

# Western Standard

Independent Weekly Newspaper Illustrating Current Events and Devoted to the Advancement of Western Canada  
Published Every Saturday by  
THE WESTERN STANDARD PUBLISHING CO.  
109 Sixth Avenue West.  
Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

B. S. WHITE, Editor and Manager  
Editorial Dept., 109 Sixth Ave. W.  
Telephone for Editorial and Circulation Department, 2410  
Telephone for Printing Department, 2410  
Subscription Rates:  
Two dollars per year throughout Canada.  
Twenty-five cents per month by carrier.  
Subscriptions will commence at any time.  
The date on your wrapper indicates when your subscription will terminate. Your paper will stop unless you renew promptly.  
It is always best to renew at least two weeks before expiration to insure uninterrupted service.  
Subscribers failing to receive copies regularly will confer a favor by notifying the Circulation Department by post or phone.  
No agent or newboy is authorized to sell The Western Standard on Sunday. Any person doing so is acting without permission or authority of this company.

ANNOUNCEMENT  
In order to refute an impression that seems prevalent throughout Calgary we desire to state that the directory of The Western Standard is as follows:  
J. C. FOSTER, President  
E. H. McARTHUR, Vice-President  
B. S. WHITE, Secretary  
The personnel of the editorial and business staff is composed of the following:  
B. S. WHITE, Editor and Managing Director  
J. L. NEVILLE, City Editor  
J. A. MAY, Advertising Dept.  
The above is the complete roster of the executive and editorial staff of The Western Standard and the only persons in a position to speak with authority for The Standard in an editorial or business capacity.

ADVERTISING  
Advertising rates upon application.  
All advertising copy must reach the Standard Office not later than Thursday afternoon to insure insertion in Mail and Local Editions.  
All correspondence and editorial communications should be addressed to THE WESTERN STANDARD, Calgary, Alberta.  
Out of town readers will find The Western Standard on sale at the news stands of the principal hotels as well as the following places:  
Montreal News Co., James St., Montreal.  
British Columbia News Agency, Vancouver, B. C.  
Breaston's, New York and Paris.  
Coronado Beach Hotel, California.  
Tenne Slat Kiosk, Monte Carlo.  
Delta Chaudhuri & Co., 173 Dharamtala St., Calcutta, India.  
Zamp & De Pass, Camden, S. C.  
Stevens & Brown, 7 Trafalgar Square, London.  
L. Piazzi, 1 Piazza di Spagna, Rome.  
Sarkachis, 1 Clara Strasse, Mainz.

BE OF GOOD CHEER!  
VICTORY FOLLOWS THE FLAG  
GERMANY THREATENS CANADA  
Germany announces in all seriousness that it will levy tribute from Canada if the Entente Allies lose. The lesson from this threat is that we cannot afford to allow the Germans to win. There are some of us who can fight; there are others of us who cannot. But all of us can help to overcome the Huns by aiding the various patriotic funds; by assisting the returned soldiers; by working hard; by using our energies wisely and by keeping a stiff upper lip. We must be prepared to do our bit if we are to defeat the Germans. This is not a war in which we can let the other fellow do the work. We must do our share or we shall fail miserably, and dreadful will be our punishment.

CHINA  
And so the youngest of the world's republics is no longer one; China has gone back to the monarchical system after a brief and stormy existence as a free state. It would perhaps be more accurate to say that Yuan Shi Kai has at least felt powerful enough to seize the throne and declare a monarchy.  
The maintenance of a republican government in China promised from the outset to be difficult. Self-government has been no part of Chinese life in all the years of her existence and the overthrow of one dynasty has led but to the setting up of another. Nevertheless, the world had hoped that the new republic might finally establish itself on a lasting and permanent foundation. Monarchical or republican, China's actual condition under Yuan Shi Kai might be much the same; but under republican government China had at least the form if not the substance of freedom and there were hopes that she might achieve a more material accomplishment of the reforms sought.

IMMIGRATION TO CANADA  
Immigration to Canada on a large scale is among the predicted developments to follow the concluding of peace. The wisdom of preparing

for peace in time of war cannot be questioned, and this possibility should be seriously considered. The multitude of idle men that will be released in Britain will make emigration on a large scale, it is said, an absolute necessity. Will this be a neglected opportunity? So far no authoritative voice in Canada has proposed a plan giving hope of any better ability in meeting the problem here. Canadian representatives are quite as helpless and quite as bewildered at the prospect of a great concourse of discharged Canadian soldiers as are the British statesmen.  
The British government was moving toward effective relief from the burden of artificial over-crowding when interrupted by the war. Vast idle areas will not solve the problem in Canada or elsewhere so long as profit is possible through securing or cornering them in advance of use. Artificial overcrowding and artificial over-population have appeared in Canada, for the mistakes of older countries bring the conditions of older countries. Perhaps Britain will lead us in the opening of ideal areas to productive industry. At present her statesmen are less timid in that regard than ours.

THE SAVIORS OF BRITAIN  
Had the pacifists of the past worked their will with Britain, the imperial navy would have been a tin-pot affair and the Germans would have ravaged the shores of England two weeks after war was declared. But Britain's navy was even more staunch than her enemies dreamed, and so millions of men have crossed the English channel to France and back again without the sinking of a transport, and the Huns' ships have been driven from the seas. Our only losses have been hospital ships and unarmed merchant vessels, and there is only one nation on the earth, outside of the Turks, who would sink these, namely, the Huns. The British navy is not much advertised just now. For all the press notices that it gets we might just as well be without a navy. But is a gladstone fact that the navy is not being operated for the sake of the press notices that it may get. It is assigned to the sternest duties of war, and in the perilous times duties are not published broadcast. The moment for their advertising will come after the war. All we know now is that the British navy sways the seas and that the German warships are effectually bottled.

HONORING THE HEROES  
It is only fair that returned soldiers be given the preference in civil service jobs over young, unmarried men who have not offered their services to their country. It is well understood that the soldiers who have gone from Canada have done so without hope of pecuniary reward and that they have been actuated by motives of the highest loyalty. Many of these brave men have been killed or have died from wounds or disease. Many others have been incapacitated from further active service and have been invalided home. Do these heroes deserve only a "Hello, glad to see you home again," from us? Surely, surely, that is not to be their recompense. Let us give them government posts so far as conditions will permit. Let us give them the other posts that lie within our gift. Let us make them welcome with the heart and with the purse as well as with the voice. Were it not for these soldiers and millions of other British fighters like them, we would not today be following our ordinary pursuits, but would be fighting as desperately as Belgium and Serbia are fighting.  
If we cannot go to the front, we should do what we can at home to help the empire's cause, and one of the best ways of helping is to give the returned soldiers the treatment they merit.

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"  
He heard the call, "Your King and Country Need You," and now he is somewhere in France.  
And the wife felt he ought to go. She and the little one would manage all right while he was away. Yes, they would get along nicely, for the hearts of the people were touched, and they had promised to give liberally to the Patriotic Fund, so that the women and the children of the men who went would be provided for.  
He went because he was fit and because he felt it to be his duty; and he left to those who could not go a sacred charge.  
And the war continued, and the months passed. A year went by; others were called, leaving their dear one, too—a sacred charge. AND THE DEMANDS OF THE PATRIOTIC FUND GREW.  
The men are still "Somewhere in France," fighting your battle and mine. What of the charge they left us? Are we going to help? What are you doing about it? Have YOU subscribed as freely as you can to the Patriotic Fund? If not you surely will feel badly about it afterwards. It may be the very last opportunity you will have to do so. Don't pass it up.

## THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT IN THE HEART

"Merry Christmas!" That is the burden of the song that will be sung by the Christian world for the next twenty-four hours.  
"Hosannah to the Highest and peace on earth and good will to men" is the chorus that will be sung from early dawn until the last flicker of the day on Christmas. People will again turn to the wondrous story of the Bethlehem hills and the manger cradle. Sermon and song will retell the wondrous story of men and women and little children will gather up the refrain of the song first sung on that Christmas morning so long ago and pass the music on to the oncoming generations.  
The great Christmas song sung by the angel hosts on that Christmas more than two thousand years ago has never lost its continuity. Through all the ages it has been sung somewhere and each generation has taken it up and repeated it until it has become the heritage of the whole Christian world.  
And the story of the Christ Child is a most wondrous one. It is incomparable. There is nothing like it nor will there ever be anything like it in the whole of history. It stands alone—the supreme story of human history, unless one excepts the story of the resurrection, which in itself is marvelous.  
The Prince of Peace came not to destroy the world, but to reconcile the warring factions and to weld men together in a lasting brotherhood. To make men and women kinder to each other, to make them more helpful to each other and to make them more considerate in every relationship of life.  
And the gospel He taught has been gaining strength and effectiveness through the generations. But there never has been a period in the world's history when so much of the world was at war and where the common fellowship of mankind was so thoroughly unrecognized. We are wont, because pessimists tell us so, to believe that this is a wicked age—one of the world's most notorious. The facts are that it is in reality one of the world's most moral and self-respecting ages—if not its most.

TOPICS OF THE DAY  
PEACE  
Why have the comments of Germany's press become so frank in the sufferings of the people, from loss of men, from hunger, from the price of all necessities? They cannot speak without permission. It may be that the Government is preparing them for peace terms that are not those of the victor, that are the best those of a drawn battle. Germany hasn't a chance if the people of France, Russia and England keep their nerve, and apparently they will. It is a terrible way to win a war, grinding down the resources, destroying the most effective manhood of a great nation, but it is being done. France, helped by England and by Russian diversion, saved Paris. Then Russia saved her own resources. England saved the Empire of the seas, then solved the submarine menace, and then undertook submarine business on her own account and closed the North Sea. For Germany to get from Constantinople to Egypt and India is a dream. She is beaten. If the allied peoples will it. Probably she cannot stand for a year the strain now being frankly revealed. It is even possible she may not stand it through the winter. But what a price! About half the fighting men of Germany are supposed to be dead or crippled. The Allies are losing about as many, but swapping even for them means victory. How many will be dead in a year? Of course it is worth it, in a sense. A military despotism must not rule Europe. But Germany has suffered so much that if peace were made today on the status quo ante the people of Germany would be literally blown on the solar plexus to the regime that made them pay such a price for nothing.

POSTAL CURIOSITIES  
Stamps bearing Queen Victoria's effigy ceased to be valid after the last day of June in the present year. Previous to the introduction of stamps letters had to be taken to one of the branch offices, which were limited in numbers even in large cities; and if the sender prepaid the postage a red mark was affixed and it went forward. If the sender did not pay in advance, the postage was payable on delivery, which was very customary, and was frequently considered the safest way of insuring that the missive would reach its destination.  
When the new stamp was introduced in 1840 it was invariably called "Queen's head," and old people used this term for many a long day afterwards. When first issued to the public the sheets on which the stamps were printed were not perforated, and each had to be separately cut, a process both slow and troublesome; and it was some years before perforation was adopted.

THE PEACE GERMANY IS NOW AFTER  
1. France to pay \$600,000,000.  
2. Belgium to pay \$600,000,000.  
3. Russia to pay \$400,000,000, and to lose Poland to give up Macedonia.  
4. Serbia to give up Macedonia.  
5. England to restore Germany's colonies.  
6. Belgian and Portuguese colonies to be divided.  
7. Trade "Entente" among belligerents.  
The Journal des Debats of Paris, publishes a long article from a Zurich correspondent which goes fully into the question of the systematically organized peace propaganda which the Germans have initiated in neutral countries.  
The points in the article which deal with the conditions which the Austro-Germans would presumably be willing to accept are summarized and discussed as follows:  
As far as France is concerned the

principal condition seems to be the reciprocal evacuation of occupied territories, but as German troops occupy a much larger extent of ground France would have to pay a compensating indemnity of at least \$600,000,000.  
Belgium also would be evacuated on payment of a similar indemnity guaranteed by France and England.  
England would restore all German colonies already seized, and there would be a dividing up of the Belgian and Portuguese colonies, a joint indemnity being paid to Portugal.  
Serbia would retain her independence, but give up Macedonia and enter a fiscal union with Austria.  
Bosnia and Herzegovina would hold the Ence-Midra line and take back the territory ceded to Roumania, which would be indemnified in Bessarabia.  
Russia would lose the whole of Poland, and receive a slice of Albania, but give Austria the right of passage through Saloniki.  
All belligerent countries would accept a commercial arrangement favorable to the Zollverein (customs union) into which Austria-Hungary would enter.  
The article concludes: "It will be noticed that in this project very little is demanded from England, at any rate in appearance. It is hoped thereby to reduce British egotism while retaining the means to strangle British commercial power later on by a cleverly conducted commercial war. That is the best bargain they can hope for at the moment. If we accepted that Germany would rely on soon recuperating what she had lost and then would exploit the world freely."

AFTER THE STRUGGLE—WHAT?  
By Frank C. Steele  
When the war is over, and Tommy Returns with glory wrote On his weather-beaten features, and his stained and faded coat; Will we will him as a hero? Tell how gallantly he fought? Consider, please, one moment—After the struggle—what?  
Perhaps we'll have a banquet. And speeches, songs and cheers; Perhaps we'll grasp his brawny hand. And share his good wife's tears; But when the glimmer's over, And Tommy calls for aid; Will we throw him out the life-line, The help for which he prayed?  
If he wears his ragged khaki, And hobbles on a crutch, Will we meet him as a brother, And welcome him as such? Or should he ask for pennies; Will we pass him proudly by, With eyes too hard for pity, With ears that quench his cry?  
Or, if he's lost his sturdy arm In freedom's holy cause, Will we put him on the payroll, Or scratch our heads and pause.  
Then say: "My man, I'm very sorry. I really pity you; But we have no place for cripples. And—well—your story isn't new." And will we turn and grimly smile And gloat o'er fortune sweet; While he, forlorn and hopeless, turns Into the cold, cold street.  
When the struggle's over, will we deck him With bars and medals bright? Will we write his name on the Honor Roll, And sing of his gallant fight? Fool world! What use are medals To victims of hellish lead; Fine words and martial music Make mighty sodden bread.  
When the war is over—and Tommy Returns to a bitter lot, As Christians, answer this question: After the struggle—What? Raymond, Alta.

MAIDEN MEDITATIONS  
A farce is funny when you look at it, but it is generally pretty sad when you are living it.  
If you live in dreams, be prepared for them to come true.  
Cynicism is like a cold plunge in the morning. You shiver at it, but it sets your blood a-tinkling.  
In dealing with a woman, ask and it shall be denied; you take, and it can't be denied; you've got it.  
Blessed is the man who doesn't prove to us by speaking that he has "nothing to say."  
If you can't forgive, you are laying up a lot of material about which you do an unforgivable amount of worrying.  
If you are always looking for the good fortune of finding something very valuable, but up a goal—an object in life—that is the best fortune you can have found.  
Can you make love without falling in love, too?

## A CHRISTMAS PARTY FOR THE CHILDREN

There is something in the very air at Christmas time, the festivity, the joyousness that quite spontaneously calls forth the desire, nay, the actual necessity for giving a party for the children. And before the busy mother has fairly caught her breath after the arduous task of trimming the tree, she finds herself absorbed in the planning of the party, for upon her falls the responsibility for the entertainment of the little guests. And from sad experience, she has found that it is a much better to have every instant provided for, from the moment the self-conscious, festively garbed company arrive, to the time when they take their departure, somewhat disheveled, but glowing with excitement, and bursting with good cheer.  
It is well to start off with a jolly activity game that will include all the children and make them feel at ease. Form a large ring, and then choose one child to stand in the center and impersonate a farmer who has lost a sheep. The farmer asks someone in the circle, "Have you seen my sheep?" The one who is questioned answers, "Yes," and immediately faces about standing with his back to the others. The second child describes the dress of one of the other children. "Your sheep had a blue dress and a white sash," or "Your sheep had a white suit." The child described must run quickly around the outside of the circle, followed by the farmer. If he is caught before he gets back to his place, he must be the next farmer. A great part of the success of all these games depend upon the enthusiasm which the mother can easily impart. They must be played quickly and with spirit.  
But when the interest begins to lag, a good sized holly wreath is immediately brought in and suspended from the ceiling in the center of the room. To within four or five feet from the floor. To emphasize the spirit of the week, a little red sled is drawn into the room, piled high with snowballs. These are made of strips of cotton batting, wound loosely, and covered with white tissue paper. Each child in turn stands a certain distance from the wreath and tries to toss the snowballs through the center. The one who is most successful in a given number of trials, wins the prize. Or to add to the excitement, the children can be divided into two sides which will compete, one against the other.  
Another game which is good fun, is to suspend a tissue paper bag, filled with Christmas candles from the ceiling, and blindfold each child, give him three chances to hit the bag with a small wooden stick. When the bag is burst, a general scramble for the goodies will ensue, while the company will have been vastly amused at the unsuccessful attempts of some of their friends.  
Perhaps now would be a good time to introduce a quiet game, a basket is brought into the room, filled with Christmas greens of all kinds—holly, mistletoe, ivy, cedar, balsam, fir, spruce, hemlock and pine, all of which are easily procured at this season, and even some nuts can be included. On each twig is fastened a slip of paper with a number, and the children having been supplied with a slip of paper and pencil, must identify each sprig, writing its name opposite its corresponding number.  
Another good game, is to put different kinds of nuts in a bag, and let each child put his hands in the bag and try to guess how many varieties there are, by simply feeling them, or he can write down their names on a slip of paper. It would not be too much trouble to provide a small bag for each child, and then if a few candles were added, they would have a pretty little souvenir to take home.

WHO SANTA CLAUS WUZ  
James Whitcomb Riley  
Jes' a little bit o' feller—I remember still—  
Ust to almost cry fer Christmas, like a youngster will.  
Fourth o' July's nothing to it!—New Year's ain't a smelt!  
Easter Sunday—Circus day—jes' all dead in the shell!  
Lawdy, though! At night, you know, to set around an' hear  
The old folks work the story off about the sledge an' deer,  
An' "Santy skootin'" round the roof, all wrapped in fur and fuz—  
Long before—I knowed who—"Santy Claus" wuz.  
Ust to wait, an' set up late, a week or two ahead;  
Couldn't hardly keep awake, nor wouldn't go to bed;  
Kittle stevin' on the fire, an' mother settin' here  
Darnin' socks, an' rockin' in the chair, all rockin'-cheer;  
Pap gap, an' wonder where it wuz the money went,  
An' quar' with his frosted heels, an' spill his liniment;  
An' me a-dreamin' sleigh-bells when the clock o' life an' buzz,  
Long before—I knowed who—"Santy Claus" wuz.  
Size the fire-place up, an' figger how "Ole Santy" could  
Manage to come down the chimney, like they said he would;  
Wish't 'at I could hide an' see him—wondered what he'd say  
Et he ketch'd a feller layin' fer him the night o' Christmas eve;  
But I bet on him, an' I liked him, same as ef he had  
Turned to pat me on the back an' say, "Look her, my lad,  
Here, 'my pack—jes' he'p yourself, like all year's boys does!"  
Long afore—I knowed who—"Santy Claus" wuz.  
Wish't that yarn was true about him, as it feared to be—  
Truth made out like that—un- good enough fer me!  
Wish't I still wuz so confidin' I could jes' go wild  
Over hangin' up my stockings, like the little child  
Climbin' in my lap tonight, an' beggin' me to tell  
'Bout them reindeers, and "Ole Santy" that she loves so well  
I'm half sorry fer this little girl, sweethearth of his—  
Long afore—She knows who—"Santy Claus" is!  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

WIT and HUMOR  
One Result of the War  
"Waiter! Vienna steak please!"  
"Ush, sir, we call 'em Petrograd patties now, sir!"  
His Preference  
"Whisky," a friend, has killed more men than bullets.  
"That may be, sir; but, bejabbers, I'd rather be full of whisky than bullets."  
Defined  
William—"Pop, what's a paradox?"  
Father—"A paradox, my son, is a woman who wears silk stockings and tries to keep it a secret."—Puck.  
The Latest Style  
"He owns a coach dog."  
"How old-fashioned. We have a French poodle that rides in the automobile with us."  
Unseasonable  
"It's a beautiful day."  
"Yes," replied J. H. Grouitch, the noted pessimist, "but unseasonable for this time of the year."  
A Misplaced Husband  
"I never see her with her husband. Has she lost him?"  
"I don't know. Some people seem to think she has merely misplaced him."  
A Perilous Experiment  
Rural Constable: "Now, then, come out o' that. Bathing's not allowed 'ere after eight a.m!"  
The Face in the Water — "Excuse me, sergeant, I'm not bathing; I'm only drowning."  
An Efficiency Expert  
"Marion has become an efficiency expert. She goes about telling women how to live with their incomes."  
Gladys: "Nothing doing here! I'm looking for someone to teach me how to live beyond mine."—Life.  
The Causes  
"What do you suppose causes the rise in breadstuffs?"  
"Sometimes it is strikes, sometimes the failure of the wheat crop, sometimes speculation, and often it is just plain yeast."  
A Good Guesser  
Shronk stopped his motor at a desolate crossroads and yelled to a farmer who lay a cart there: "Hey, Cornsilk, is this the way to Croydron?"  
The farmer raised himself from the fertilizer in astonishment. "By heck, stranger, how did you know my name was Cornsilk?" he asked.  
"I guessed it," said the motorist.  
"Then, by heck," said the farmer as he drove off, "guess your way to Croydron."  
A Simple Explanation  
Banks—"I had a new experience yesterday, you might call it unaccountable. I ate a hearty dinner, finishing up with a Welsh rabbit, a mince pie and some lobster a la Newburgh. Then I went to a place of amusement. I had hardly entered the building before everything swam before me."  
Binks—"The Welsh rabbit did it."  
Banks—"No; it was the lobster."  
Binks—"I think it was the mince pie."  
Banks—"No; I have a simpler explanation than that. I never felt better in my life; I was at the Aquarium."

## OR

By EDWARD PAUL  
ELL, what d'you Pop?"  
Old man Rans known as "Pop," Sup of the Municipal Lodge didn't even look up from but returned the salu such it was, coming for paper man—with the equi typed reply, "Oh, nothin And then he added, a ment, "Except that this mas Eve and"—he smil "we haven't quite as m mas around here as I Sit down, Proctor; I'll in a moment."  
Proctor, the visitor across the room and to indicated, sliding down small of his back, leisu his legs and reaching evitable cigarette.  
He was H. Kenneth you please of the Morn old hand at the game one who had reached where, without being of it, he posed as a cy ated with life, huma tragedy and pathos, as past him each day li moving pictures, that prided himself upon his titude.  
Ransom—kindly, gei lent old Ransom—ha the Municipal Lodge over fifteen years. An lieved in the flotsam that came and went To him they were down on their luck, a less, even a little wic human beings with a Divine in their hearts only to be fanned at ment and in the right them on their feet fac with confidence and w it by fair means the li them.

In one point, at le man was adamant. N nor pleading nor pro could budge him. "I 'gust' had either to out. And that point insistence that all wh der his roof live up to "Soup, soap and Many were strong f but indifferent to the vation; yet they m three—or nothing. Presently he turn small, cheap desk, a one corner of the m neath a swinging eler der which his hair shi sner, and faced Pro "Well, my boy, w for you?" he said in "I haven't seen you while."  
"Nope," the Star sprawling at gates chair and exhaling smoke ceilingward. "I been breaking over and and I've been on the come tonight to get mas dope from you. across with an 'unc as the city editor ca up against it. Can out?"  
"You don't happen cond cousin to San pin" around here in you? Or a hobo who rich and rare, as e chimes ring out, and check for a thousa in Christmas pre-sti stick-ups and plain b horned in here toni "There are other ed the old man s straight into the elea far-seeing eyes. "man to come back h come rich. It's n cumulates, but wha that counts, my boy "Say," spoke u denly, "how about Christmas stories I told you at one ti Something with a f what we call 'th dope?' You've be here a long time, I durig all those year yums have been so ing stage around have wept on your it being Christmas old home. Huh? you, see, and let y these stories. Ca any?"  
"I'll try," said R back in about an h "I'll have somethin I must finish this