

shoulder and said warmly and persuasively, "Call me Bertie."

People are still talking of Saturday's air raid in London. The air-squad looked like a bevy of hawks filling the sky, searching for some particular prey, as they flew from northwest to southeast over the city. People in shops and factories (for it happened at eleven in the morning) ran out to see it, while those in the streets ran in for shelter, and many fearless ones crowded on the roofs of houses for a good view. The raiders—Taubes in this case—sent up smoke-screens to conceal themselves, and dropped bombs through them. From beginning to end the raid only lasted fifteen minutes, but it was a bad quarter hour of strain and anxiety. There were exciting air battles, one being fought above the clouds and one below at the same time, thirty-eight machines being engaged in them. People now think that they were flying low and in large numbers to take photographs for a future attack. Mr. Tennant, during a debate on the subject in the house since the catastrophe, explains it thus. He contends that the object of the enemy in making these raids is to create panic and incidentally compel us to withdraw airplanes from the front. He does not believe that the civil population of this country is any less brave than the civil population of France, who have to bear fifty times the disasters and troubles that we have experienced. He says one thing we ought not to do is bring back our fighting forces from France where they are doing such wonderful and essential work in the air. This he has seen for himself in a recent visit to the front. He says the Huns would rejoice to see our airplanes withdrawn from there in large numbers. He begs people, in spite of those dreadful visits, not to exaggerate their importance and thus serve the interests of the enemy in this critical moment of the war. Mr. Tennant has lately lost his own son, a very gallant airman, in an engagement. Mr. Orville Wright, the air-man, echoes his utterances when he says that these raids on London were absurd if they were meant to destroy the city, but that their obvious object was to keep British air-men in England on the defensive instead of on the Western front. He asserts that he and his brother are convinced since the beginning of the war, that this will be the last one, because air-craft will make war futile. There are 1,000 factories for the manufacture of air-craft, all working at full speed in Britain to-day.

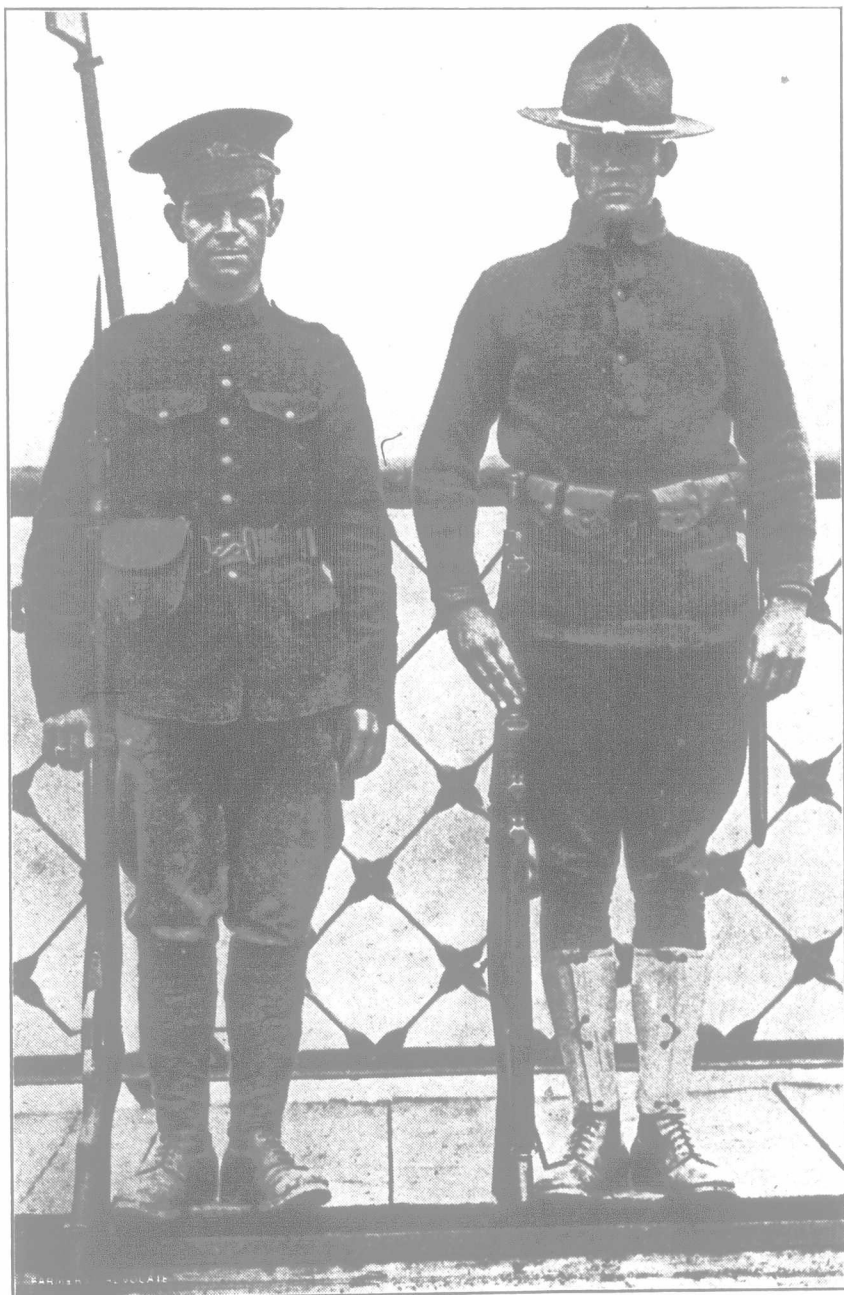
I fear we are losing the gift of agreeable causerie and confining all our conversation to the war, the food question and kindred topics. It was quite a relief yesterday when drinking afternoon tea with some Canadian ladies to enjoy a lengthy discussion on the "chiffons" so dear to the female heart. There is no elaborate gowning now. These ladies all wore pretty tulle frocks of linen and muslin with hats that were simplicity itself, and I thought how much more attractive they looked than in the fashionable afternoon gowns of former days, which are now looked upon with suspicion and contempt. Ladies of the highest standing set a good example in this respect, and at the sports one day lately—a huge gathering of Canadian women and soldiers—I noticed a Brigadier-General's wife in a plain cotton frock and the most practical of hats, and I felt that "C'est l'air d'une grande dame" which counts after all. These gowns are frequently made by their wearers and are none the worse for that, as Canadians, like the French women, understand the art of wearing them.

Baby shows are the order of the day just now. We had one at Guildford, opened by Lady Jellicoe, this week, which was quite an event. Demonstrations in bathing, dressing and preparing food were given to teach mothers how to properly care for their children. It was a very interesting but noisy occasion, for the babies did not seem to enjoy their brief public career. The slogan now is, "Save the babies," and there is talk of establishing crèches with trained nurses for looking after them while their mothers are engaged in munition making and other necessary war work. We earnestly hope that the babies will succeed in getting the crèches, for in the homes of the poor conditions have been deplorable and infant mortality amazingly high.

I enjoyed a visit to camp yesterday where the Fifth Division are quartered. It is a great sight. When approaching it over the hill one looks down upon thousands of wooden huts, a town of them, all laid off in streets and all arranged with

such mathematical sameness that it is difficult to distinguish the particular one you seek. In the "suburbs" of this town there is a motley collection of shops, which cater to almost every need of a soldier, and restaurants as well as three Y. M. C. A.'s, a picture theatre, a bank and a post office, not forgetting several gipsy caravans. It reminds one of the hangers-on of a circus, although there are not so many fakirs. The gipsy women with their hard, sunburned faces, long earrings and gay beads, sell fruit which they take around in carts drawn by diminutive and aged donkeys, and there is always a dog—just dog—fastened behind by a rope. I passed a pretentious shop on one corner with the name "Eatons" painted in large letters on the side, and I could not but notice Canadian names on the streets between the huts. The huts are most comfortable, each having a little stove to bring cheer on cold evenings, and to dry garments after a march in the rain. Having been here so many months, they have introduced a home atmosphere by putting up curtains, and little shelves on which are displayed their treasures, such as home photographs, war souvenirs and

cuffs almost feminine. He had never known the meaning of freedom until he had been in the army a month and found that "leave" was not the semi-automatic thing he had thought it. He found how little he really knew about work when he had done a twenty-four-hour guard, followed by a twenty-mile route march, nor did he realize the value of money till he found himself and three pals clubbing together to buy a packet of canteen fags. The worth of a real white bed had never impressed itself on him till he'd done a week on the bare, wet ground with November stars for candles. Now it is so strange to come and go as the mood takes him and to drink a cup of unstewed tea and taste a "civvy" meal. He finds himself listening to the long familiar bugle-calls and "Number! Shun! Form fours—right" and feels an impulse still to salute every officer passing him in the street. He finds himself giving "eyes right" to every apoplectic old major he meets in Oxford Street. Then he commenced work. Work! And at the end of the week drew the first wages he'd had for eighteen long months, having toiled twenty times as hard for a shilling a day



How They Look.

A Canadian and an American soldier on guard at the bridge at Niagara Falls. Underwood & Underwood.

always the tin hat. The board floors are scrubbed to snowy whiteness, and there are all sorts of furniture made of boxes. Everything is scrupulously clean. When the boys are off duty, you hear loud peals of laughter through open windows and an air of fun and bon comarade prevails. The soldiers are the most cheerful people here to-day. A visit to camp always acts upon me as a tonic. I love to hear the bugle calls—"Reveille," "Come to the cook-house door, boys," "Come and do a guard," "Retreat," and the "Last post." I read a very amusing bit by a London soldier who had got his discharge and was back again in "Civies" after being many months in khaki. He had not yet begun to feel at home in the new atmosphere. The trousers without putties seemed fearful and wonderful things to wear, and the coat and vest strangely fragile, the boots ridiculously light and tight, and the white collar and

(poor Tommy's pay!). This reminded him of past pay-days, the long wait, the queue, the quick shuffle, the salute, the officer with expressionless face, the six bright new shillings, then the canteen and the consequent renewal of the weekly struggle for existence on the fragments of pay that remained. Now, back again out of the army, his fist is full of silver, but somehow, he says, it doesn't feel right. He feels like a lost child or a horse turned loose in Piccadilly minus its harness, and ends with, "It's an awful thing to be back again in 'civies!'"

It is half past four, and the national tea-bell is sounding, so I must lay aside my pen and descend to the garden to enjoy my cup of tea and ration of war bread and imported jam. SUBVL.

Henry Ford is now manufacturing airplanes on a great scale in his works in Detroit.

Noted Women.

Miss Elizabeth Griffith.

Unfortunately we have not been able to secure a picture of Miss Emily Griffith, who is truly a noted woman in educational circles in the United States, and will be more noted as results of her work spreads.

She is a school teacher. But there are school teachers and school teachers.

Like Dr. Montessori she has dared to be original, and of her it has been said, "The stupidity of the traditionalism of standardization has never been as hard hit as by Miss Griffith."

She lives in Denver, Col., and over the door of her school on Thirteenth Street, is a sign in large letters: "Opportunity."

It was opened only a year ago, in September, 1916, and when the doors were thrown open it was announced that any one between the ages of fourteen and seventy could attend. Five teachers were then employed, and from 100 to 200 students were expected. At the end of the year 2,300 pupils were in attendance and forty teachers were employed.

Nor does the school differ from others only in the greater range of age. The curriculum also has been extended, until it embraces, besides the usual necessary subjects, telegraphy, cooking, sewing of all kinds, banking, storekeeping and all sorts of trades and means by which a living may be earned.

The "hours," also are extremely elastic. Newsboys, messenger boys and shop workers may come to the school early in the morning, eat a bowl of soup and put in an hour or two of school work before going to business. An employment bureau is connected with the establishment, and when boys and girls are ready, and need a job, an effort is made to place them. Of the sixty girls in overalls taking machine shop work, thirty have recently been employed in one big manufacturing plant to run machinery the same as men—an item of some importance in these months of war-work.

"There are no truants, no tardies, no slackers, no neutrals, no dodgers, no shirks, no grouches, no pessimists," says a visitor. "From first to last everyone is dead-in-earnest, everyone is learning something, is doing something, is getting something, is getting ready to do more and do it better."

And Emily Griffith's calm personality oversees it all.

Such a school as hers would be, of course, out of place in a rural community, but it sometimes occurs to one, in looking at the average rural school, to wonder if something of Emily Griffith's spirit would not be a refreshing and resurrecting thing among the teachers. Is it not possible that, by too much system and routine our schools have become crystallized into a deadened state. Crystallization anywhere is usually fatal. If an educational genius is anywhere discovered among our teachers should not he (or she) be permitted unbound hands to work out experiments according to his light—for that light may prove to be a wondrous thing.

This is a matter which may well give school inspectors thought. Initiative in teachers should be encouraged. There is nothing that will kill enthusiasm so quickly as over-inspection and over-system. Tied hands mean tied brains.—And enthusiasm is the soul and source of the successful school.

The Windrow.

The United States National Government, according to the Food Control Statute recently passed by both Houses of Congress, has now absolute control not only over "foods, feeds, fuels and fertilizers," but also over all tools and implements used in food production. And at the head of all this, with control over the whole system, is Herbert C. Hoover, the farm boy who has risen to be one of the greatest executive spirits in the United States. The new law prescribes drastic penalties against hoarding of and speculation in the articles specified, thus greatly reducing the number of middlemen.

The popular girl-baby name in the United States is now "Jeannette"—in honor, of course, of Miss Jeannette Rankin, the woman "Congressman." She is making a baby-gallery of photographs of her namesakes, and already it contains over one hundred baby faces.