

the subject of continued and studied neglect. We know one institution of the kind in Western Canada where politicians have spent hundreds of thousands on



The back-breaking, cradle used for 40 centuries, useless gew-gaws. They have squandered the people's money to this end with all the levity of constitutional spendthrifts, but when it comes to such an inconspicuous item as the salary that is due to a first rate educationalist or some detail of the real spade work of education in the community, they are the biggest misers on earth.

Till this rottenness has been got rid of there is no hope for the soul of education, still less for the idea of a "Department of Inventions." And yet these are the main things. What a blessing it has been for the people that the educationalists are not politicians. It is necessary that a man must be fond of his job before he can be successful with it, if it is only that of a second lieutenant in a shoe-shine parlor. There was a time when "Bobbie" had no choice. Because his father was the hereditary blacksmith of the parish, Bobbie, in spite of all protest, must keep the line unbroken. But this insane notion no longer prevails, and a wisdom born of experience has taken its place. In these days a wise father finds out the disposition of his boy and the drift of his mind, but he never attempts to drive him towards an occupation that he hates with all the cordiality of a boy's expansive soul.

The Lord "calls" a man no less to the plough than to the pulpit. There are not many "Weary Willies" in our workshops to-day. Every man seems to be happy at his job because he is following the bent of his disposition—he took up the sledge-hammer or the jack-plane because he felt that there was nothing on earth in the way of a life's employment that

he could like half so much as blacksmithing or carpentry, as the case may be.

Well, now; if men chose in such whole-hearted fashion and are so careful to observe the fitness of things in the manual arts, what shall we say of the "divine fervor" that seizes the educationalist and the born inventor, whose brain is his whole equipment? The fact is, no one who has not experienced the thrill that seizes the soul thirsting for knowledge and the luxury of imparting it has the means to comprehend the all-consuming enthusiasm of these men, these silent, subterranean workers who know not the value of advertising.

And yet always these have been the men who have saved the day when all else wallowed in corrup-

tion and rushed headlong to disaster. Unthinking, ungrateful fools that we are, while we have been yelling our plaudits to the tinsel and flim-flam of the sign-board, these men—the real body and soul of the institution—are rarely invited into the public view except for hostile criticism. A contractor gets anything he cares to ask for—even to millions—in "extras" for mere window-dressing, but let someone suggest an extra thousand dollars to purchase or encourage the best brains in the market, and he is instantly turned into a pillar of ice by the mere gaze of the "board" of political bosses sitting around him.

It is well for the country that the brains of the best of these educationalists and inventors have never been "in the market." Had they been as susceptible to the persuasive power of the dollar as they are devoted to the real spirit of their vocation, Manitoba to-day would be one of the most benighted and illiterate corners of civilization. But the men of brains usually have hearts that correspond with their brains. They seek and invariably find their reward in far else than magnificent equipages and the plaudits of the crowd. They are supremely happy men. You will rarely find an uncongenial soul among men who are plowing in the fields of knowledge. Every new discovery brings them its peculiar joy that is not complete until they have unloaded it upon their fellows.

We could fill this magazine ten



THE OLD WAY: An army of men needing unlimited time.

times over with historic instances of these men—most remarkable to the unthinking mob—who have scored a success in life complete and satisfying beyond all peradventure and have died no "richer" than they were born. Yet it is cheering to note how long some of them were permitted to enjoy their happiness on earth and how young they remained long after time had whitened their hair and traced its lines upon foreheads that never knew the blush of dishonor.

#### Sir William Crooks

Think of Sir William Crooks, still with us at 85, a veritable "boy" in the exuberance of his soul and toiling night and day in his laboratory and workroom on behalf of his country in its hour

of need. Mr. Harold Begbie wrote of this wonderful man:

"To be alive at 85 is a fine thing in itself, but to be very young and intellectually alive at this age and by the same token to be working for the nation in its hour of trial with every faculty alert, and wishing that there was more to do, this is a thing so fine and heartening that we may all say 'Hats off!' to Sir William Crooks, and in this salutation feel ourselves braced up to do still more in helping our country and the cause of the Allies.

"It would be dreadful if we had to record that this veteran science was a noisy optimist, a bustling worker, a patriot boasting of his age, and cackling with contempt of the enemy. Sir William is the reverse of this. He has always been one of the most modest as he has certainly been one of the most courageous inquired of our day; and the only effect of age noticeable in his mind is a deepening of this modesty, which shows itself in a more deliberate and careful manner of expressing opinion and a certain shyness of the soul making for graciousness and consideration.

#### His Work-Room

"He told me that he is conscious in himself of no change of fact during the last thirty or forty years. He can work as hard, he can see as well, he can hear as well, he can bear fatigue as well, and what is far more to the point he is just as interested in life now as he was then. Indeed, he is inclined to doubt whether he is aware in himself of any physical inhibition for more years than this. 'I feel,' he said, 'very much as I felt at thirty-five years of age.'

The life history of Sir William Crooks incarnates the spirit of the real student, and one can easily read into it the no less remarkable story of the late Lord Kelvin. These splendidly endowed men were the least conscious of all around them that anything was "coming to them" in the nature of applause or public gratitude. They had one consuming thought in common, the discovery and elucidation of facts in the operations of nature and in what way or in how many ways these facts could be enlisted to the service of men. Men of this type

are never a man who some brain who dictate like Kelvin most appreciate the humblest of them with a notion of which newly discovered one else he of truth than the fact of it is v. alists and inventor. speak of re, each benefit scale as was of the booming of his age, and cackling with contempt of the enemy. Sir William is the reverse of this. He has always been one of the most modest as he has certainly been one of the most courageous inquired of our day; and the only effect of age noticeable in his mind is a deepening of this modesty, which shows itself in a more deliberate and careful manner of expressing opinion and a certain shyness of the soul making for graciousness and consideration.

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What the farmer rightly calls the finest music of all the seasons—the click of the self-binder.