

This has possibly been accentuated by reports of fortunes being piled up in one business or another. The laboring man naturally concludes that much of the wealth is the result of his labor, and he feels that some of it is coming to him. Many firms have greatly improved the conditions under which their men work, and the wages of the past few years have increased in proportion to the increase in the cost of living. Some firms adopt the profit-sharing plan in order that their employees may share in the profits accruing from their labor. Under this system more and better work will undoubtedly be done, as the employees will realize that they will benefit by what they do to increase the business for the firm. On the other hand, there are employees who are somewhat unreasonable in their demands and seek the pound of flesh from their employer. There is a good deal of unrest throughout the country. Where it will end is difficult to say. The solution seems to be in greater co-operation between capital and labor. There must be a head in every business or profession, or else chaos would reign. In European countries an endeavor has been made by the employees to run the establishments themselves, but from all reports such has not been successful. Then, too, some labor men want a good deal more than they earn, and blame the employer or capitalist if their jobs are

taken from them. It is necessary that both labor and capital be reasonable and deal justly with each other. This applies to agriculture as well as to manufacturing concerns, if the industries are to grow and flourish as they should.

Difficulties arise between neighbors, between communities and between nations because of failure to forgive and forget slight differences. If we are building for a better community and a better Canada in which to live, it is necessary that there be a close fraternity among men. No man can live unto himself. Class distinction should be more or less dispensed with, as in many regards "Jack" is as good as his master. Many of the men toiling for others to-day would possibly have been leaders had they been given the opportunities of an education and training in their youth. Environment and circumstances determine to a large degree what a man will develop into. Of course, some men have sufficient will-power and grit to raise in spite of handicaps thrown in their way. Every boy and every girl should have the advantage of a practical education. This is being made possible throughout Canada by our colleges and technical schools. The future of the country will, to a large degree, depend upon the quality of men turned out from these institutions of learning. At one time a college was looked upon as a place for the rich man's son, but

to-day the halls are open to everyone desirous of securing an education. It is setting the ideals and molding the opinions of a large number of the people in the country, either directly or indirectly. The influence spreads far and wide, of our schools and colleges and, too, largely sets, the ideals of Canada's future citizens. Our educational policy should be such as will make good citizens of the cosmopolitan class of people of this young country. The leaders must plan and work for the future rather than the present only. On how well the foundation is laid will depend the structure to be reared in years to come. A narrow, short-sighted policy of administration at the at the present time would be detrimental to the growth and development of the country on a sound basis. It is necessary that capital and labor, the city and county, get together in planning for the future.

Travel Notes.

Miss Bennett Discourses on Jam and Other Things.

BY HELEN A. RUSSELL.

IT happened one winter when I was working at the Red Cross in Lausanne. There was an urgent call sent out for clothing for the destitute Serbs.

My dear, you've no idea what ridiculous

things were sent in. Some of the contributors seemed to think that Serbia was a sun-baked country straddling the equator. I remember one day a huge package arrived from a rich Brazilian family. They evidently thought the climate of Serbia was similar to that of Brazil, for they sent thin muslin gowns and blouses and beads, and even fans. Think of sending fans to the freezing Serbians in the dead of winter!! Well, one can excuse those half-educated "macaques" (South Americans) for making mistakes in European geography, and for sending gauze instead of wool, but when it comes to an English person, and a university man at that, it is the limit of ridiculousness, to coin a word for the occasion.

I happened to open the Englishman's bundle myself, and it nearly killed me. It contained a white linen suit, very much soiled, with dabs of green paint all down one side—he had evidently had a misadventure with a painter's pot; fifteen neckties, three straw hats, two pairs of tennis shoes, some summer underwear, and—a pair of enormously long black trousers.

Pinned to these trousers was a sealed envelope marked "important."

It was addressed to the person who opened the package. So I opened it. It contained a note giving the history of the trousers and directions for their disposal.

"These trousers," read the note, "belonged to Mr. Reginald Warrington-Barnes, B.A., Oxon."

"These trousers were worn by Mr. Reginald Warrington-Barnes at the funeral of King Edward VII."

"These trousers were also worn by Mr. Reginald Warrington-Barnes at the Coronation of King George at Westminster Abbey. These trousers were worn *inside* the Abbey by a guest, not *outside* by a mere spectator. On this great historic occasion the Duke of Norfolk was pleased to compliment the wearer—Mr. Reginald Warrington-Barnes, on the fine fit and appearance of these trousers."

"These trousers must be given to an English Tommy. He must be made acquainted with their historical value, and also with the fact that they were made for and worn by Mr. Reginald Warrington-Barnes, B.A., Oxon."

I think the poor man must have been a bit cracked. It's the only explanation. Madame Dufour who had charge of the department, suggested that the trousers be sent to the museum in Lausanne.

They were of such an extraordinary length that no ordinary Tommy could wear them without tucks.

I have been haunted ever since by the idea that they belonged to an eccentric Englishman I met in Berne the first winter of the war—on account of the length of the legs, you know. We never knew his name. He was always called "the Englishman." He was an educated man but freaky. A tall, gaunt creature, with narrow shoulders, and enormous feet. He smoked cigarettes continually, and left a circle of ashes and matches around his chair wherever he happened to be—in the salon, or in the lobby. It didn't make any difference to him apparently, he never seemed to know *where* he was. The maids were furious, because they had to follow him up with a broom and dust-pan.

Most extraordinary creature! He wore "hand-me-downs" which looked as if they had never been either brushed or pressed. And he reeked so of tobacco, that some sensitive people couldn't stay in the same room with him. He was short-sighted and wore nose-glasses with a long, black ribbon, which was always getting tangled up on his coat-buttons, and he walked with his head poked forward as if he were peering into a cave. Although he smoked so much, he seemed to be always running short of matches, and would suddenly stop talking and begin clawing around in his pockets in search of one.

He usually had three or four English papers with him, and when he had finished reading them, instead of folding them up he crushed them into a wad and stuck them inside the front of his coat. He used to come into the dining-room sometimes all puffed out like a fat man, and then when he sat down and unbuttoned his coat, down would fall all these crumpled papers, which seemed to surprise him very much. Most absent-minded creature! But tremendously entertaining at times. Had been everywhere in creation. I used to talk to him—or rather, listen



The Hall of Mirrors.

In this hall, in the palace at Versailles—a suburb of Paris—the Peace Treaty will be signed. Photo by Underwood & Underwood.