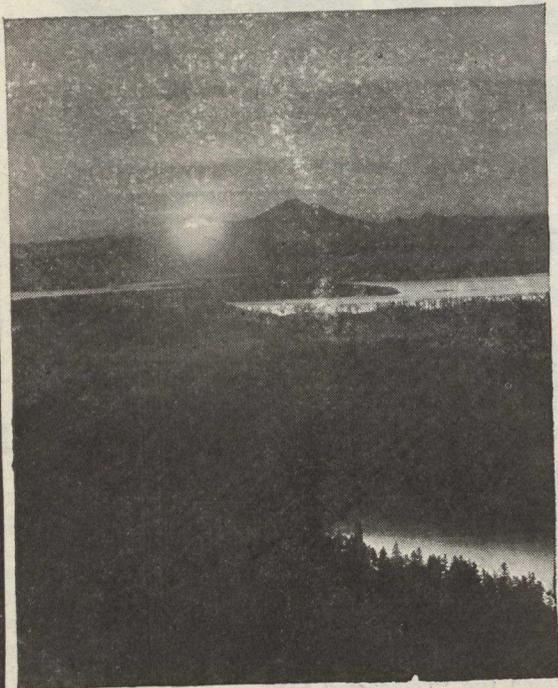


World's Largest Telescope Is on a B. C. Mountain

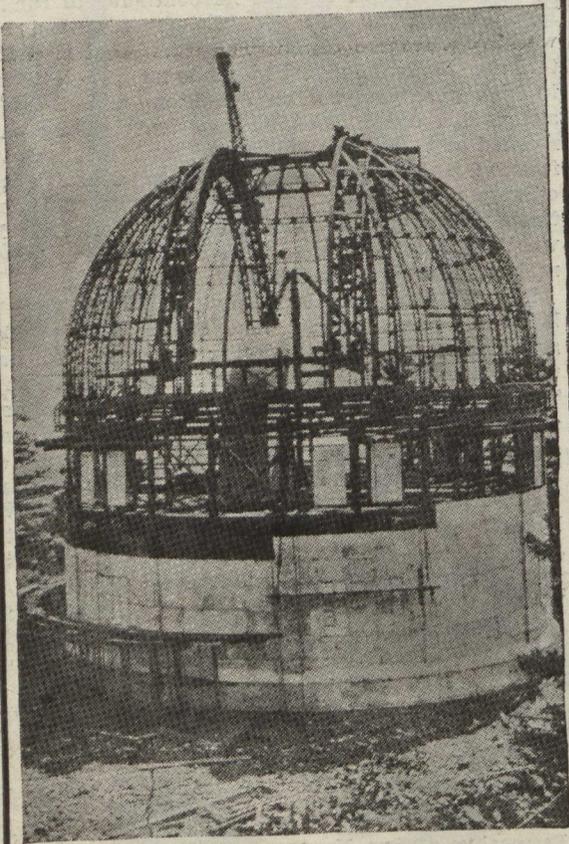


Sunrise over Mt. Baker, 80 miles from the new observatory at Little Saanich.

THE upper illustration in this panel is taken from beside the new observatory at Little Saanich Mountain, near Victoria, B.C. The observatory is now nearing completion and is to have the largest telescope in the world. The lower picture shows the dome that will shelter this instrument. The telescope is what is known as a reflecting type and consists essentially of a tube open at the front end and having a concave mirror at the rear end. In this case the tube is something over thirty feet long, ninety inches in diameter, and weighs eight tons. The light from the object looked at falls on the mirror and is reflected back. The large mirror in this telescope is seventy-two inches in diameter and was made in Belgium. It was shipped to Canada just prior to the outbreak of the war. This telescope is moved by very delicately adjusted machinery.

The building and dome rise to a height of over sixty feet, and, taking into consideration that Little Saanich Mountain is nearly eight hundred feet high, this will give a very satisfactory altitude.

The upper photograph is of exceptional interest in that it was taken at sun-rise, and shows old Sol just mounting to his day's work from behind the famous Mount Baker. Although this mountain is in the State of Washington and the Observatory is on the lower end of Vancouver Island, over 80 miles distant, it is almost always in clear view from the hill.



This slotted dome is to shelter the telescope.

of the forty-third degree—whatever that may be.

Reciprocity was "Continentalism"; no laboured economic treatise to prove that the farmer would get less for his produce and the city man pay more for his food. Nothing of the sort for the "Telegram"! The water looked murky, treacherous, deep, and besides, there was a shorter and more effective way to defeat the ill-fated pact: reciprocity was condemned every afternoon of the campaign, as "Continentalism"—whatever that is—until "Telegram" readers in their sleep fairly clutched at their throats to throw off the monster which all but had them in its grip.

Then there was the "intangible assets" phrase, which a few years ago did much to defeat the purchase of the street railway. The "Telegram" plastered the paper with the idea that millions were being paid for "intangible assets," and men who were almost convinced of the wisdom of the purchase, by the energetic campaigning of Hocken, or the sweet, persuasive eloquence of McCarthy, hesitated, balked, and voted the other way when they remembered they were paying millions for "intangible assets." Not one voter out of a hundred could tell what the "intangible assets" meant, and it was lost labour to attempt an explanation of their intrinsic worth; they rang like counterfeit quarters in the ears of "Telegram" readers, and they passed them up.

The editor possesses a real genius for borrowing or creating catch-phrases, knows how to dress them up and make them perform day after day until they have served their purpose.

Two men have given the "Telegram" its personality, the owner and the editor. Let me refer first to the editor, John R. Robertson. Before I knew him, and when I was just one of the many thousand readers of his editorial columns, I imaged him as a garret philosopher, living perhaps in the City Hall tower, and thinking himself right, and the rest of the world wrong, because he did not know the world; or as a cold ascetic writing his editorials from the top of a pedestal. But in later years I have met the editor, have dined with him, and discussed public and other questions and—well, I hate to disillusionize his less favoured readers, but—I must confess my first impressions were wrong. He lives, not in a garret, but in a comfortable, homelike house, and writes his editorials, not from a marble pedestal, but in an easy lean-back chair before an ordinary roll-top desk. He is, in fact, a human being, with close friendships, loves a joke—hugely, if it is on the other fellow—goes to the Presbyterian Church and spends his summer days in the country. And—may I tell it?—he used to be a Liberal, for years a more or less humble follower of the French-Canadian Catholic Laurier, a believer in tariff for revenue, or any other kind of tariff the Liberals, for the time being, endorsed. But then, Sir Robert Borden and Sir Thomas White, they say, were Liberals once.

There is a marked difference between John R. Robertson, man, and John R. Robertson, editor. The man is never wantonly cruel, vindictive, and never narrow to a degree that borders on bigotry. But the

editor—well, let us remember only that his editorials are terse, witty, and readable, which is more than can be said for the average editorial; and they are clearly indispensable—to the "Telegram." Once in a long while, hard-working John R. Robertson takes a holiday, and then the "Telegram" struggles hard to be the "Telegram," but it is a struggle. The paper is like a dish of good oatmeal done into porridge on the morning that the cook has forgotten the salt.

So unlike the average newspaper, the "Telegram" must needs confront him who would attempt to dissect it, with a dual personality, so inextricably woven together that the two personalities cannot be dissociated. I cannot imagine the "Telegram" without John R. Robertson as its editor, nor without John Ross Robertson as its proprietor. They may have their differences, but if so they are not apparent to the onlooker; to all outward appearances their dispositions and viewpoints on public questions are the same.

John Ross Robertson, like his paper, is unusual. A self-made millionaire, he lives in commendable simplicity; an unbending autocrat, he preaches democracy. But then we are told that "democracy is always the work of kings." He is never happy except when playing a lone hand, and invariably refuses to join a movement that he cannot himself control. He is a philanthropist, but not of the usual co-operative sort. Where most men donate to the funds of a hospital, he created a great big one of his own and dedicated it to the cause—if you knew the man you would expect his choice—of sick children.

Fond of history, an adept at writing, and practical, he reached not to Russia or remote parts, for material, but to his own city, and set forth the annals of the early days "in Toronto." Fond of art, he spent tens and tens of thousands of dollars, and years of arduous labour and travel, in acquiring a gallery, and when it was completed gave it to the public "in Toronto." A man who has reached the time of life which most people devote to relaxation, he follows the sports of youth with all the ardour of an athlete in his prime.

The man behind the "Telegram" has a strange, conflicting, forceful personality. Men say he does not fight fairly, and so it has sometimes seemed to me; but it must be admitted he usually picks out grown-up men as opponents who ought to be able to defend themselves; and he is a friend of the children. When the count is taken, there will be a tremendous balance of good in his favour. The achievements of John Ross Robertson have been so marked in journalism and philanthropy that few remember he was once entitled to write M. P. after his name. He is an outstanding citizen in his favourite Toronto, and ranks with the big men of the country. It is said that he refused knighthood, and if this be not true then those who possess the official "eyes of the king" are singularly blind. Men may not agree with much that the "Telegram" has said and done, but there can be no difference of opinion as to the great philanthropic service, the public spirit, and strong personality of John Ross Robertson, its proprietor.

GERMANY'S STRATEGICAL ERRORS

COLONEL FEYLER is Switzerland's distinguished military critic. From Land & Water we quote his article on Germany's strategical blunders.

It is only when the full consequences become manifest that one can obtain a clear insight into the errors committed by a staff or by an army at the beginning of an action, he writes. In Germany's case strategical errors make themselves immediately manifest. We can already ask ourselves whether the Germans did not commit a first mistake in 1914 in passing to the left bank of the Belgian Meuse, and a second, in sweeping blindly forward between Paris and Verdun. The disadvantages consequent upon the crossing to the left bank have shown themselves as follows: A great loss of time, which postponed the moment of the general attack just when one of the essential conditions was that this attack should be immediate and overwhelming. To keep in alignment with the left wing in Alsace, the right wing had to march for several days which would have been better employed had it kept to the right bank of the river. This loss of time was aggravated by a resistance superior to the expectations of the German Staff, who had under-estimated the value of the obstacles to be overcome, thus leading to a further delay in the general attack and the loss of the strategical element of surprise which was the fundamental point of the operation. A second disadvantage of this movement between Meuse and Scheldt, was the extension of front thereby involved,

necessitating a large increase in the forces engaged, whereas the plan of a campaign against France and Russia simultaneously advised strict economy. Proportionate reserves, too, had to be constituted. A third disadvantage was in the extension of lines of communication in an enemy country, which immobilized considerable forces.

The consequences of the second strategical mistake, namely, the blind rush between Paris and Verdun, were even more immediately conspicuous, and the German armies were forced to beat a hasty retreat out of the trap into which they had rushed. Quite truthfully, this was described as a "concentration to the rear" and quite inaccurately as a "voluntary retirement." No one will easily believe that the German Staff led their advancing columns forward till their heads almost reached the Seine with the intention of withdrawing them beyond the Marne only forty-eight hours later. They retired because they were taken in flank, and they were taken in flank because their higher command, precisely as in Belgium, failed to appreciate the true value of the obstacles to be overcome.

Since that moment the second strategical mistake has not ceased to manifest its consequences. The weaker the German forces grow, the more hampering is the effect of the great extension of their lines. Moltke's saying, that such a mistake may compromise the whole course of a war, threatens to find confirmation.