The Beacon

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MILLINERY TRAGEDY

IT was, I knew as soon as I saw it, the Hat of the Ages. What is more, it was My Hat. I wasn't even looking for hats that day. I had been buying towels and a bath mat at a July sale, and on my way back to the elevator happened to take me by the hats. I looked them over swiftly, casually, as I walked along, perfectly sure I would not see anything worth while. Then my eyes fell on this one. And I knew, I felt only joy and confidence. I had just passed a table on which they were priced $4.96, or some such reasonable and moderate sum.

I felt only joy and deep certainty that here indeed my own had come to me. It was an imported hat, one of those London hats which make one wonder why English women themselves never seem to wear them. I knew how it would feel on my head—soft and light and apt, like a bird which has at last alighted comfortably. It was my color, old blue. The straw was soft and firm and flexible and light. The shape was odd and yet inevitable. The trimming was simple, but perfect. No other trimming would have sufficed. Everything about that hat was right, was sweetly fine. What's more, it was My Hat. Someone had known my inmost soul, all this while in which I had thought myself alone. This hat had been evolved from all times. Milliners had learned their trades for this—for years untold they had been going through the phases of fashions for this.

Think of the stiff, broad Merry Widows they had lined, and always with this in mind—nay, think of the poke bonnets of the eighteenth century, the head-dresses of women of all times and places. All, each and all, had been made and worn so that finally a perfect hat might arrive—and here was that hat, from London, lying, by some miracle of chance which is not chance at all, on a table right under my eyes, on my way to the elevator. And how cheap they could make things now, too. I paused a second, only a second, for this thought while I hastily laid down my towels, my purse, my half-a-dozen things which I usually had attached to me, and took off my other hat, my old hat, my horrid hat, which I had long since come to hate morbidly, morbidly not wisely but too well.

Holding my breath in an ecstasy of anticipation, I laid the lovely thing upon my head. I had had no uncertainty how it would look, how it would feel—and my trust had been well placed. It *was* My Hat. I had never seen a shape just like it before, but it was My Shape. The brim was straight, but a little bit three cornered, which was odd, but becoming. It took up the hand glass. I am a very plain-looking person. Some people think I am actually homely, although I have never gone so far as to grant them that, yet. But in My Hat I was not plain-looking. I was distinguished, almost charming. I liked the person I seemed to see in that hat.

Now, if there is one person I despise always, it is the lady who sells hats. She always bears down upon you from behind, trying to fit a hat to your head which does not fit it, jamming it over the right eyebrow in the face, so that all she talks about, hounds one. I have always hated her. For the first time in my life, I felt a warmth for her, this day she came beamingly up. She saw, too, how nice I looked in that hat. "It suits you, dear," she enunciated, in a rich, throaty voice. "It *suits* you. Loveliest little hat—just come in—from London, you know. Real Jay hat. Only $28. Quite the sweetest little thing we have had. And it *does* suit you."

This is where this story closes. I only remember a sinking feeling, a bad nausea, a cold chilliness. I think I remember hearing my voice, faintly saying No, the shape was too odd, and the color just never been becoming. I got into my old, hideous hat some way. I picked up the towels. Inside of me, subconsciously, there was going on such a figuring as had never gone on in me before—doctor's bill, dentist's bill, this bill, and that bill came forth as I called them, saying aloud in my subconscious ear their accursed totals. How I ever got to the street and home I cannot say. I know I cast one sick look back at My Hat as the elevator door shut on me with a snap.

Now, perhaps you think $28 for a hat is not too much. Well, it is for me—an awful lot. I couldn't buy My Hat. This is a Tragedy. No one can ever know how happy that Hat would have made me, how much nicer a person I could have been, wearing it. And I am sorry, too, because all those people who think me not only plain, but actually homely will never know how really nice I did look in that hat. There will never be another hat like it. There is only one of perfect things. By this time probably some other woman is wearing it. And for the lady who would have sold it to me, dear, for her, like Rebecca, "my love is turned to hate." She has taken her place in the foremost ranks of those whom I so entirely loathe—the ladies who sell hats. Perhaps she bought it herself, the cad. She seemed to think $28 so cheap for it.—LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL, in *The New York Evening Post.*

HARVARD'S NEW WAY OF LIVING

"TO hell with Germany!"

The morning war was declared, a window in one of the Harvard college halls was thrown open and these words were flung out as a sort of proclamation to the world. This verbal explosion was an admirable summary of the current attitude of Harvard toward the war. But enthusiastic demonstration of this sort has given place to a more serious attitude. In the early days of "our war" there were dinners of celebration in Boston hotels, dinners at which Bacchus was a close favorite after Mars. These have ceased.

Now it is military lectures and drill, map-drawing and trench-digging. For the men are facing the fact that they may be called upon to make the ultimate sacrifice. A member of the R. O. T. C. was heard to say the other day:

"It's funny, but I'm just beginning to understand that it's the real thing for us."

But though future ordeals compel reflection, the student seems incapable of sustained gloom. The conversation at Memorial Hall might be something like this:

"Yes, they say an officer only lasts a couple of weeks on an average over there. Is the salad your way?"

"Yes, my dad's pretty down in the mouth over my going to France—now why in the devil are they giving us that frightful Spanish omelet again today? Waiter, take it away!"

The seriousness of these Officers to-be is so real as to strike their parents with a kind of awe. The son of the family tolerated good-naturedly as "the cub" has suddenly become a man of great importance. The change is amusing. A freshman remarked:

"It's funny how small dad looms himself when I went home yesterday in my new uniform. Reckon I've got him on the run."

Though the Harvard pacifists made an effort to obstruct the University military preparations before the President's message, their activities were abruptly brought to an end after the declaration of war.

The formation of the Harvard Union for American Neutrality marked the climax of their efforts. This league of 60 men had a stormy existence, its last meeting being conducted by the superintendent of the R. O. T. C. Its posters opposing our entrance to the war had not been tacked up in the college halls for one hour before they were torn down. On one half, lines were crossed out, and emphatic "Noes" written in red ink, contested each argument of the pacifists.

On one placard posted in the Harvard Union Club the heading, "Harvard Union for American Neutrality," was skilfully changed to "Harvard Union for American Neutrality." Groups of smiling students stood before this until the indignant pacifists tore it down. The feeling roused by these placards culminated in the appearance on the bulletin boards of a "fake" poster, printed in significant yellow, with the caption, "Harvard Union for American Nincompoops."

R. O. T. C. men have had their first taste of military life in the extensive system of trenches near Fresh Pond. The comfort and indubitable safety of these trenches was a source of amusement. One of the French officers remarked that they were "trenches de luxe."

The students have proved themselves good "diggers," though they sometimes had to be reminded that the first requisite of a trench is depth enough to shield its occupants. A squad was under the impression that it had done well and was surveying its work with pride. One of the French officers came up and regarded the ditch with a smile.

"Messieurs enfants," he said, "that is not a trench—that is a scratch!"

One of the difficulties in the new way of life has been to form the habit of saluting. Harvard men, with their love of independence, have sometimes had inward struggles at saluting as an officer a man they numbered as a room-mate.

Saluting has its martyrs, too. A well-known professor of philosophy was not long ago, riding a bicycle with a stack of books under his arm. He was saluted, he returned the salute—and fell off!

"Gold-coasters" have discovered another disadvantage of life in khaki. The law against serving intoxicants to men in uniform is rigidly enforced in Boston restaurants. Eyes that had rarely been seen except over the rim of a champagne glass meekly looked over the top of a tumbler of ginger ale.

The attitude of the faculty has been one of great sympathy and helpfulness with regard to preparations for war. Prof. Copeland, affectionately known as "Copey," has been instrumental in encouraging men to join the R. O. T. C. It was his custom, in concluding his lectures, to recall to his students' memory the exact location of the Harvard recruiting headquarters. A number of professors have joined the training corps and are among its most devoted members. Their enthusiasm has been striking. One professor is said to have so enjoyed the figure he cut in a new uniform that his pride overflowed into his gait and demeanor. An Irish laborer, immensely impressed by the sight, turned to a companion and exclaimed.

"Gee, Mike, is a gin'ral!"—*Boston Herald.*

A PEOPLE'S VOICE

A PEOPLE'S voice! we are a people yet,
Though all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless liars.
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughed our way
His Britons in blown seas and storming shores,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it sound
And kept it ours, O God, from brute control;
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts;
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever, and whatever tempests lour,
For ever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow
Through either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right:
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

From the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," by
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.
(Born August 6, 1809; died October 6, 1892.)

FOUR SENATORS APPOINTED

Ottawa, July 27.—Four of the Senate vacancies have been filled by the appointment to the Upper House of Lendrum McMeans, K. C., Winnipeg; D. O. Lesperance, chairman of the Quebec Harbor Commission and formerly member for Montmagny; Mr. Richard Blain, member for Peel and Mr. J. H. Fisher, member for North Brant. The new senators will take their places in the House in time to vote on the second reading of the Military Service Bill next week. Messrs. Blain and Fisher will enjoy the unique distinction of voting for the same measure in the two branches of the House, a quite unusual occurrence.

Mr. Blain has been a member of the House since 1900 and in the days when the Conservatives were in opposition was one of the party stalwarts. It was expected that he would be included in the Borden Cabinet, but to the surprise of many he was left out in the cold. Now he gets belated reward for his party services. Mr. Fisher is a comparatively new member for Parliament, coming in at the general elections of 1911, when he defeated the Hon. William Patterson, for over fifteen years Minister of Customs in the Laurier Government.

RECRUITING IN NEW BRUNSWICK

The official report of the result of recruiting in the Province of New Brunswick, for home and overseas service, for the week ending July 28, is as follows:

York County—	
236th Battalion	14
No 2 Forestry Company	3
C. A. M. C.	1
	—18
St. John County—	
8th Field Ambulance Depot	4
No 2 Forestry Company	3
62nd O. S. Draft	1
	—8
Kings County—	
No. 2 Forestry Company	10
Charlotte County	3
Northumberland County—	
Home Service	0
Carleton County	0
Victoria County	0
Madawaska County	0
Albert County	0
Restigouche County	0
Queens and Sunbury	0
Kent County	0
Westmorland County	0
Total for week	40

Of the eighteen recruits shown for York County for the week sixteen were secured in the United States.

IRISH CONVENTION

London, July 26.—An official report of the Irish Convention given out last night says: "After the opening address by Chief Secretary Duke, presiding, a committee was appointed for the purpose of advising the convention on the selection of a chairman. It was announced that the committee unanimously recommended the appointment of Sir Horace Plunkett as chairman, and Sir Francis Hopwood as secretary.

The Convention unanimously adopted the committee's resolution and adjourned until to-morrow. Ninety-two delegates were present.

The delegates to the Irish Convention include, in addition to John Redmond, Joseph Devlin and the Government nominees, the Duke of Abercorn, the Marquis of Londonderry, the Earl of Mayo, Viscount Middleton, and Lord Oranmore, the Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, the Most Rev. John B. Crozier; the Archbishop of Cashel, the Most Rev. J. M. Harty; the Archbishop of Dublin, the Most Rev. John H. Bernard; Sir Henry Arthur Blake, Colonel Robert W. Wallace, Grand Master of the Orangmen of Belfast; Hugh T. Barrie, John Joseph Clancy, Stephen L. Gwynn, Thomas Landon, and John O'Dowd, members of the House of Commons, the Catholic Bishops of Raphoe, Ross and Down, and John Pentland Mahaffy, provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

Dublin, July 28.—The adjournment of the Convention yesterday afternoon is regarded as a healthy sign, indicating that the delegates expect to settle down to serious deliberations after settling the form of procedure. Mr. Henry E. Duke, Chief Secretary for Ireland, replying to a question as to whether Dominion Home Rule would be acceptable to Ireland, said that the practical Irish mind would apply itself to all such problems, but for the moment it was useless to speculate.

Mr. Duke said that the Galway harbor scheme, though in abeyance, was not being lost sight of, as the tendency was to develop the shortest sea trade routes.

100 DUTCH SHIPS LYING IN HARBOR

New York, July 28.—Nearly a hundred Dutch steamships are to-day hauling idly at anchor in the waters of New York harbor as the result of the freight embargo against neutral countries suspected of having forwarded American foodstuffs to Germany.

From the Harlem river to the Narrows, in the North river, Statue of Liberty, Red Hook and Stapleton anchorages, at Hoboken and Erie Basin piers, loaded deep, half loaded and in ballast, they are waiting for permission to sail—a fleet totalling a tonnage as great if not greater than that of all the German ships seized in the harbor on the declaration of war.

Daughter—"My Herbert may not say much; he is a man who does." Father—"Yes—anybody he can."—*Baltimore American.*

C. P. R. DAMAGED BY MONDAY'S STORM IN MAINE

The Storm King reigned for twelve hours in Maine during Monday and early this morning and to-day relief crews and repair gangs, working from Greenville Junction to the Quebec border on railway and wire services, report an area 70 miles in length in which great havoc has been wrought. C. P. R. through train service to Montreal has been temporarily cancelled.

The Moose River, which on June 18, following torential rains, flooded the countryside and caused an immense amount of damage to property, rose to an unprecedented height early this morning and swept destructively from its banks into the surrounding areas of low level.

In the tremendous rush of waters, the C. P. Railway lines were inundated in several places along the river and high embankments melted away before the lash of the flood. To-day, in a distance of 70 miles of railway, reports state that in many places the cracks and sleepers alone remain where on Monday there were heavy embankments and that the areas affected appear like bridge locations.

Service by train and wire, between St. John and Montreal has been interrupted and, despite strenuous efforts to restore communication, it is all advised at the local office of the C. P. R. is that through trains will not be operated before Wednesday.

At present, through train service is cancelled.

Superintendent H. C. Grout, who since early Monday night has been closely in touch with the developments in the storm area, this morning said that Maine was gripped by one of the worst electrical and rain disturbances experienced in that State in many years.

The electrical storm began at 5.30 and continued with furious discharges until 8.30, interrupting wire service, despite lightning arresters. At 9 p.m. a cloudburst occurred and this was followed by major troubles in communication by rail.

The Moose River rose rapidly and topped its banks and in the rush of waters, earthworks in the path of the overflow were swept away as though made of matchwood.

From Greenville Junction to the Quebec border, the C. P. R. sustained very heavy damage, and at a place 25 miles east of Megantic, where on June 18 the river overflowed and destroyed 100 feet of embankment, on Tuesday morning the flood carried out the new work and an additional 50 feet of old embankment. Where there was roadbed on Monday, there is now a bridge of rails and ties for a distance of 150 feet.

The C. P. R. train which left St. John on Monday night was held at Greenville Junction and will return here, arriving at 6 to-night, and the Montreal train, which was turned back at Megantic, while bound for this terminus, is due at Montreal at 8 to-night.

C. P. R. wire service to Montreal was partially restored at 10 a. m. to-day. Passengers who were en route to Montreal by C. P. R. will be able to proceed to the Canadian Metropolis by way of the C. G. R.

At mileage 104 in Maine there is a washout 50 feet in length and 25 feet in depth; at another place, one 60 feet in length and 15 feet in depth; at another point, a washout 20 feet in length.

Reports at 11 a. m. to-day were in effect that rain ceased to fall at 6 a. m., that the water in the flooded areas was falling rapidly and it is hoped to have traffic restored on Wednesday afternoon.

Relief trains were sent out this morning from Farnham and Brownville with large crews of workmen and with pile drivers and supplies of timber and it is intended to push repairs at top speed through the night.

No accidents were reported to trains, and this is due to the fact that trainmen early recognized the danger which was imminent in the cloudburst and took every care in operating the line affected by the flood.—*St. John Globe*, Tuesday.

SPENT FIVE DAYS IN AN OPEN BOAT

Bert Shankle, of Gloucester, a member of the crew of the American fishing schooner *Henrietta*, arrived at Halifax this morning from Sydney, where he was landed by the Newfoundland schooner *Roma II.*

On Friday last, Shankle got lost in the fog on the Quera banks, and for five days and nights he floated around in his small boat at the mercy of the waves. He had but one night's sleep. Two days the weather was very rough and there was danger of the boat being swamped.

He had no food or water in the boat, but during a heavy lightning and rain storm he succeeded in getting a small supply of fresh water. He sighted several steamers, but they did not see him.—*Recorder*, Halifax, N. S., July 27.

NO PEACE TILL THE RETURN OF CRIMINAL AGRESSION IS MADE IMPOSSIBLE

Paris, July 27.—The Entente Powers have decided to withdraw their troops as soon as possible from ancient Greece, Thessaly, and Epirus. This decision was reached yesterday at the conference here.

They concluded their conference yesterday, after announcing a decision to continue the war until the object for which they are fighting is attained. Their declaration, which was made unanimously before separating, reads:

"The Allied Powers, more closely united than ever for the defence of the people's rights, particularly in the Balkan peninsula, are resolved not to lay down arms until they have attained the end which, in their eyes, dominates all others—to render impossible a return of the criminal aggression such as that wherefore the Central Empires bear the responsibility."

There was unanimous agreement on all decisions reached during the meetings. The Ministers of departments affected will meet in London to draw up the executive measures.

The British House of Commons, after a whole evening spent in a discussion of a peace resolution moved by James Ramsay McDonald, Socialist and Labor member, defeated it last night by a vote of 148 to 19. The announcement of the figures was received with some cheers and much laughter. The smallness of the numbers in the House when division was taken is an indication of the little interest shown by Parliament in any peace movement at the present juncture, and the conviction was voiced in a statement by ex-Premier Asquith that nothing is to be hoped from the present temper of the German Reichstag and people.

DR. CARL PETERS PROTESTS AGAINST FURTHER PEACE OVERTURES

Amsterdam, July 31.—Dr. Carl Peters, the German explorer and publicist, in the *Tagliche Rundschau*, protests violently against further German peace overtures, and asks:

"Is not England's scornful refusal of Germany's peace offer last December enough for our statesmen?"

The writer pleads for horse sense in dealing with the peace question.

"A horse dealer never shows anxiety to buy, nor does he at once state the highest price he is prepared to pay. Let the other party make the next bid. Shall we fail in the biggest business deal in history, which involves the future of our race?"

TWO MORE SENATORS APPOINTED

Montreal, July 30.—Two of the remaining vacancies in the Senate have been filled by the appointment to the Upper House of Mr. Smeaton White, president of the Montreal *Gazette*, and Mr. George G. Foster, K. C., of Montreal. Mr. White succeeds the late Senator William Owens and Mr. Foster the late Senator Robert McKay.

Mr. Smeaton White succeeded his father, the late Mr. Richard White, as head of the Gazette Company. He completed his education at Bishop's College School and entered the service of the *Gazette* as manager. Mr. White has been connected with a number of public and philantropic institutions, is a governor of the Montreal General Hospital and an active member of the Military Hospitals Commission of Canada.

Mr. George G. Foster, K. C., is the senior member of the law firm of Foster, Martin, Mann and Macknnon. He is a director of the Montreal Tramways Company and a vice-president of the Oxford Mountain Railway Company and of the George Hall Coal Company. He is fifty-seven years of age, having been born at Knowlton, Quebec, in 1860. He was educated at the Knowlton Academy and graduated B. C. L. from McGill University in 1881. In 1896 he married Miss Maud Buchanan, a daughter of the late Mr. Justice Buchanan of the Superior Court. Mr. Foster was formerly president of the Eastern Townships Conservative Association.

ANOTHER OUTBREAK IN CHINA

Shanghai, July 27.—A correspondent of the *North China Daily News* reports that serious fighting has broken out again at Chengtu, capital of the Province of Szechuen, where Kweichow and Yunnan troops have resummed their quarrel for mastery of the province. The city is in flames and the people are fleeing in panic.

NOTED HORTICULTURIST ILL

Santa Rosa, Cal., July 26.—Luther Burbank, noted horticulturist, ill at his home here with an inflamed appendix, was pronounced out of danger to-day.