



is very near the floor, and the top one is uncomfortably close to the ceiling But the men are surprisingly cheer ful, and welcome any little incident that gives them an excuse to laugh.

Among the wounded are many Algerians in horizon blue or khaki and a red fez, so care is taken to separate them from the French. The blacks declined our offers of sandwiches until they discovered that some of them contained jam. Meat and fish are evidently forbidden to them.

The Army Medical Corps cannot be too highly praised for the way in which they transferred the patients from ambulance to train. As each car was filled our workers passed through it, fed the men and gave them a few of the comforts they most needed. Then at the appointed hour the train pulled out, and we remained to put things in order for the next batch of wounded, praying that they may soon come our way.

## The Great Human Race

(Continued from page 8.)

eye—or, more probably, cussed for getting in the way of some little scrub of a chap who needs a few tons of complicated machinery and smells to get him about and keep him in the swim—as if he were worth it!

The end of one of our perfect modern days is apt to find us with shattered nerves, exhausted in mind and body, and a craving for something with a "punch" in it.

We haven't time to notice that the horse laugh is with the doctors and undertakers. The latter fraternity have risen these rushing times to the dignity of "Funeral Directors" and you may enjoy the prospect of being rushed to the cemetery in a magnificent Motor Hearse.

Still, we can't get away from the hard and nasty fact that if the ordinary wage earner doesn't rush, he will surely get left, and some other fellow, with more stamina, aggressiveness and push, will get his job. And that's the devil of it.

The Hotel is taking the place of the old home we remember dimly through a vista of futile "rushes," or real about with long drawn sighs.

No longer a peaceful haven of refuge, the home has become a sort of depot, or half-way house, betwe^1 the office and the vaudeville show, with the privacy of a corridor train.

Yet we are surrounded by antidotes; Picture Galleries, Libraries, Museums, Parks and other havens of rest. Unfortunately, we say, we haven't time to rest, and rush to an exciting ball game, or the omnipresent Moving Picture Show, where we can enjoy choice episodes of villainy to stimulate our quivering nerves.

And now that lovely woman has got her vote the mere man will need to put forth every ounce, or volt. or whatever the speed-up thing is called, to keep himself in the front row.

After all, the man with a hobby is the happiest man, even though it consist of such lowly pursuits as stampcollecting, dominoes or croquet.

The Chess Column has unavoidably been crowded out of this number. It will appear in our next issue.