, declares him a member, he possesses all the prerequisites of denominational affiliation, for it is a notorious fact that churches are more concerned with conversion and confession of belief than with proof through performance. Thus this avidity for mastership through membership rather than leadership through workmanship produces in religion a self-engendered enervation.

The correspondent claims the Vatican Treaty was a political maneuver on the part of Mussolini. He omits to admit that it was equally so on the part of the Pope. Further he omits to admit that by signally approving Mussolini's maneuver the Pope tacitly endorsed Di Duce's imperialism, for the substance of the Lateran Treaty is that the Pope is assured of freedom of profession of belief for his communicants provided he does not interfere with the temporal affairs of the Italian state. In other words, the Italian people are free to speak as Christians provided they act as Fascists. (An example of membership in preference to workmanship.)

The correspondent claims that Fascism is anti-Christian, yet the preponderant majority of Italians are both Fascist and Christian. The Vatican Council, conviving at this condition through the Lateran Treaty, officially approved this example of corporate self-contradiction.

The conclusion to be drawn is that the menace to religion lies not in the writings or sayings of its opponents (Charles Maurras, et al), but in the actions and factions of its proponents.—MAURICE STEVENS, Ottawa, Nov. 20, 1935.

The Drift of Civilization

Editor, Citizen: As we study the progress of civilization it must cause us the greatest anxiety to know whether we are drifting. The younger generations ridicule the advice of their elders as old-fashioned bigotry. They fail to realize that they are drifting into a social environment that is physically and morally dangerous. The advent of the automobile has been responsible for more casualties and more broken-homes than any war in our history, yet we pass these things up unconcernedly. What, a contrast we observe when a state of war exists. The dying embers of love and respect blaze forth in all their glory. The spirit of brotherhood begins to assert itself, co-operation and sacrifice become the dominant factors. Nothing matters but victory. If we could only co-operate this way for a better standard of social equity, what a difference it would make for suffering humanity. There is a certain amount of glory in war. It discards the veneer of our Christian civilization. The ravages of the past could not arouse greater enthusiasm with their war paint on than the intellectual war propagandists of today. It should help to convince us that the conflagration of war must become more extensive and more vicious before we can exterminate forever that selfishness and greed which is depriving suffering humanity from enjoying the fruits of its wonderful heritage.—JOSEPH FITZPATRICK, Ottawa, Nov. 20, 1935.

Homework and Schoolwork

Editor, Citizen: The letter, "On Compulsory Evening Studies," by Mr. A. Suzor Greaves, appearing in the Nov. 19th issue of The Citizen dealing with students' homework requirements has my full sympathy. The abolishing of homework is a keen topic for discussion. I would like to say a few words on this important problem.

I have been informed through reliable sources, that it is not unusual for a student to study as late as one o'clock in the morning. Surely they are not encouraged to work until this late hour. In doing so their health would be endangered, and their mentality might become affected in some cases. I do not see why two hours' evening study should not be sufficient for the average pupil. It may be that the teaching is at fault in the classrooms, or perhaps the studies set down by the Department of Education are not of a satisfactory nature. Whatever the cause, it is highly important that the question be investigated at once.

It is deplorable that the students have such little time to enjoy fresh air and sunshine. This is especially in evidence during the fall and winter months, when darkness approaches a few minutes after school is let out. More suitable hours should be inaugurated, if only during this time.

There is entirely too much dry routine in the schools today. An hour of interesting discipline is of far greater value to the student than four hours' uninteresting work. The result of a week of dry school work speaks for itself on Saturdays, when the student is like a convict on parole. Most can see the reaction during such holidays, when the boy or girl free from routine seeks to "make up for lost time."

It is to be hoped that these points will be given the due consideration they rightly deserve.—WILLIS E. ROBILLARD, Ottawa, Nov. 21, 1935.

Stanley Baldwin, Film Star?

Manchester Guardian
One of the papers has been commending on the admirable figure which Mr. Baldwin cuts in the course of a "news reel" feature prepared for the election period. As contrasted with Mr. Attlee, who read his speech and apparently without any special trimmings, we are told that "Mr. Baldwin puts his stuff over with convincing mastery and with the technique of an accomplished screen actor."

When Mr. Baldwin hints at any withdrawal from politics it is generally understood that he has in mind a return to Worcester-shire and pipes and pigs. He had better not be too sure. When he has washed his hands of Westminster his newer "film fans" may insist that he shall try Elstree or Hollywood on the ground that he is no longer under any obligation to qualify for Goldsmith's old reproach about Burke.

Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

Having finished with party he may find himself forced into films in view of his obvious talent for the more universal career. And, after all, a film in which Mr. Baldwin was found "playing opposite" the equally incomparable Garbo would almost justify that overworked adjective "colossal."

Relativity in Ski-Jumping

New York Sun
The longest ski jump in the world has been built at Littleton, Massachusetts, but is so dangerous that only about twenty-four men can use it. It must bear a resemblance to the Einstein theory.

A Bible Message For Today

(From the Authorized Version)
And now, Israel, what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in all his ways, and to love him, and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, to keep the commandments of the Lord, and his statutes, which I command thee this day for thy good? (Deut. 10: 12, 13.)

Stand fast therefore in the liberty where-with Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage. . . . If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit. (Gal. 5: 1, 25.)

Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. . . . Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil. And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. (1 Thess. 5: 16, 17, 21-23.)

Diary of Our Own Pepys

Saturday, November 16th

TO MY OFFICE and Paul Nanton of Winnipeg comes in and he brings me to Hon. Carl Hambro, the president of the Norwegian Parliament, a massive, magnetic man who seems to have been a newspaperman once himself, for he twitted me on the disorder of my desk, saying it reminded him of his own. I met Dr. Buchman, too, a friendly, amiable man, who made me feel that he wanted me to know he spoke truth when he said he was pleased to meet me. So Horace Brown calls civilly to rebuke me for not seeing the symbolism in his Unknown Soldier piece, and so I apologized for my stupidity. Thence home and did a tiny amount of work and so at night with Adrien St. Laurent, Will Westlake and Jas. Francis to the oyster supper of the Institut Canadien Français, and I ate I know not how many of the Succulent Bivalves, but some of the old hands made my efforts seem puny.

Sunday, November 17th

LAY TILL 9 and so up and read the public prints, and I weary of pieces entitled, "The Right to Die; Doctors Disagree," for before that matter is settled the much more important one of the right to live hath to be faced; and mighty weary, too, of dissertations by would-be sophisticates who pretend to know on what hillside in Burgundy—nay, what very vine—a vintage wine comes from, and imply that the rest of us are ignoramuses. So past 11 to catch up with Ted Devlin, Sr., and so by coach to Kingsmere and then afoot to the Top of the World and so down again and supped at Mrs. McLean's generous table, and met Redmond Quinn there, who tells me of the art and mystery of M. Taschereau. Thence homewards by the Mine Road and then to the office and all there full of the new concordat in trade matters with America, but I too tired to take much interest, and so home and to bed.

Monday, November 18th

ROSE UP and read all about the tariff treaty, albeit I found myself skipping some lines, and between "Scallops, fresh out not frozen" and "Albumenized and other paper and films," found that periodical publications are again to come in free, which I am glad of, for there were moments when my bright belief in the priceless boon of being a citizen of this fair Dominion was faintly shaken when upon the cover of my favourite weeklies was this inscription:

15 Cents

(20c in Canada)

And I was pleased to find avocados or alligator pears are now to come in unmolested, for never have I tasted them, and now they may be within my means. So at my labours all the day.

Tuesday, November 19th

EARLY UP and so to the office and so to look through the files of 1925 for an item, and found that ten years ago tomorrow Queen Alexandra died and Napoleon Champagne was buried and that the cinema stars of the moment were Madge Bellamy, Bessie Love, Mary Philbin and Pola Negri and, among the men, Eugene O'Brien, A. Menjou, Lon Chaney and Herbert Rawlinson, and that the League of Nations could find naught else to discuss but calendar reform. So read a review of D'Arcy Marsh's "The Tragedy of Henry Thornton" in one of the quarterlies, and it says it is "good journalism," which irked me, for good journalism is good writing, but what the reviewer means is simply that the style of the book is not ponderous and dull. At night fell upon some work at home but stopped when J. Durante, the comic, came on the ayre, he being the subtlest droll of the wireless waves.

Wednesday, November 20th

BUSY ALL the morning and read the annual speech of Mr. Dods, the banker, and was fetched by these words at the very end:

This is a time when dreaming and cloud-throwing must cease and all red-blooded Canadians should put their shoulder to the wheel. . . . Only thus can we prove ourselves worthy of our heritage.

Lord! I would have said All is Forgiven if he had only not said that about "red-blooded Canadians" putting their "shoulder to the wheel." In the afternoon to the Parliament House to meet with D. W. Buchanan, L. De Montigny and Miss Bolduc, concerning the Film Society, and soon something is to happen I hear, and so I home and by night to the Little Theater to see "Escape," by Mr. Galsworthy, done by the Drama League players, and very creditably, and in the piece Mr. G. acts as a sort of Enquiring Reporter that asks a number of characters what they would do if they met an escaped convict, with the circumstances of whose crime and trial they are familiar, and according to my reckoning the vote at 10:55 stood as follows:

For allowing him to escape 8
For turning him back 8
Spotted halloo 2
But I think if the audience were polled, it would vote, overwhelmingly for his freedom.

Thursday, November 21st

TO THE CITY and then to the National Gallery to see the new show of Canadian paintings, they being representative of what might be called the napkin-ring era, bridging the period in native art between the pioneer painters and the contumacious groupies. And some mighty interesting stuff among the 137 items. So to the playhouse to report on Will Rogers' last cinema, "In Old Kentucky," and Rogers is his likeable self, but I found the tangle somewhat ancient. There was a piece called "The Clairvoyant," too, which shews what happens when a man with the implausible job of reading the minds of vaudeville audiences becomes a man possessed of prophetic vision, it being appropriately shewn that he is jailed as a public nuisance.

Friday, November 22nd

UP and betimes at my papers, and worked at my journal till 1, and so with Capt. Joe Morin and Sigurd Lockeborg to Kingsmere, there to meet with my Lord Tweed-muir, Col. Mackenzie and Mr. Redfern, and so on foot to Fortune by the Switzerland trail, my Lord leading the pace easily, and so back by the Riding Road, and had discourse with him upon many matters, but at last we came to talking of journalism ("and a very fine profession it is," he said) and of editing and of writing, and of his likes in newspapers, which are mine, and of his love of fine typography, and his misliking for public prints that have no ideas. So we parted and I home and then to work again until pretty late. E.W.H.