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WRITE FOR COLLEGE CATALOGUE TO
G. J. TRUEMAN, M.A., Principal
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again and again and again and then was snapped off.

The Canadian pointed solemnly to the window. "That was the signal," he said. "It is the death-knell of your ten thousand men. I gave your Admiral the wrong course and, he has driven his ships on to the sandbanks. No boats could reach them."

"They are all dead," said the German dully. The fury that had blazed for an instant in his eyes was already

gone, like a fire that has burned itself to death. His face was contorted as though some elemental force were forcing him to say something more. When at last he spoke, his voice was thin and cracked like the voice of a very old man.

"You did right," he said, and then fell again to silence, plucking at his coat. "Before God!" he screamed hoarsely, "the men who started this war shall answer for their crime!"

A LA THOREAU

(Concluded from page 8.)

hurt themselves. The detective came as well. It was important that he should see Mr. Handover in connection with the robbery. Last of all came the doctor. He was very calm, cool and collected. It was quite evident that he was carrying out his plan of spending "one day as deliberately as Nature."

It was well on in the afternoon, and Silas was weary after his sleepless night, and the pain and excitement of the day. He was lying in bed, with his wife sitting by his side. He had just fallen into a gentle doze when the maid entered with a letter. Silas awoke, and insisted that his wife should read its contents. It ran as follows:

"Dear Mr. Handover:

"For your own good, as well as that of your customers, it is right that you should be informed of the state of affairs at your store. It is impossible to get waited upon there to-day. I went myself to make several purchases, but not a clerk would wait upon me. Other customers were treated in the same way. The clerks were all there, sitting down and reading. They paid no attention to us at all. It seems that they all belong to the

Pretensia Literary Club, and have all decided to follow Thoreau's advice about living one day 'as deliberately as Nature.' This is surely a strange state of affairs for the leading store in the town, and, as I learn you have met with an accident, it seems only right that you should know of what is going on.

"Yours very truly,

"A Well Wisher."

Silas remained silent for some time when his wife had finished. He was thinking hard, and his thoughts were by no means pleasant.

"Martha," he at length remarked. "I want you to go out of the room, shut the door, and stuff cotton wool in the key-hole. But, no, you had better take the children and go out for a walk."

"You're not going to do anything rash, are you, Silas?" his wife anxiously inquired. "You're not going to kill yourself?"

"No, not a bit of it. I'm only going to live 'as deliberately as Nature,' see? So please do as I desire, and don't ask any more questions. And, say," he added, "bring the dictionary; I might need it."

DINING IN GAY PAREE

(Continued from page 7.)

a fashionable quarter can judge, there is little sign of suffering. Wages are high, and the only queues one sees are for coal oil and the cheap Government tobacco. The cost of living varies according to the quarter you inhabit, and many housekeepers send their maids to do the marketing at Les Halles, even if it is half an hour or more away. They like to buy from the little push-carts in the streets, and can usually get a lower price than the mistress who goes shopping in all her fine clothes.

So much talk of food has made me hungry, Paris is dining out and so must I. The Prussians have been here before; they may come again. We hope not; but just now we are hungry, so where shall we dine?

The restaurants near here are expensive. If I go to my favorite resort, and eat on the sidewalks in the Latin quarter I may have to walk home, for this is a fine night for the Gothas; and the underground does not run during an air-raid. The same thing may happen to me if I take a tram to the country, so I shall probably end by going to Coudray's as usual. It is in a little side street, and if you see a motor at the door, that is because a chauffeur is dining there. The diners at Coudray's don't have motors of their own! M. Coudray, his fat paunch covered with a grey apron, will beam on me from behind the bar as he polishes the glasses. Emmeline will run and get my table-napkin (that saves me a penny) and bring me bread and water. I can have a cloth on the table if I pay extra, but the table is quite clean. The Russian countess is the only one

of us who has this luxury every night. She nearly always comes in her riding breeches and high boots, as she is riding remounts for the army. Sometimes a short-haired English girl, who smokes cigars after dinner, sits with her; and near them is a manicurist and a little shop-keeper from around the corner. A number of ladies from the American Red Cross occupy one corner, and the chauffeurs and their friends play dominoes with M. Coudrey after their meal. When I have finished, he will bring a little slate to my table, and ask me what I have had. No wine. M. Coudrey smiles more in pity than in contempt. Water is good (in limited quantities) for external use, he thinks. Bread, ten centimes; soup, twenty-five; omelette, one franc twenty-five; potatoes, fifty; cheese, forty; total, 2.80 francs. So, after leaving a tip for Emmeline my dinner has cost me seventy cents.

When in France I eat as the French do. Each vegetable is a separate course; cream cheese is eaten with jam or fresh strawberries; mayonnaise dressing is served with cold meat; hot meat is served with salad. Puddings and pies are unknown. I like their leisurely manner of eating and, marvel greatly at the absence of quick-lunch counters for working people at the noon hour.

As far as I can see the Frenchman eats well and comfortably, and takes his wine at every meal. If he cannot have both food and drink, he does without food. Red wine or white wine, there is a bottle on every table when Paris, raided and bombarded, tranquilly dines out.

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