POOR DOCUMENT

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SCHOOLMASTER LEADS GERMANY

Joseph Wirth Has Made a Special Study of Economic Theories.

HAS FINANCIAL PLANS

He Has Figured Out That Germany Has a National Debt of $63,000,000,000.

WITH the sudden rise of Wirth to importance as Germany's new leader comes a widespread demand to know what manner of man he is, what his "past performances" have been, whether they indicate that Germany, under his leadership, will fulfil the obligations.

Joseph Wirth was born September 6, 1879, at Freiburg in Breisgau, Baden, Southern Germany, so he is 41 years old—not 75, as certain newspaper accounts had it, confusing the new German chancellor with another man of the same name. In his studies he specialized in mathematics and political economy, and, in 1908, became head teacher and professor at the Freiburg Realgymnasium. In 1911 he was made a member of the Freiburg municipal council and, two years later, a member for the Centrist Party in the Baden Chamber of Deputies. In 1914 he entered the German Reichstag, representing the district of Offenburg-Kehl.

During the war Dr. Wirth was one of the coadjutors of Matthias Erzberger and went twice to Rome in connection with missions with which that noted leader was concerned.

After the revolution which overthrew the Hohenzollern regime in Germany Dr. Wirth was identified with the Left section of the Centrist Party. Next he became provisional finance minister in Baden, which led soon to his appointment, by the Baden assembly, to the post of finance minister.

At the meetings of the German National Assembly he sided with Erzberger on questions of taxation, and, upon the withdrawal of Erzberger from the post of German minister of finance, Dr. Wirth stepped into his shoes. Since his accession circumstances have more than once obliged him to swerve from the course adopted by his predecessor in seeking to solve financial problems.

Wirth has been referred to contemptuously by opponents as "the Baden school teacher." They have not forgotten in the statesman the man who specialized in teaching economics. And it is, indeed, primarily as an economist that the ex-professor has looked upon Germany's problems and sought for solutions.

Was Finance Minister

THEN he became chancellor last month, after the resignation of Chancellor Constantin Fehrenbach, he showed, as finance minister, a grasp of economic conditions that augurs well for his success, now that he is in Fehrenbach's place.

His career as finance minister was an unending series of troubles. He first took that post a year ago last March in the cabinet formed by Hermann Mueller. When Constantin Fehrenbach succeeded Mueller as chancellor he retained Wirth as finance minister. One of the first difficulties which confronted the latter in the spring of 1920 was the demand of German railroad and postal employes for higher wages. Such demands are everyday events in the lives of present-day European statesmen, and the attitude of the German workers in question was to the full as disagreeable as that of their confreres in other parts of the distracted continent. Dr. Wirth and Dr. Johannes Bell, minister of transport, put their heads together and decided that the demands of the workers must be granted for political and social reasons. It meant a crushing addition to the budget, but they took the step.

After studying the situation for a few weeks Dr. Wirth announced that Germany's total debt amounted to 265,000,000,000 marks (about $63,000,000,000 at the par value of the German mark). This was in June, a year ago. Dr. Wirth soon came forward with plans for reducing this enormous burden. He emphasized the necessity of adopting his own special program by threatening to resign. In this way he forced his colleagues to act as he wished and laid the foundations of that ascendency of his in Germany which eventually landed him in the chancellorship.

SPOILED IT ALL

CAPTAIN McCULLAGH, in his newly-published book, "A Prisoner of the Reds," tells an amusing story of an elderly English lady who was extremely anxious to quit Moscow for her native land.

But having married a Russian, she was technically a Russian subject, and therefore not entitled to claim repatriation.

The poor lady tried all her wiles on the Bolshevik commissar, a Russian Jew, who had been a tailor in England, and had almost persuaded him to let her leave, when suddenly she spoilt everything by saying:

"Do you know what my maiden name is? It's D—— I'm a cousin of Mr Justice D——."

She seemed to imagine that the commissar would immediately go on all fours. But nothing of the kind happened, for he had once been before Mr. Justice D—— for using seditious language in Hyde Park, and that learned judge's witticisms still rankled in his mind.

He did not grant the passport.

No Help at All

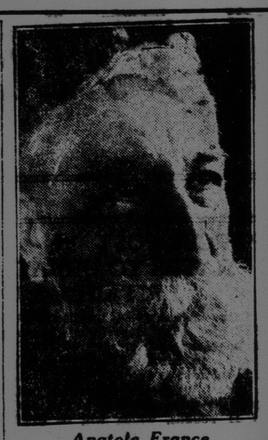
A SMALL boy had taken the prize for an exceptionally well-drawn map. After the examination the teacher, a little doubtful, asked the lad:

"Who helped you with this map, James?"

"Nobody, sir."

"Come, now, tell me the truth. Didn't your brother help you?"

"No, sir; he did it all."



Anatole France

LATEST photograph of Anatole France, the celebrated author and grand old man of modern French literature, who is now 77 years old.

Magladery M.P.P., Has War Record

Temiskaming's Member Was Wounded at the Front—Going to Resign.

CAPT. THOMAS MAGLADERY, who is said to be resigning his seat for Temiskaming in the Ontario legislature to go out to Edmonton as a representative of the Massey-Harris Company, is a real war veteran. He enlisted almost at the outbreak of war and soon found himself with "D" Company of the 37th Battalion at Niagara Camp as a lieutenant. Proceeding to the front, he was drafted to the 15th Battalion (48th Highlanders), and served with them until he was wounded in 1916. After some months in English hospitals he was invalided to Canada in March 1917.

Capt. Magladery, who is a hardware merchant in New Liskeard, has been not only president of the New Liskeard Board of Trade, but president of the Associated Boards of Trade of New Ontario. So that he is quite a figure in the north country.

CHARLIE'S MOTHER

THE mother of Charlie Chaplin, who resides in London, is just now in America on a visit to her son. It is related that both Charlie and his mother know what it is to be what is commonly termed "hard up."

Nor did Mrs. Chaplin, in the beginning, have much faith in her son's abilities as an actor.

"Almost my first engagement," said Charlie recently, "was with a small—a very small!—touring company. I was away in the provinces for six months. At the end of that period my mother wrote me as follows:

"'Dear Charlie—You have been an actor six months now. Isn't it about time you came back to London and got something to do?'"

In Her Own Coin

THAT woman next door went and got a hat exactly like mine."

"Did you make a fuss about it?"

"No; I gave mine to the cook."

A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye

Langley Started Western Revolt

Defeated Saskatchewan Minister Is Englishman of Radical Views.

HON. GEO. LANGLEY, the only member of the Martin government to go down to defeat in the Saskatchewan general elections, is like the redoubtable Dr. Michael Clark, M.P. for Red Deer, a well-educated and versatile Englishman who in the old country was intimately identified with the Cobden-Bright Free Trade wing of the British Liberal party. He was born and educated at Saffron Walden in Essex, and was forty-one years of age and fairly well-to-do when he came to Canada in 1893 and bought and homesteaded a large tract of land in Saskatchewan. Being himself a man of energy and having the assistance of four energetic sons he made a success of his prairie farm from the start and has been credited for years with being a wealthy man; his money, his education and his natural ability giving him a great deal of influence in Saskatchewan. It was small wonder that with his radical upbringing in England he should continue to be a radical in the west. He identified himself actively with the Liberal party of Canada and in the reciprocity campaign threw all his energy into the fight in behalf of Laurier. He first entered provincial politics as a candidate when he ran for Redberry in 1905, beating his opponent easily. He repeated the operation in 1908, 1912 and 1917, each time with an increased majority, so that his defeat last week comes as the greater shock. He has been minister of municipal affairs since 1913.

Mr. Langley was one of the very first men to raise the standard of western revolt against political conditions in Canada and to tell the farmer that he had a viewpoint of his own which he ought to fight for. It was he who at a big banquet nearly ten years ago in Calgary aroused the anger of Hon. Frank Oliver, ex-minister of the interior, by declaring that the Laurier government had shown too much of a disposition "to temporize with and truckle to the manufacturers and the powerful interests."

It was here that he raised the cry that the present relationship existing between eastern and western Canada was unfair. He claimed that if western Canada were separated from the eastern provinces for fiscal purposes and allowed to manage its own trade affairs and regulate its own tariff, that it would be a million dollars a year better off than at present and very much more so in a few years. He went on record as expressing the belief that such a separation could be effected without the west necessarily ceasing to remain part of the Dominion of Canada.

Although he is only a year short of seventy, Mr. Langley is too powerful a factor in western politics and development to remain long in total eclipse.

A CLEVER LAWYER.

IT'S a poor lawyer who can't son strue a law in more ways than one.

Admiral Sims Started "Bolsheviking" When He Was a Youthful Midshipman

He Tackled the U.S. Navy Head on the Subject of Cramped Quarters—His Enthusiasm for Cutting Loose.

ADMIRAL WILLIAM SOWDEN SIMS, who, as everyone knows, is Canadian born, a native of Port Hope, Ont., is at once the greatest sailor and the most stormy petrel in the United States navy. His first recorded tendency to steer his own course in spite of what superiors should think occurred when he was a mere midshipman. He complained to the captain that their quarters in the steerage were cramped and that the ventilation was bad. The captain tried to brush aside his grievance by remarking something to the effect that midshipmen had no rights.

"As humans," retorted young Sims, looking his officer austerely in the eye, "we are entitled to so many cubic feet of pure air."

So Midshipman Sims, despite his captain's disapproval, wrote a protest to Washington over his head, and in the end gained his point and more breathing space for midshipmates.

The next time that he showed the "Bolshevistic" streak in him was in 1902, when he was, as he describes himself, a "young and innocent lieutenant" on the China station. He found things wrong with the U.S. navy's target practice, so he wrote to the department using rather unofficial language with the idea of "tearing things loose." No attention was paid to him, so he wrote a letter right to the president, over the heads of his superiors on the China station and over the heads of the navy department.

He should have been cashiered for insubordination, but the president (Roosevelt) on getting the letter ordered: "Cable for that young man to come home at once and put him in charge of target practice!" So Sims became inspector of target practice and friend of Roosevelt.

But it was just ten years ago that Sims flashed across the international horizon for a very "serious indiscretion." He was only an unknown commander then, with no record outside his own navy where he had already made a reputation by his hard work and application. In January, 1911, Commander Sims was a guest and a speaker at a lord mayor's dinner in London. War with Germany seemed imminent even then, and Sims shattered the complacency of the diplomats by declaring:

"If ever the time comes when the British Empire is menaced by an external foe, she can count on every dollar, every ship and every drop of blood of her kindred across the sea!"

The poor commander seemed doomed. The kaiser was peeved and protested to the United States. President Taft was forced to eat Sims' words, disavow his country's sympathy with the statement and utter a public reprimand of the commander.

But it must have been all done with somebody's tongue in somebody's cheek, for when the United States entered the war Sims was a rear-admiral and he became head of Uncle Sam's European fleet, and the trusted partner of Beatty and company. Then he became an admiral, and now he once more cuts loose by a denunciation of the Sinn Feiners while speaking in an official capacity at a dinner in London.

Once more he has diplomacy turning handsprings to such an extent that he has been recalled. It will be interesting to see what President Harding will do with him. For he is no mere midshipman nor a commander, even, to be whipped and made stand in the corner, but the biggest naval figure in some respects that the United States has produced.

AN APT RETORT

PROFESSOR STARR, the eminent authority on the races of mankind, has been saying some very nasty things about women apropos the plumage bill now before the British parliament.

He told a story about a woman with whom he was walking one day in the country. She saw a boy preparing to climb a tree after a nest.

"You wicked boy," she said. "Are you going to rob that nest? Think how the mother bird will grieve at the loss of her eggs."

"Oh, she won't feel it!" said the boy. "She's on your hat."

Uxbridge Old Boy Wins Distinction

Dr. W. P. Mustard, Honored by Toronto University, Is Scholar of Note.

By W. L. EDMONDS.

DR. WILFRED PIRT MUSTARD, who was one of the two upon whom the University of Toronto the other day conferred the newly-inaugurated doctor of letters, has one thing in common with the late Francis Parkman, the historian. He believes in working local color and atmosphere into his literary efforts. Accordingly, when he was preparing his two works dealing respectively with the influence of Greece and Rome on modern literature, he spent some time in the capitals of these two countries absorbing atmosphere and color and delving into the archives there.

Dr. Mustard has always been a student, and probably always will be one. When he matriculated from the high school in his home town of Uxbridge in 1882 and entered the University of Toronto, local opinion was to the effect that his penchant for thoroughness would bring him scholarly attainments, if not wealth. Graduating from the University of Toronto with a reputation further enhanced, Dr. Mustard for a year or two remained in Toronto, part of his time being devoted to the preparation of examination papers. Then he decided upon a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins, which obtained for him the degree of doctor of philosophy. After devoting some years as professor of Latin at Haverford College, Pennsylvania, and at a college in Colorado, he returned to Johns Hopkins, where several years ago he became professor of Latin, a position he still holds. In the meantime, in addition to the two works already referred to he has published a volume entitled "Classical Echoes in Tennyson," has edited a series of "Studies in the Renaissance Pastoral," and regularly contributes to the American Journal of Philogy.

When it was announced in the newspapers that the university had decided to confer the degree of doctor of letters upon Professor Mustard, a number of citizens of Uxbridge decided, in order to testify their appreciation, to purchase the robe to be worn on the occasion. And there was such a scramble on the part of the citizens to supply the necessary funds that after the robe was purchased there was sufficient left to create a fund for the establishing of a scholarship in Latin at the Uxbridge high school.

Always the Way

HUSBAND (irritably): "Can't you remember where I left my pipe?"

Wife: "No, dear."

Husband: "Bless me, that just shows the forgetfulness of women."

Carry On

WHY does Henpeck call his apartment the Marne?"

"Every time he goes home a battle takes place."—Notre Dame Juggler.

Richard Crozier

THIS is the man who initiated and directed the expose of Surething Ponzi's 14-million dollar swindle in Boston last year—a daring bit of journalistic enterprise which won for the Boston Post the Pulitzer gold medal for the most distinguished and meritorious public service rendered by any newspaper in the United States during 1920.

He is Richard Grozier, assistant editor and publisher of the Boston Post.

Ponzi had "bluffed the world," even the shrewdest being taken in by his schemes. Grozier became convinced that the schemes were crooked. Against the advice of the conservative he started a campaign that ended with Ponzi's arrest and conviction. He took a chance, backed his own judgment against that of lawyers, financiers, and the Boston police department — (unofficially, the cops were Ponzi agents in all good faith)—and won. Had he erred he was liable to heavy libel damages, and he risked the reputation of the paper—its life.

Dr. Johnson Was a Terror to Lawyers

For Thirty Years He Gave Expert Medical Evidence in Toronto Courts.

By ALBERT R. HASSARD, B.C.L.

THE death of Toronto's first official appointee to the position of chief coroner of Toronto, Dr. Arthur Jukes Johnson, has removed a man who had won a remarkable reputation in the realm of medical jurisprudence. Any number of lawyers during thirty years vainly endeavored to shake the testimony of this medical expert on the witness stand.

In a serious case which came before a Toronto jury some years ago a lawyer of unusual brilliance and long experience was defending the prisoner. It was soon seen, after the cross-examination of Dr. Johnson had commenced, that it was going to be a battle of wits, on account of his attacks upon the defense theory and the defense lawyer's attempts to corner him. The counsel for the prisoner hurled his questions at the witness with great rapidity, but Dr. Johnson always took his time to make his answers, and then answered not only the question which was asked, but deliberately pointed out the way in which that phase of the situation was quite irrelevant to the issue before the jury. Never once was the lawyer able to pin the shrewd doctor down to anything which in the slightest deviated from his evidence given against the prisoner.

Severe as were these experiences for the lawyers, in cases such as that just mentioned, they were regarded as occasions of great enjoyment for Dr. Johnson, who invariably would leave the witness box smiling.

On one occasion a well-known lawyer was so angered at the cool repulses he received during an hour of cross-examination of this famous physician, that he concluded his cross-examination by saying:

"Well, Doctor, I know your address, and when I want to find an unassailable man I know where he may be located."

But Dr. Johnson did sometimes, perhaps not wholly unconsciously, give powerful assistance to his adversary. In almost the last case in which a woman was charged in the Toronto police court with murder Dr. Johnson was the witness against her. But her counsel adopted an entirely different attitude towards the man who was slowly winding a net around the helpless prisoner. "Doctor," said this lawyer, in cross-examining, "I do not know anything about medicine, and I know you could overwhelm me in a minute, but there are two or three little points in which you could, if you kindly would, help my poor, unfortunate client." Then the lawyer proceeded with his apparently innocent questions, and at the close of a short cross-examination, an entirely new phase had been put upon the question, and the woman was acquitted.

A TIP FOR AUSTEN

WHEN Mr. Austen Chamberlain was a young man fresh from college he was approached by his old nurse who, after inquiring as to his health and general welfare, asked him what vocation in life he intended taking up.

"Oh," replied the future leader of the Unionist party, "I'm going in for politics."

"For politics!" was the exclamation of the old lady. "Oh, Mr. Austen, I should have thought that two in the family, your father and Mr. Richard, were enough to have in politics. Why don't you go in for something useful?"

Quite a Change

"THE weather," said the oldest inhabitant, "is not what it used to be when I was a boy."

"For that matter," commented the flippant young man, "the weather is not what it was seven months ago."

And the oldest inhabitant could not be persuaded to talk for more than an hour.

THE CONFESSIONAL: *Uncensored Talks With Big Men About Themselves*

HON. HUGH GUTHRIE

By Emil Longue-Beau.

MR. GUTHRIE asked me to see him in his lawyer's office at Guelph, just before setting off to the London conference. Though only four subjects were on the agenda while Lord Milner was colonial secretary, the four have become 14 since the bubbling Winston started out to out-Chamberlain Chamberlain as chief ringmaster of the empire. Premier Meighen has protested against this expansion. Premiers may protest, but Winston will contest. As Winston is trying to drag military and naval affairs into the arena, the Minister of Militia had better follow Meighen and, for the second successive year the Guelph lawyer will find himself on the Inter-Imperial, International stage. I asked him how he liked the prospect.

"Personally, I like it fine," he replied. "I have always known I was meant for great things. That was told me when I was a small chap, and my father was a member of parliament. Large affairs are my element. On that account my wife and I have always paid considerable attention to the social side of politics. It keeps you poor; but it's part of the game, Guelph's all right. I'd do anything for this city, in addition to being its legal adviser and Federal member. You will have noticed that this office is on a side street. The building is of stone, and so many of our structures are. It's a little off modernity, and has a sort of old-world air. Coming in here you might almost fancy yourself in a place like Stratford-on-Avon, or a cathedral city like Worcester. But, after all, this isn't a very large place, and its doings are not of national importance, even if Lyon and Hannigan are in our midst. I'm really glad to be swimming in a deeper, broader stream than the Speed, and with more than a private member's stroke. I should have been doing that long before the Union government was formed; but political accidents will happen."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning, in this case, the General Election of 1911. Perhaps you have forgotten that I was slated to succeed Aylesworth as Minister of Justice. He didn't run in 1911. His deafness made parliamentary life a purgatory to him; and he wasn't cut out for a politician, anyway. I had Sir Wilfrid's promise of his place; and I really believe I would have had it if the old man had remained prime minister.

"When I came to think it over, I found Laurier had not tied himself absolutely to my appointment; and I might have found myself where others did—there was often a difference between what some men thought was a Laurier promise and a Laurier performance. Still, I had been chairman of the railway committee for four years—a post that made it quite reasonable to expect that there need not be an intermediate grade before I reached the cabinet. I had let it be understood that I was sure to go higher, and that may have had something to do with retaining my seat in 1911, when so many of our fellows went down in Ontario.

"Kelly Evans was my opponent; and though Kelly's a good speaker, he was an outsider, and he didn't make rapid headway. Then, the farmers in this county had been strongly Liberal for many years. In reciprocity they saw better prices for themselves, and so the appeal to re-elect me was pretty strong. But we were in an Ontario minority of sixty, which more than off-set the combined results of eight other provinces. Sir Wilfrid's regrets to me, that I couldn't be in the cabinet were all the more sincere."

"As sincere, do you think, as his regrets that you tied up with Borden in 1917?" I asked the first Liberal parliamentarian to join the union.

"Well, I think the Old Man was pretty sincere through that strange time. For Canada, he saved Quebec from becoming far worse than it was. It was always clear to those who were close to him that he was not in the war with the fervor that the rest of us were. I was heart and soul for making the utmost of our share in the war. I even chided our native-born because we let the British-born so largely fill the Canadian army. Soon after Borden declared for a coalition I spoke for it also. I was quite prepared from the start to burn my boats, and I often wished Rowell would take his plunge early instead of late. But I don't want to criticize him for being slow, though I think he deserved it."

I ventured something like a shot. "Maybe he wasn't as ready to hold office as you were?" I said.

Hugh Guthrie half closed the eyes that, most days, are not given to the widest-open facing of the world, and mentally felt out the suggestion I had conveyed before he answered. Then:

"Perhaps there's something in what you say. I was ready for office as soon as the opportunity appeared, and, thought I should have gone into the cabinet. But I was quite willing to be solicitor-general—as a starter. So I went in without waiting for the others. Ballantyne did, too. But there was a difference between Ballantyne's attitude and mine. I said nothing about the duration of my presence in the government. Charlie boldly announced that his cabinetship was a purely war measure, and that as soon as peace came in, he would go out. He has become an anchorage of the National - Liberal - Conservative party; and as he's minister of marine he'll stay with the ship as long as there's a ship to stay with. So will I.'

"Because?"

"Because I have to," was the reply. "The bread of official carefulness is the staff of life to me."

"You spoke of Rowell's reluctance to join up with Borden, just now," I reminded him. "Is anybody preparing the inside story of the formation of the Union Government and the election of 1917?"

"I don't think so. Rowell told the Liberal conscriptionists' convention at Hamilton that history would say whether he did right in abandoning the provincial leadership for the federal cabinet. I'm not worrying about history myself. Sufficient for the day is the office thereof. Maybe Rowell has supplied some future historian with his contributions to the archives; but I doubt it. A humorous account of the whole affair could be given, though it wouldn't be the most appropriate thing to joke about what was really a mighty serious time."

"I have always known I was meant for great things."

"But suppose a light side of a heavy story?"

"Well, I think a good deal could be made of the strangely slow way in which a union war government got into action after it was once marshalled before a gaping world. We didn't have much sense of humor then; and maybe we haven't developed it since."

"You don't have to laugh at yourselves, any more," I hazarded. "Lots of other people are doing it for you."

"Maybe that's true, too," said the minister of militia, rather grimly. "But do you remember that though Calder and Carvell and Crerar—the three K's of the cabinet, as they were called—and Rowell, were sworn in about the twelfth of October, not a speech was made to the country by any of them, or by the Premier for over a month? There was an amusing, almost a silly, explanation of that. We formed a government to be superior to all considerations of party. But we didn't cease to be Liberals because we were Unionists—at least, not then, whatever may have happened since. It was thought our most urgent war duty was to the party whence we came. We owed it to our reputations to see that a fair number of Liberals came to Ottawa for Ontario seats. Rowell, particularly, had in hand the job of securing the adequate electoral harvest in view of the risks we had taken. He fought for 20 seats for several weeks, and was prepared to resign if he didn't get them. Jack Reid held the fort on the other side, with Borden a rather bewildered moderator between the two contentions. But for over a month we were silent before the country.

"Then there was the question of local action in the selection of the candidates. The Ontario Win-The-War people were active here, following their convention in August, the inside story of which you can perhaps get from somebody who knows more about it than I do. It was the Win-The-War people who really got Bob Rogers put out of the cabinet weeks before the union was formed.

"But another curious question arose, of which the public heard nothing from the newspapers. The government advised patriotic people everywhere to get together and select candidates on other than the old partisan bases, but we didn't do much publicly to get our advice taken. The Win-The-War organization was strong and busy on that side of things. They promoted conventions in accordance with their declared policy. But I ran into one of the strangest snags I ever saw, which showed that a peculiar kind of machine politics was working in that most patriotic, supposedly unmechanical organization."

"Do tell," I said, wondering greatly what was coming.

"It was thought that special pains should be taken to get Win-The-War candidates supported by people of both the old parties in constituencies where there was a strong German vote. South Bruce was one of the chief of these. I arranged to go to a convention at Walkerton to help unite patriotic men and women who had hitherto been politically opposed. But I was told to keep away, though it seemed to me that that was one of the best places in which the best work might be done.

"I learned afterwards why I had been warned away from Walkerton. The government had been induced to agree to endorse Reuben Truax, the sitting Liberal member. But he had avoided doing anything remarkable for the war, and the folks who had raised the Bruce Battalion and had done other special service for the war could not get his executive even to consider non-partisan joint action. They would no more have old Reuben for the win-the-war candidate than they would have had Bourassa. I happened to meet the man who had been sent to non-party meet the convention. He told me the South Bruce people had been told that ruax was to be endorsed by the government, and were furious about it. They had asked him to get a decision in favor of the Liberal whom the Tories had agreed to support.

"The truth was that Borden and Rowell had been advised to endorse Truax by the chief wire-puller of the win-the-war organization, though he was at the very time arranging for a speaker to attend the win-the-war convention and he did not tell of what he had done. It would have been queer for a minister to speak at a convention and then the government to endorse a different candidate."

"I should think it would," I said. "Did you ever hear of such treachery before?"

"Yes, I did," answered the minister of militia, who has had electioneering experiences that he doesn't talk unwarily about. "I've heard of such treachery, but I never encountered the proof of it before."

"Did the win-the-war people learn how they had been treated?" I asked.

"I can't say for the general run of them," was the answer. "But Senator Donnelly, I understand, has a letter that sets out the facts. Anyway though the win-the-war organization had been sold from within their own camp, and Rowell and Borden had been deceived Truax didn't finally get the Union endorsation. He won the election as Sir Wilfrid's candidate. I know what I have told you is true, but I guess the senator could tell the full details of this episode of union and win-the-war."

The reader will not take too literally the observations of leading men about themselves recorded by Mr. Longue Beau, but will understand that they are what the speakers would be likely to say confessionally.