

## REFLECTIONS OF COUNT VON BERNSTORFF EN ROUTE

*British Navy Kept the Ocean Open For His Return to Germany; British Navy Won the War Before a Shot Was Fired; The Spirit of the Navy is that of the Soldiers of all Parts of the Empire To-Day*

Canadian Press Correspondence.

Halifax, March 1.—Count Johann Von Bernstorff has had occasion recently to contrast British and German methods of building. When the Count and his retinue passed up the harbor of Halifax in the Christian VIII, to the land-locked inner anchorage known as Bedford Basin, there to be subjected to a careful search for dangerous documents or contraband articles, they sailed within pistol shot of a huge transport laden with Canadians on their way to the front. Von Bernstorff and his staff, in the darkness of the night, saw nothing of the troopship or of the vessels of war that lay near by. But the Count knew that it was only by the courtesy of his country's foes the Atlantic was open to him while Canada's fighting men went without let or hindrance, guarded as they have been since the first by the warships that have safely piloted every transport on the Atlantic route.

Why had Bernstorff to submit to the indignity of detention by the representatives of British sea power while, despite the best efforts of the Germans undersea, Britain's soldiers can pass in safety? The obvious answer is that the German navy is not a match for that of the United Kingdom, and perforce must yield control on the surface, however desperately it may strive for mastery beneath. The British navy was ready. By its preparedness the war was won before a shot was fired. Without the British navy to keep the seas Germany would have had victory speedy and complete.

Why was the British navy ready and a thousand unreadinesses ashore? Because it mirrored the Briton's love of adventure. For centuries the islander has voyaged to far lands. For him there is no long or any land of mystery. If there were he would not be content until he had mastered its secrets, bought and sold its wares and colonized its empty spaces.

Centuries of struggle with Nature on land and sea, and with men in every quarter of the earth, have given the Briton an inheritance of ra-

cial and individual self-confidence all the more remarkable because it is often concealed beneath a heavy crust of reserve and surface self-depreciation. Probe beneath the crust and in the milk of the United Kingdom and the overseas dominions, among the uneducated as well as among the cultured, one finds the pride of race and consciousness of high ancestry that must have animated the Greek and the Roman in the days of their greatness. It is this pride of race which after two and a half years of a tremendous conflict sends men eagerly into the very heart of the inferno "to do their bit."

The matter-of-fact talk of the officers and men en route to the front might lead the casual hearer to suspect lack of imagination or of knowledge as to what may be ahead. A gunner beside a big weapon, a mounted astern, quotes from King'sley's "Westward Ho!" He is a Londoner by birth, but knows and loves Devon and her heroes. If a submarine should cross his path he will fight as Drake's men fought three centuries ago against all the devils of Spain.

Here is another type. He is a young Canadian, born in Edmonton of English parents. He never saw the sea till this morning. He never saw a vessel bigger than the little river steamers that ply on the Saskatchewan. Yet he comes aboard without the slightest perturbation. The salt sea air, the great ship, the heaving water are his racial inheritance. It will take generations of the plains to make landmen of his breed and create in his descendants distrust of the sea.

To many of the men of the western regiments on board the world is very small. One tells a story of Shanghai. Another talks with intimate knowledge of the Kafir problem in South Africa, whither he went to fight the Boers, and where he lived long enough to respect them. Smuts and Botha are well-known figures to him. Something turns the conversation to navigation, and descriptions of ports in

many lands are available. The man who knows all about the Straits of Magellan swaps experiences with the boatman from the Peace River. The rancher who got 128 bushels of oats per acre from part of his Alberta holding, and secured sixty cents a bushel, gives a short dissertation on the absolute folly of permitting men to desert their holdings and their cattle when the Empire needs meat so badly. Lots of them, he says, turned their live stock over to the buyer at any offered price, and left their places unoccupied.

I had not suspected him of such speculations, but he made a valuable contribution to the mental movie entertainment. He had gone to France two years ago with a very poor opinion of Englishmen. They were, he fancied, surly, uncompanionable and lacked adaptation to Canadian conditions. "I found out," he said, "that the English officer is the finest gentleman I have ever met, a model of courtesy, and as brave as he is courteous."

There are a lot of people making discoveries—as this young Canadian did—by coming into close touch with Englishmen in the great testing time of war. German patience, thoroughness and subordination of individuality can do much in both peace and war, but who can doubt that in the final trial of strength the individualistic, adventurous Briton at home and in the overseas dominions, whose greatest ambition it is to live his own life in his own way, will emerge victorious?

His humor will help mightily. It emerges unexpectedly. To-day a company of leathery-faced Westerners who had been a week on chains with few facts for doling-up, were paraded on the deck. "Are we downhearted?" shouted one. The answer was the usual thunderous "No."

Then the company was looked along the line. "Are we ugly?" he yelled. Every man looked at his neighbor and a perfect gale of laughter swept the ranks. Those fellows will go into battle as if it were a championship hockey game.

glad to be laborer on land owned by Jack London, an employer kind to the extreme to the porch and Mr. London entertained us with the most fascinating conversation. And we talked some.

Then out came Charmian. She broke up the party in one minute, and without saying one word. Silently she looked into the eyes of her husband, then she looked at her guests. We knew, and we went. It was time, 8.30 a.m. for Mr. London to go to the den and write. Not a person in Sonoma County would ask Charmian permission to interrupt. Mr. London. None could see the little 16 feet square, 9 feet high, California redwood building, even if passing within twenty feet, so completely was it hidden by the luxuriant California undergrowth, chaparral, vines and trees.

We all held the forenoon to be sacred to Mr. London. That one look of Charmian was enough. He "skipped," went to the edge of the wildwood, lifted a great hanging vine, bent beneath and vanished. A pile of proof, just as sent from a publisher. At once I took it, plunged into the wildwood, sat on a log, motionless, from 8.40 to 11 a.m. I read every word. It was the wondrous book, "Before Adam."

So remarkable was the personality of Mr. London that I am now under high pressure, hour by hour, all the day long and part of the night writing a book, his biography, a true life history. It will soon appear. I have the materials, the accurate data, much personal, and the book as it grows under the flying pen is fascinating to one at least, its writer. I wish to analyze the psychology of these mystic sayings of Mr. London, and I am now writing this hurried note. I express the hope that analytical words will come when I am exploring the literary labors of California's great native son.

And now the telegraphs of the world and the great newspapers, as well as small, are telling of the sudden passing of the soul and of his flight. And of the burial of his



THE BATTLE LINE ON THE WESTERN FRONT Showing the most recent gains by the British forces

ashes in the wondrous Sonoma County, his beloved "Valley of the Moon."

His funeral services were of the highest religious type. The rites were performed by his widow, Charmian, who placed flowers all around the urn containing the mortal remains of her illustrious husband. This is religious.

## HIGH MORALE OF FRENCH TROOPS

Class of 1918 Is Now Summored to Colors; Physically Excellent

VERY FEW EXEMPTED Sports Have Developed the Physique of Rising Generation

Paris, March 1.—Correspondence of The Associated Press.—The fifth contingent of conscripts called out in France since August 1914, is now passing before the medical examining boards; physically, the "class of 1918" is declared to be the best of the five and its morale equal, if not superior, to that of any of its predecessors. They have witnessed a two and a half years constant procession of bereavements, none of the hardships of trench life in this war have been concealed from them, yet their ardor is no less than that of the recruits of 1915 mobilized at the height of the enthusiasm over the victory of the Marne.

Ninety-five per cent. of the class of 1918, which numbers about 340,000 including something like 30,000 recruits of 1917 whose incorporation was adjourned, are either declared good for armed service or adjourned for lack of physical development—too small chest expansion. Only five per cent are placed in the category of the householders to bear arms and assigned to auxiliary services. This is only half the average percentage of exemptions before the war.

The physique of the young men mobilized since August 2, 1914, has been attributed to the growing practice of sports in France during the past ten years. "It is not that," says a man who has attended the examinations of five classes since the war began. "It may be that sports have greatly developed young men in the cities, but it should not be forgotten that the French army is largely an army of farmers' boys, of boys who practice no other sport than that of handling the plow, the axe and the pitchfork. It is the farmer boys that show up the best in the young recruits; they generally ask to be

incorporated in the Zouaves—the terrors of the army and the heroes of Verdun. The city boys—students particularly—prefer aviation, an arm that appeals to skill more than to muscle.

## BOWLING

In a league bowling match on the Y. M. C. A. alleys last night, the Steel Products team sprang a surprise when they took all three games from the Waterous team. Harold Kellett was the high man of the evening, while Brand performed best for the engineers. The scores:

STEEL PRODUCTS.  
Kellett ..... 192 192 154 ..... 538  
Waldron ..... 129 168 120 ..... 417  
Wagner ..... 123 173 173 ..... 469  
Doe ..... 120 120 120 ..... 360

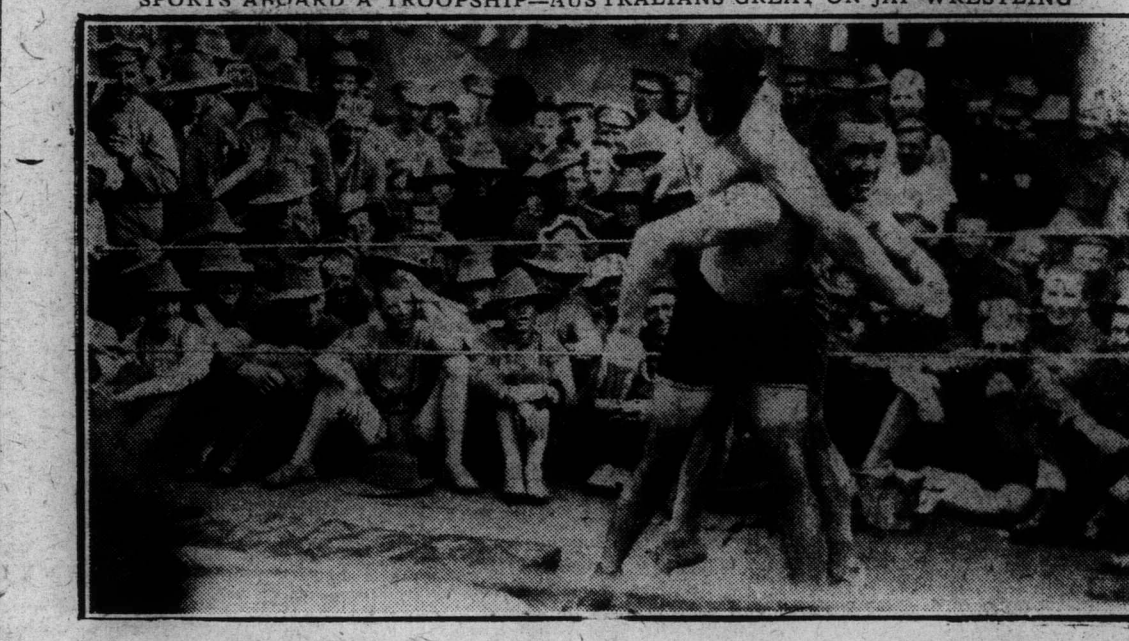
WATEROUS.  
Brand ..... 157 183 146 ..... 486  
Young ..... 115 149 141 ..... 405  
Logan ..... 107 151 122 ..... 380  
Hilborn ..... 123 141 138 ..... 412

512 624 547 ..... 1683

Splits and Strikes.

John Doe seems to be the Steel team's rabbits' foot. Kellett is putting up a good article of bowling just now. "Wag" made made his first appearance and after getting away to a bad start had two good games. George Cleator is promising a surprise for Friday night, hope you're not disappointed George. Bill Waddington has shaken hands with Harold Kellett and everything is lovely again.

## SPORTS ABOARD A TROOPSHIP—AUSTRALIANS GREAT ON JAP WRESTLING



From Australia to the European war zone is a four or five weeks' job, and longer if the submarines get you. However, the Southern Cross comrades of the Canadians find the voyage passes quickly, with their frequent jiu jitsu and boxing tournaments.

## Honus Wagner a Player of Infinite Versatility

Chas. J. Doyle Adds to Fund of Stories About the Flying Dutchman of the Pittsburgh Pirates

The fund of stories connected with Hans Wagner's career upon the diamond never will be exhausted, in spite of the fact that Hans himself refuses to ever tell one. It is said that Wagner never gave an interview and could not even be induced to outline his life, except to one man, and the circumstances of that illustrate the character of the man. Often Wagner had been importuned to permit the use of his name over baseball articles, big sums being offered him, but he refused, saying he would not take money that way, nor would he yield to interviews "for which he would be paid."

After the late James Jerpe went blind, however, and was struggling under a great handicap to pursue his vocation as a writer, it was suggested to Wagner that Jerpe might write the story of the great shortstop's life and make something out of it. Wagner thought it over and one day he went to Jerpe himself.

"Jim," said Honus, "I want to tell you the history of Hans Wagner in baseball from the beginning to the end as far as I've got, and I want you to write it your own way, or any way that suits you best, so it will read good—and I want you to make all you can out of it."

And that Jerpe did and to the blind writer and Wagner's big heart we are indebted to the only "authorized" set of interviews the diamond hero ever gave.

But Hans can't help the printing of stories that are based on happenings on the diamond in which he has a part, nor can he prevent others telling stories in which he has figured. Charles J. Doyle, a Pittsburgh writer, has contributed some interesting bits to the fund of Wagnerian incidents, from which these are culled:

Fans of Youngstown, O., about 5,000 strong, the most of whom gathered at the baseball park one sunny Sunday afternoon in 1915 to see Honus perform in an exhibition game, will never forget the added attraction furnished by the Carnegie citizen in the heat of a 12-inning struggle.

Carmen Hill played a leading role in this practical joke which almost caused the collapse of the bleachers. The occupants of which laughed until their sides were sore. The crowd was enjoying Honus' antics on first base throughout the afternoon and along about the ninth inning, he started the real uproar. Hill, who was fanned out by the Pirates to the Youngstown team, was pitching a remarkable game against the big leaguers who had been unable to score. Crump, came to bat with none on base and hit a grounder along the first base line. The ball was caught by Wagner about one foot in foul territory. Honus grabbed in an awkward manner and touched the base in an attempt to have the tap declared fair. Hill thought the drive was in play and started back toward the bench when the catcher told him to stay to bat again. The big boy from Cory misunderstood the instructions and thought he was ordered back on the base. Accordingly he jumped on the bag.

Like a flash, Wagner realized Hill's conclusion and he at once reigned anger because Hill was

"safe." The umpire was still yelling for the pitcher to come back to bat, but Carmen was too busy watching Honus with the ball.

Finally, Wagner put a dramatic climax on his kick by turning his back and throwing the sphere into right field. Hill then set sail for second base like a scared jack-rabbit. Wagner made it appear that he had made a terrible mistake by throwing the ball away and waded his hands frantically for Hinchman to get the ball back.

By this time Hill had thrown in his high speed lever and was heading for third when Wagner retrieved the ball. Carmen is a clean-cut athletic youngster, but his inexperience at that time made him look like a farmer boy in a foot race, as he used every ounce of speed to reach third. Honus took deliberate aim and threw the ball intentionally about 10 feet over Baird's head, and Hill who was just getting ready to slide, stayed on his feet and put all his strength in a final dash toward the plate.

The spectators by this time were gawking with laughter when the grand finale was reached when the umpire handed Hill his bat as he chased across the plate with the "run" that would have won the game.

Almost every man, woman and child in the 5,000 throng were talking about Wagner's funny stunt and all agreed that it gave the sport just the thing needed to make a big crowd happy.

In justice to Hill, it should be stated that the trick could not be worked on him now. Carmen was a boy of 19 when he was with Youngstown and he learned very fast. Last season he pitched fine ball for the Rochester team of the International League, and he is just smart enough to enjoy the clean comedy staged by Wagner, even though he was the victim. Almost any other pitcher would have collapsed on the mound following such an ordeal, on the bases, but the strong boy from Cory had more stuff than ever after the incident, and Youngstown won in 12 innings.

The Pirates and Reds were staging a hard fight at Forbes Field one day last summer. Honus went to bat and almost crippled Heine Groh with a liner, but the little fellow threw up his hands in time to protect himself from harm and the ball stuck in his glove. The sphere was hit with such force that Wagner did not have time to drop his bat and while still standing near the plate he called for the ball again. Heine obligingly threw the ball back at him and hit it back at the Red third baseman. Once more Heine threw Wagner a good strike and Honus poled one to the left field fence.

Despite the fact that this amusing bit of bloop was transpiring during a championship game, Umpire Rigler realized that the crowd was enjoying the scene immensely and wisely refrained from interfering. "If I hadn't been so tired, I'd have run around the bases after that last one," said Honus when he reached the bench. "When Heine robbed me that way," he added, "I would hit one safe before I left the plate."

## REMINISCES OF LATE JACK LONDON

A Friend of the Virile American Writer Recalls the Past

A DELIGHTFUL DAY Spent in the Company of That Brilliant Personality

By Edward Lucien Larkin  
On September 13, 1906, I spent the night at Jack London's home in Sonoma. The house was crowded with guests. Jack took me to the place he had chosen for me.

Jack opened the door of his den bade me enter, and pointed to a huge arm chair. He lighted up, said a few pleasant words, opened a door looking into the other half of the building, showed me his bed, bade me good night. And when alone I tore up things in an exploration exercise. I was in one of the greatest literary centres of the world. The working table was wide and long. It was heaped up with an indescribable stock of writing paper of varying sizes, pens by the gross, pencils, not one well sharpened, quart bottles of ink, sheets of postage stamps and the like.

But see these things, stories almost finished, others half, a third or fourth written tense, exceedingly dramatic humanity plots and plans of other writings; sketches for illustrations of books, highly ideal, letters in heaps from all parts of the world and from many publishers.

I was glad there was no room for me in the house.

There! I heard a sweetly sad and

On a shelf across a corner above the chairback I counted thirteen books. I arose and took them down, one by one, looked at their dates. They had all been written by Mr. London within five years. He was born in San Francisco on January 12, 1876. I was looking them over at 1 a.m., September 14, 1906. I got to work and you will begin to sense the true meaning of the word work.

There were Mr. London's Arctic and Alaskan outfits, curious from Asia and many things belonging to his dogs for their comfort. No matter where the reader of these lines may be, it is an honor for him to love our brother, the animals, as did their well-known friend, Jack. Do you suppose for an instant that Jack London would flinch, brace himself and then jerk and twist steel bits against quick-flesh, the mouths of his beloved horses?

Here I was in a world of pure literature—story and drama—here that rock the soul like the rocking of a baby's cradle. I could not wait longer. I seized Jack's pen and a lot of paper at 1.40 and "wrote a piece" for the Examiner, which was published a few days later. Then to Jack's bed at 3.15 a.m.

Breakfast early, a few words for the ranch employees, and they were

So remarkable was the personality of Mr. London that I am now under high pressure, hour by hour, all the day long and part of the night writing a book, his biography, a true life history. It will soon appear. I have the materials, the accurate data, much personal, and the book as it grows under the flying pen is fascinating to one at least, its writer. I wish to analyze the psychology of these mystic sayings of Mr. London, and I am now writing this hurried note. I express the hope that analytical words will come when I am exploring the literary labors of California's great native son.

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## Porterhouse and Pa are Completely Divorced



## THAT SON-IN-LAW OF PA'S



---By Wellington

## Shears

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OTICE

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lection of Chairman

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1—7.30 p.m.

2—8.30 p.m.

endence is requested

T. E. RYERSON, President