

with every pulse beat.

In the morning he was pale and weak, but his appetite was good, and his love for Effie remained undimmed. He said, if all a man wanted was a cook, he could hire one. What he was looking for, in the girl of his choice, was a companion. Effie was an ideal companion, so sweet and sympathetic, and she never showed her temper. He doubted if she had a temper.

His doubts were not well founded. Effie did have a temper—got it from her father, so Mrs. Potter said; he said she got it from her mother—and it was on exhibition that very morning.

Things went wrong in the Potter household that morning. There was no particular thing that you could lay your hand on, and grow abusive over, and so work the venom out of your system; it was just things in general. Besides, Effie hadn't slept well, and that cold in the head was bothering her.

Her temper started at summer heat, and went steadily on up to the boiling point, Mr. Potter assisting in the ascent by choosing that, of all mornings, for taking down the stovepipes, a manoeuvre he never could execute without scattering soot and ashes freely over the furniture.

When Effie's steam was just beginning to lift the safety-valve Mr. Potter dropped an uncleaned length of stovepipe on the kitchen floor and went off down town.

He went straight to Miller & Johnston's, and asked Mr. Smith to come up and see about the linoleum for the front room. Mr. Smith was glad of the opportunity. He bought Mr. Potter a cigar.

The two men entered the house at a critical moment, just at that moment, in fact, when Effie, standing in curl-papers and kimono half-way up the front stairs, was giving a piece of her mind to the hired girl somewhere in the regions above.

It was a lengthy piece, and took some time to deliver. Then Effie, with a final withering outburst that should have scorched the soul of any hired girl, turned and saw for the first time the intruders in the hall below.

This is where some writers draw the curtain. But I am not very good at drawing curtains; I am obliged to go right on and tell what happened. Effie fled upstairs and sobbed her grief out on the bed.

At first Mr. Smith was shocked—shocked and grieved. But when he came to think it over, he was rather glad that Effie had a temper; it was the sign of a thoroughbred.

The next time he saw Effie, she was so ashamed of herself, or pretended to be, and so demure, and melting, and coy, and I don't know what all, and begged so hard to be forgiven, that he couldn't refuse her that simple request. He forgave her freely, he said, although he wasn't quite clear in his own mind as to what it was for. She said she never could forgive herself.

This happened one night at a stolen interview at the Potter garden gate. There was no need to steal an interview, for Mrs. Potter was still safe in Bran-



don, but the young folks liked to fancy that they were running risks; it added zest to the performance. Mr. Potter stumbled across them there, and went away cursing. He thought he had finished young Smith that day he brought him up about the linoleum.

I said he was cursing; he thought he was cursing. He said:

"Darn his hide! I've got one more trick in my

hand. If that don't loosen their hold on each other, nothing on this earth can."

He played his trick the following day, and kept on playing it. He gave Mr. Smith a standing invitation to come up to the house whenever he felt like it, and backed it up with special invitations at the rate of three or four a week. He kept that young man hanging around there until people said, Why on earth didn't that young Smith move his trunk up to Potter's and be done with it?

He sent those two youngsters on long drives together; he left them alone on the veranda at nights. You might say he dosed them with each other's company.

There came a time when Effie learned that Mr. Smith had faults. Little faults, they were, but still they were faults. She tried to overlook them at first; tried to laugh as heartily at his jokes the third time she heard them as the first; tried to endure with a smile the agony of hearing him sing "Darling, I Am Growing Old." She did these things because she thought it was her duty; but she did wish, after a while, that Mr. Smith's repertory was a little more extended.

About the same time Mr. Smith was beginning to fear that Effie didn't quite understand his particular form of the artistic temperament; didn't seem to realize that in order to bring out the best that was in him, she would have to drop all other interests and make a special study of his case. She was a nice enough girl, outside of that, but he was just a little bit afraid that she wasn't quite his sort.

And then that perpetual cold in the head. There is nothing romantic about a cold in the head; it isn't even interesting. It seemed that always, just when Mr. Smith was growing most tenderly attentive and was about to steal a kiss, Effie would be obliged to reach for her handkerchief and head him off. That made the thing look ridiculous.

But it was the humdrum nature of the affair that really killed it. Even a quarrel would have been something; it would have freshened them up, and set them on their feet, and made life worth living again. But they didn't care enough to quarrel. They just drifted apart, and were content to have it so; you could hardly tell when the end came.

When Mrs. Potter came home from Brandon, she said she thought she had the affair pretty well discouraged before she went away.

They buried old lady Henderson the following week.

LITTLE WORD JOLTS FOR TIRED PEOPLE

ONE of the most popular slogans born of the war is President Wilson's now famous epigram, The World Must be Made Safe for Democracy, and to this Col. Harvey, editor of The North American Review, relieves himself of one of his most pungent and characteristic rejoinders. The Colonel is always at his best when he takes a tilt at any popular fallacy.

The world must be made safe for Democracy, he says. That has become axiomatic. It is the battle call of the great war. We are insisting, we shall resolutely continue to insist until the end is victoriously attained, that Autocracy shall no more be permitted to oppress and to menace Democracy, and that the right of even the smallest nationality to live its own life in its own way, so long as it is not a nuisance to its neighbors, shall be as respected and as secure as that of the most powerful empire. The world must be and shall be made safe for Democracy.

But what of the converse? "Quis custodes ipsos custodiet?" demanded Juvenal. If at so great a cost we make the world safe for Democracy, who will make Democracy safe for the world? Perhaps we should say not Democracy but the things which pose in the name of Democracy. For of the intrinsic safety of true Democracy we have no doubt. A spurious Democracy on the other hand may be one of the most dangerous things in the world.

never permit their wages to be reduced to the old standard by the harsh arbitrament of competition. A new England is in the making.—From "How the War Transformed England," by Sir John Foster Fraser, F.R.G.S.

THE extent of the western front is 755 kilometers. Belgians hold 25, English 165, French 565. We hold, therefore, three-quarters of it. We have in front of us eighty German divisions; that means two-thirds of the German first-line troops and more than half of the German reserve divisions. The Germans do not trust to any one of their divisions a front larger than six kilometers; ours often hold nine kilometers each.

Americans, who leave for France, these figures will tell you what you will find over there: a coun-

try which has terribly suffered, but hardened to war and made greater by its sufferings; a country where our men in the line, thanks to the prodigious intensity of our mobilization, are more numerous than in 1914, a country which is neither unnerved, exhausted, nor bled white, a country which wants to vanquish and has the intent to vanquish.

Some more figures, if you please! What about our guns? We have in the line 15,000 guns of every calibre, and every day more than 300,000 shells are turned out by our factories. To get those guns, to produce those shells, we created an industry which did not exist before the war, and which has enabled us not only to arm ourselves, but also to arm our allies.—From "What America Has Done For France," by Andre Tardieu, Special French Commissioner to the United States.

IT is beyond understanding how human beings can endure what the Germans have had to suffer during the last few years. I have known men who have lost from 80 to 100 pounds from lack of nourishment. There is now no middle class. Those who belonged to that class have now descended to the poorest of the poor.

I have seen women who before the war lived in comfortable and refined surroundings forced to sweep the streets to support their families, while their husbands are out in the German trenches cursing the German Kultur for which they are forced to fight. The upper classes are living on the poor people. They own the war-plants, the munition factories, and their money is piling up in Prussian banks.—From "Economic Distress in Germany," by Rev. Aloysius Daniels, in Current History.



"Germany is like a Bengal tiger, raging and tearing, as it feels the net more tightly drawn."

DISTRIBUTION of food, the curbing of the profiteer, the check in the exploitation of the necessities of life, are all things which none of us expect will cease when the power of Prussianism has been broken and Great Britain returns to the path of peace. They are never going back to the old state of affairs. Workmen have declared they will