

**The Shifting Scene.**

The Press of the world may be said to resemble a series of magic lantern slides. Pictures are thrown on the screen, and as each picture is thrown the previous picture is blotted out. Thus we have had the picture of the coal strike with its grim tale of suffering and its menace to the industrial supremacy of Great Britain. We soon forget this in the awful picture of the sinking of the world's largest liner. We could see the huge ship lifting her stern 150 feet in the air and then plunging to her doom amid the piteous moans of the hundreds who were thrown into the icy seas. Then we saw our largest gold mine stopped because some of the workers had fallen out with the others. We had the picture of enthusiastic miners cheering the Federation delegates, and the further picture of homes being broken up and whole families leaving the silent town. Then came the British transport strike, and at the same time rumours of the evacuation of the Mediterranean. Each picture carried a terrible warning, but as it faded from view it also faded from our minds. Now after a picture of a prize-fight, we have two further pictures of great interest to ourselves. One depicts risings against the authorities in India and Egypt, the other is of Canada coming forward with the offer of Dreadnoughts to help the Empire.

**The Defence of the Mediterranean.**

At the moment Britain is in the most deadly peril she has ever experienced. It has been found that the British fleet must be concentrated in Home waters. She is no longer in a position to provide for the defence of the Mediterranean. On the defence of the Mediterranean depends the safety of Egypt, India, and the Pacific. Our land forces at Malta and Gibraltar are ridiculously small and utterly inadequate. They amount to a nominal total of 18,000 men, and these are divided between Egypt, Gibraltar, and Malta. Actually the garrison of Malta is three battalions short, and that of Gibraltar two battalions, while there is not a single battery of field artillery in the whole of Egypt. These places can only be assured against attack by the presence of an adequate fleet. We have at present four battleships at Gibraltar and a few armoured cruisers up the Straits. The Admiralty cannot send more, and may even reduce the number of ships already stationed in the Mediterranean. The command of the Inland Sea will then fall into the hands of Italy, or Austria-Hungary, or France. It will certainly not be ours.

**The Entente.**

British statesmen are trusting to France. But what have we to offer France in return for her undertaking to defend our interests in regard to Gibraltar, Malta and Egypt? At present we offer her nothing of her own against naval attack. But the vulnerable part of France is her land frontier. Unless we can offer some adequate help on land there is not likely that France will make our quarrels her own at the risk of attack from Germany. The Germans are determined to attack us through France. They have provided in their new Defence Bill for additional army corps as well as for new Dreadnoughts. If the help we can render is inadequate, if we are late in sending it, and the French defence be overthrown, it may come to pass that the very navy on which we relied to maintain our path through the Mediterranean will be turned into an engine for our destruction. If France were once more prostrated after a campaign of a few weeks, as she was in 1870, the surrender of the French fleet and the use of the Vieux Canal and Atlantic ports would be demanded as the price of peace. This would mean the destruction of the British fleet. It would certainly mean that the control of the Mediterranean would fall into the hands of the Triple Alliance. England must be in a position to render effective aid on land in return for any and we may get from France in the Mediterranean. Can we give such aid?

**England and France.**

The only way by which England could be in a position to render effective aid would be by the adoption of some scheme of universal training. It must come to Great Britain as it has come in her overseas possessions. The Dervishes at Home, admirable though they are, cannot suffice for the defence of England in the event of there being a call for

the regulars to go abroad. The British standing army is the most highly disciplined in the world. A force of a quarter of a million on French soil might well turn the scale in the event of war between France and Germany. But that is the very lowest number that could be of any real use. It might be necessary to send a much larger force. The only alternative is to so strengthen our fleet, so that we should be able to command the Mediterranean and secure the safety of Egypt, India and the Pacific. The present position is fraught with danger on every side.

**A New Empire.**

Thus we have on the screen a picture full of gloom. But a new one is taking its place. The call of danger has roused the Empire. No longer is the "reary Titan" called upon to take up the burden alone. It is not only the little islands in the North Sea which will meet the challenge, but the British race all over the world. The Canadian Government has offered to provide two or even three Dreadnoughts as a partial discharge of her obligations. New Zealand has already given a battle cruiser, and has offered another. Australia has seized the occasion to impose further burdens on her people for the purposes of defence. A new Empire is arising, and this new Empire, as it fittingly takes its birth from the sea. The British race has found a new purpose and a new consciousness, a mind and a will acting in harmony and controlling the nerves and the muscles. The statesmen of England may be perplexed, but the statesmanship of the Empire, as was finely said by the Canadian Minister of Finance, will be equal to the need.

**The German Point of View.**

Some people are at a loss to know why Germany is so anxious to increase her fleet and to gain command of the sea. The answer is simple. As long as Great Britain is mistress of the sea the German colonies are at her mercy, as is also her sea-borne trade. The German point of view is simply this: She wants colonies, and she wants trade with countries over the sea. These colonies are never wholly secure unless Germany is able to defend them against any other Power. Her mercantile marine is menaced by any maritime Power greater than herself. We must admit that she is in danger as regards both her colonies and her trade. But the very existence of our Empire is imperilled if we lose the command of the sea. Germany at best could only lose her colonies in the event of a big naval defeat. Were Great Britain to suffer any irreparable naval disaster she would cease to exist as a great Power. Germany does not misunderstand our position any more than we misunderstand hers. She only says that our point of view is irreconcilable with her own. If the British fleet lost its premier position then the overseas dominions would be at the mercy of Germany just as her colonies are at our mercy now. Germany aims at expansion, we aim at preserving our very existence. The situation is not of our creating. The facts of geography have so decided. Germany is in no danger from our command of the sea, while her supremacy would threaten our very life. The preamble to the German Navy Law threw down a challenge to Great Britain. It has been answered by Greater Britain.

**Formal Grammar.**

Sticklers for formal correctness in matters of grammar have been turning their attention from the split infinitive to the split passive. We are told that instead of saying that a woman was prettily dressed we ought to say that she was dressed prettily. The London "Times" has taken to using the phrase "to punish severely" instead of its former usage "to severely punish." It will now have to go a step further and write "he was punished severely" instead of "he was severely punished." There is much to be said for the contention of a Manchester paper that the better the grammar the worse the English. The Authorised Version of the Bible simply teems with grammatical errors, but few would deny the beauty of its English. But it is a consolation to know that even grammarians do not always follow their own rules. One excellent grammar, which warned us against the split infinitive and other errors, also tells us "never use a preposition to end a sentence with." This is sound advice apply pat.

# Woodrow Wilson

## The Chosen Democratic Candidate for the Presidency of the United States

**I**N 1909 Woodrow Wilson was President of Princeton University, where, bulwarked by books, he fitted into an aloof and scholarly atmosphere. Two years later he was Governor of New Jersey, boss wrecker of corrupt machines, and militant master of his party. To-day he is the chosen Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Because figuratively speaking, he has worn a classic mantle for most of the years during which he has been conspicuously known to the public, you must not get the impression that Woodrow Wilson has the shy and sensitive soul of the student. A man who could step from a college office into a capital where privilege, favour and graft were so deeply rooted as to become part and parcel of the very structure, and could clean it out with a broom that fairly bristled with a scorching flame, is the personification of dramatic action. Within six months from the time when he became Governor, he had prevented

ning smile some evidence of hidden strength, latent determination, steadfast purpose. His voice is clear, resonant and distinct.

The story of his retirement from Princeton is almost a romance in itself. It is sufficient to say that he withdrew from the Presidency of the University because he found himself in constant conflict with the interests of the wealthy and privileged classes, who appear to dominate even the highest educational institutions in America. His experiences in this connection determined him to do what he could to purify the public life around him; and to the amazement of the professional politicians, he stood as candidate for the Governorship of New Jersey. Still more amazing was his victory, which was won by sheer personal ability, political insight, and unshrinking courage. As State Governor, Woodrow Wilson has proved true to his pledges and his convictions; but more than this, he has been developing con-



WOODROW WILSON.

his party from sending a wealthy machine politician to the United States Senate; he had ordered the State chairman of his party, who had accused him of abuse of patronage, out of his office, never to return; he had forced through a Democratic Assembly and a Republican Senate a direct primary and election law which takes the organisation of both parties in New Jersey out of the hands of the bosses; he had galvanised what had been a tottering attempt at executive power into an authoritative, direct, and open-minded State rule. In a word, he woke the whole Commonwealth. He has proved that he bears to politics the same relation that a "fighting parson" bears to a war for liberty. His ethics are sound, but his courage, vigour and pugnacity are sounder. There is an air of quiet and determined conviction about this spare, well formed, grey-eyed man, in whom the thinker and the doer meet so admirably. The face is long, the forehead high and smooth; the whole demeanour is that of some high-bred, well-controlled, but emphatic organisation. The face shifts quickly from grave to gay, but there is always behind the bright win-

stantly on Radical lines. And though he has thus come to command the confidence of the best men in the Democratic party, he has naturally aroused the bitterest animosity in the ranks of the "machine" politicians, the "bosses" and "grafters," whose power he has broken in his own State, and whom he has threatened to hunt out of public life. They consider that as they supported his candidature against the Republicans at the State elections, he owes them allegiance still, and what they think of him now that he has declared boldly for "the straight deal" and declared war on political corruption, may be gathered from the following "elegant extract" from the conversation of a typical Democratic "boss": "I don't want to talk too freely about Wilson yet, because it is too soon to do him sufficient harm. I am storing my ammunition for the time when I can hurt him, and help to kill him. Wilson is the greatest fakir, impostor, liar, ingrate, Wilson! The world can never know the depths of his perfidy and the unscrupulousness of his acts. Why, we who nominated him, who gave our life's blood