



KING CONSTANTINE CROSS-EXAMINED

CONSTANTINE: KING AND TRAITOR. By DEMETRA VAKA. London: John Lane, 12s. 6d. net.

A Greek lady may, it appears, emigrate to America while yet almost a child; may marry an American husband and believe herself altogether a piece of the New World; may become more republican than many Republicans and more democratic than most Democrats; and may imagine that she has learned to look upon European nations and their race-feuds with philosophic detachment. Yet, when the flames blaze again in the Balkans, and Greece, after playing an honorable part in war against Turks and Bulgars, is accused of pitiful cowardice and treachery, then the Greek emigrant will find that the spirit of race is unquenchable. For Greece and its people to lie under the stigma of cowardice, and for the King of the Hellenes to be accused of treachery and poptroery, will bring as much anguish to the mind of the Americanized Hellenic as to that of any stay-at-home Athenian. In such a spasm of patriotic feeling we have the genesis of this book. An enthusiastic American-Greek lady, tormented at the aspersions cast everywhere on the land of her birth and on King Constantine, the hero of her fancy, conceived the notion, at the beginning of 1917, of making the journey to Athens and there learning, from the lips of the King and those about him, the very truth about the strange imbroglio in which her countrymen were involved. To this not unambitious scheme our authoress, Mrs. Kenneth Brown, added the even bolder conception of persuading her misconstrued monarch into a reconciliation with Venizelos. All things, we know, seem possible to Transatlantic determination. Great is the power of enthusiasm. Brought to bear with full force, it will almost certainly achieve something, though perhaps not precisely what it set out to do. So if our engaging Greek authoress did not succeed in reconciling her obstinate King to the statesman who had eclipsed him so unparadoxically, she at any rate extracted from her adventurous efforts the matter of a really interesting book.

Arrived in Athens, Mrs. Brown devoted herself to the business of interviewing. Scarcely anyone worth seeing escaped her except Skoloudis, the Premier of the moment, whose friends protected him, and Queen Sophia, who was probably unapproachable. The rest—King, Royal Princes, generals, courtiers, diplomats, politicians, tradesmen, shoeblacks—all fell into Mrs. Brown's net and were found willing to talk politics and to talk freely. The conversations which she regarded as of most importance are set out, sometimes at full length, in her book and make up a great part of it. The reproduction is very skillfully done. Irrelevant stuff is almost always avoided, and the vivid, often picturesque, language of the Greek political talker, with his directness of expression and intense feeling, comes out very well. There is no reason to question the general accuracy of the conversations as reported; they are far too good and life-like to be inventions. The best of them, such as those with General Dousmanis and the demagogue Khalys, would, if they were inventions, be classed as fine works of art. But, we repeat, there is no reason to suppose that the authoress has put into the mouths of her hosts anything that they did not say. For their part, they obviously said what they wished her to hear and believe; and as they knew she was a writer, and almost certainly believed her a Government agent, most of them spared do pains over stating their case fully and plainly. When Mrs. Brown had exhausted Athens, she sailed to Salonika and went through the same process with Venizelos and two or three of his lieutenants. Her sketches of the great Cretan and his friends—all of whom she liked—are not so clear-cut and amusing as those of the Athenian Royalists, most of whom she cordially disliked, but they are good enough. It is not saying too much to predict that her book is one which will be hailed with gratitude by the future student of Greek affairs when groping his way through the labyrinths of the miserable years from 1914 to 1918.

Her final estimate of King Constantine, though that of a disillusioned hero-worshipper, is not unkindly, and is none the worse for that. At the outset she had felt, she tells us, that "if he were innocent then he was the most pathetic figure in this terrible war." He was not innocent, for he wounded the honor of his own people and turned his back on their ideals. But he remains and will remain a pathetic figure, the figure of a man neither deep nor solid, of a bright, well-meaning, inconstant trying to play a part which demanded the force of a grim leader of men. He displaced Venizelos after the fashion in which George III drove out the elder Pitt. He wanted to govern as George governed, through Palace Ministers and by buying and managing his Parliament. But George III, though stupid and not always sane, was resolute and courageous, and knew precisely what he wanted. Moreover, when his misgovernment had brought disaster, he had sense enough to

give way before it was absolutely too late. Constantine had none of these saving qualities. Persistently irresolute, he let himself be led and pushed this way and that by clever, jealous, small-minded politicians, and by foreign diplomatists who cared not a straw either for him or his country. He gave his ear to soldiers whose loyalty and military capacity were undoubted, but whose opinion on matters outside their profession was worthless. And, while he let soldiers interfere with politics, he allowed political theories to decide military questions. Ruined by a desire to govern as well as reign, he lacked the very first quality needed by anyone who would govern in the Near East—tenacity. As for a policy, he had none, unless a dread of the German Army and an ambition to be his own Prime Minister could be called a policy. He began, by shrinking from collision with Germany and ended by shrinking from a clash with Bulgaria, from facing the Entente, and from dealing resolutely with the reactionaries and intriguers round his person. He gave way to his own Queen. Yet for all his mistakes and vacillation it is impossible to withhold a measure of pity for the kindly, gracious, attractive man, once the hero of his people, and drawn by fate into one of the most bewildering plights that have ever been the undoing of a perplexed monarch.

Throughout her book Mrs. Brown sticks steadily to politics, and we are saved the usual tedious—and trivial—banalities of Anglo-Hellenic travel-books. We hear almost nothing of had beds, insects, resins, cream cheese, sweetmeats, and Turkish coffee. We escape the babble of waiters, guides, and mule-drivers. Nor is any second-hand archaeology inflicted on us. Among the illustrations of the volume most of the portraits of Greek notables are above the average, and would make the book worth keeping even if it had not other and greater merits. Though a Greek, Mrs. Brown very seldom quotes from her mother-tongue. It is unfortunate that the one or two scraps of it which she does give us are disfigured by errors or misprints.—The Times Literary Supplement.

We print the above interesting review of an interesting book because its authoress is quite well known in St. Andrews, where she spent some weeks at Kennedy's Hotel in the summer of 1914, with her husband, Kenneth Brown, the well-known American novelist.—Ed BEACON.

LIFE IN AMERICA A JIG-SAW PUZZLE TO 'OLE BILL'

WHERE did that one go?" according to Captain Bruce Brainsfather, who gave the phrase absurd, abiding form in the first cartoon he ever drew, is the one inevitable remark, the typical and universal saying, along the Allied fronts. He has been on every front, fighting with every Allied army, and "that remark runs through the war," he says.

It is not like "They've evidently seen me," which was the second one he made immortal, and which is so absolutely and unmistakably English, with the surprised and courteous face coming out of the top of the narrow chimney, from which the base is being shot away. "Where did that one go?" is just as good in Italy or on the shores of the North Sea. Perhaps, though Captain Brainsfather does not concede this much, "Jerry" is saying it now behind the fast-receding German lines.

But he did not know when he drew it that this was the keynote of the war as it seems to the man who fights it, or that it expressed the whole comic spirit of the soldier, absolutely detached, more or less fatalistic, and seeing the joke grow huger and more unbelievable as things in general get grimmer and worse. The fighting man sits huddled in his dugout with his pals. What else is there to ask but "Where did that one go?" But he knew when he drew it simply that things had gotten to the point where they were so awful they were funny, and he drew what he saw and heard as he, too, sat huddled in a dugout with his pals.

He told the story to-day, very comfortable in gray flannel mufti in his rooms at the Hotel Astor, armed with cigarettes. The fact that various members of the little establishment which is to tour him through America and Australia kept knocking on the door and demanding his presence at several telephones at once did not disturb him at all. He also has become detached, fatalistic. "I'll not talk to them," he says, casually; adding, genially, "Life is a jig-saw puzzle here."

ment. One day I was sitting there, full of depression, looking into the future. Just that morning the Germans had set about us and put a lot of five-point-sings into us. And then I drew, 'Where did that one go?'

Capt. Brainsfather has nervous, long-fingered hands, and as he tells about drawing, he makes sketchy lines in the air with his cigarette. He leans over with his arms on his knees, and darts quick glances up to see if you're getting all the points. He has quick, bright eyes, which surely haven't missed a single quirk in all the war, from which a picture might be made.

"I drew the sketch on an old bit of paper in the dug-out and gave it to some soldier or other who put it up in the dug-out. And a lot of them looked at it and somebody asked me, in that vague way friends have, why I didn't send it up to be published."

"Then, later, I was in St. Ives, a little town which no longer exists. And they had gotten everything then except the place I was living in. All day it was imperative to look as if there was nobody in the house. I drew there all one day, to the accompaniment of machine-gun snacking up against the wall. And then I did send some of them up to London, for it happened that my mother had put some papers into a package she sent out to me, to keep it stiff. And so I got the address of the London Bystander, and sent them off. Then some men and officers began to send me for pictures—and I would make them just for their amusement and my own."

The next step was in front of Messines; the first night out, I had no dug-out, and a colonel who lived in a farm a mile behind the lines asked me to come up and stay with him and decorate the walls. The walls were there right enough, but there was nothing to decorate them with. So I put my arm up the chimney and got down some soot. This I mixed with rifle oil, and charred a stick for charcoal, and so I got along. I put "They've evidently seen me" and "My dream for years to come" on his walls.

In the week after that, one terrible night of sniping and machine guns and shells, I came back in the pouring rain to the dug-out, and found the corporal sorting letters by the light of a candle-end stuck in a bottle. And there was one for me from the London Bystander, saying, 'The editor will be pleased to accept etc.' That was the first of my publishing. It was in the first gas attack in 1915 that Capt. Brainsfather "stopped a shell" and went home to Blighty to a hospital for awhile.

But he got back for the battle of the Somme, and later he went, at the order of the War Office, to fight on all the different fronts, to get material for more drawings. He was with the French at Verdun, with the Italians in the Alps, with the Americans in Alsace-Lorraine, on the North Sea, "the extreme terminus of the line, where the barbed wire runs out into the sea—and occasionally a German swam around to give himself up."

For six months he has been with the Americans. "The English and Americans are very much alike," he says. "Here they are different, but they are not so different when they get there. Over there they are much the same. It's the war—a touch of shelling makes the whole world kin. They have the same cheer, determination, and vigor. They do the war in the same way. Their whole outlook and style are the same. And one night when I was with them, in a barn, a shell went off, and I heard several voices say—"he paused dramatically and held the cigarette poised—"Where did that one go?"

Capt. Brainsfather is off across the continent and then on to Sydney, Australia, to help recruiting along, and to watch his trench-play played. "The Better 'Ole, or the Romance of 'Ole Bill." In London it has been going twice a day for eighteen months, they say, with five stock companies taking it around the roads. For 'Ole Bill is, some way, a favorite. He has kept so singular a detachment, so bitter a grin, for the shiftings of this jig-saw puzzle which is life.—The New York Evening Post, Oct. 5.

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NOTICE I, Lawrence E. Parker, do hereby notify the public that my wife, Mary Alice Parker, has left my bed and board without just provocation, I therefore will not pay any bills contracted by her. Dated this day, Oct. 10th, 1918. 46-2wp

Tinsmiths and Plumbers Wanted at Halifax In order to get the sufferers from the explosion comfortably housed before cold weather sets in many tinsmiths and plumbers are needed. Until Nov. 1st, wages 50c per hour, but after that date 55c per hour. We will pay transportation both ways to those who remain three months or more. This is an emergency call and we hope that many will respond. Write at once. C. R. HOBEN & COMPANY, 34 Granville St., Halifax, N. S.

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AMUSEMENT TAX ORDER All persons promoting or directing entertainments of whatever sort or description are requested to observe carefully the following addition to the rules and regulations passed by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council with regard to the collection of the Amusement Tax: "No entertainment of whatever sort or description to which an admission fee is charged and the proceeds of which are not wholly for patriotic, church or charitable purposes, shall be held without a permit allowing the said entertainment to be held and providing at the same time for a supply of amusement tax tickets necessary in connection therewith. If such entertainment is held without a permit from the Amusement Tax Inspector, the promoters of the same shall be liable to the penalties provided for in the 11th section of the Theatres and Cinematographs Act." Applications for Amusement Tax Tickets, Receipts, and Permits for entertainments to be held should be made to WILLIAM H. McQUOID, Provincial Tax Inspector, P.O. Box 684, St. John, N. B. 15-5w

MINIATURE ALMANAC ATLANTIC DAYLIGHT TIME PHASES OF THE MOON

Table with columns: Day of Month, Day of Week, Sun Rises, Sun Sets, H. Water a.m., H. Water p.m., L. Water a.m., L. Water p.m. Rows for Oct. 20 Sun to 26 Sat.

The Tide Tables given above are for the Port of St. Andrews. For the following places the time of tides can be found by applying the correction indicated, which is to be subtracted in each case:

Table with columns: Place, H.W., L.W. Rows: Grand Harbor, Seal Cove, Fish Head, Welshpool, Eastport, L'Etang Harbor, Lepreau Bay.

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SHIPPING NEWS PORT OF ST. ANDREWS

The publication of the usual shipping news in this column is suspended for the time being, in patriotic compliance with the request issued to all papers by the Admiralty.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY REGISTRY OF DEEDS. ST. ANDREWS, N. B. George F. Hibbard, Registrar. Office hours 10 a. m. to 4 p. m., Daily. Sundays and Holidays excepted.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE ST. ANDREWS, N. B. R. A. STUART, HIGH SHERIFF. Time of Sittings of Courts in the County of Charlotte:—CIRCUIT COURT: Second Tuesday in May and October. COUNTY COURT: First Tuesday in February and June, and the Fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Judge Carleton

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THE FIRST WEEK IN SEPTEMBER

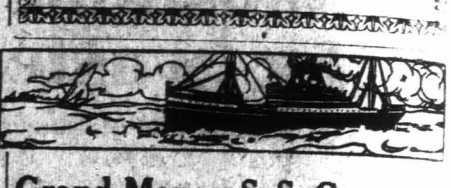
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ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster. Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Money Orders and Savings Bank Business transacted during open hours. Letters within the Dominion and to the United States and Mexico, Great Britain, Egypt and all parts of the British Empire, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof. In addition to the postage necessary, each such letter must have affixed a one-cent "War Tax" stamp. To other countries, 5 cents for the first ounce, and 3 cents for each additional ounce. Letters to which the 5-cent rate applies do not require the "War Tax" stamp. Post Cards one cent each to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico. One cent post cards must have a one-cent "War Stamp" affixed, or a two-cent card can be used. Post cards two cents each do not require the "War Tax" stamp. Newspapers and periodicals to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico, one cent per four ounces. Arrives: 1:30 p. m. Closes: 4:50 p. m. Mails for Deer Island, Indian Island, and Campbell—Daily. Arrives: 12 m. Closes: 1:30 p. m. All Matter for Registration must be Posted half an hour previous to the Closing of Ordinary Mail.

Readers who appreciate this paper may give their friends the opportunity of seeing a copy. A specimen number of THE BEACON will be sent to any address in any part of the world on application to the Beacon Press Company, St. Andrews, N. B. Canada.

VOL. Ba SOME INTO A wan Where th Wounded by Somebody's Somebody's da Wearing all Soon to be hid The lingerie grace. Matted and da Kissing the tip Pale are the lip Somebody's d Back from his Brush all the Cross his hands Somebody's d 'Kiss him once I Murmur a pr One bright curl They are son Somebody's sar Was it a mot And have the li Been baptized God knows best Somebody's h Somebody wait Night and mo Somebody wept Looking so ha Somebody's kiss Somebody's cla him— Yearning to be And there he lie And the smil Tenderly bury th Pausing to dro Carve in the wo "Somebody's d A CONSCIE I do not mind a I considerably y William, en pass passes but just is my wife's brot than that, howe elect, that chose mortals who neve taxis and owes hi and fine linen. W hearing spoken of near as he ever go was swept off my what he had been "William wants thinks that perhap something—fairly He seemed to fanc down." "Well, for a b forty-seven perh The more I dwel yearning on the pe the more unreson always appeared to thank you, as thing ed in his well-know ever he ran short; ing (William used a fine and airy dip which enabled him debts, tailors, and solvent humanity. That it all caused u I told him frankly I felt anxious about h "It is not like yo pressively. "I am the times a bit too struck you; perhaps on; but don't go an Still, I know of a h wants a man to hel But we need no selves. / William is a moment he said he himself of my kindr been hasty and hea He had been thinki You will never gu I was outwitted, and William for years an William told me th glass of port—my should have liked this job, but he had the Man Power Act, the chance of being te putting his emplo unfair risk. "This is very nobl William were not qu It comes very expen "Awfully sorry, regretfully," but I ca do it. It would not