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active blue—many airplanes and above all a very troubled but beautifully painted sky. The panorama is an invaluable guide to anyone starting on a tour of the battlefields. It quickly gives a vision of Northern France that topographical maps never quite suggest.

Roosevelt has a prominent place in the American group, standing on a lower step and in an attitude of aggressive appeal. Wilson stands in front of a bust of Washington with the cabinet all about him. Hoover, Pershing, Sims, Gerard, Taft, House all there—and Mrs. Vanderbilt again and other American women nursing soldiers and washing and dressing little children. Among the non-descript figures are a cowboy, an office man and a farmer.

Hale is the centre of the British group, with the king on his right giving up to the Prince of Wales (in full kit) for service in France. Lloyd George occupies the same forward place, the second step, as Roosevelt in the American group.

Heroes of the War.

"Heroes" in the French section, shows thousands of individual fighters, which the crowd is ever studying, trying to find a friend or relative to recognize. But best of all are the spectators' comments on the national groups, the figures being generally mistaken for statues. "I wonder how they keep those steps so spotlessly white," should think dust would settle on them," declared one American woman. A few that are skeptical descend from the pedestal to a circular enclosure beneath it, where visitors are invited to study the national groups on the level. There is a great craning of necks and squinting of eyes here until the fact that every figure, every object, even the steps, are all achievements in paint laid on flat canvas is without question.

The French heroes are supposed to stand on the steps of the Temple of Glory, beside which is the Monument of

GLASGOW CITY FARM

(Aberdeen Free Press.)
The Corporation of Glasgow are among the largest farmers in the country. They possess a total agricultural land, owned and leased, of 1,518 acres, the working of which, instead of being a burden upon the ratepayers, produces a substantial revenue surplus. Last year the cropping accounts showed a balance of \$47,470. Of course these farms have enjoyed the general prosperity of the farming community, the reflection of high prices, but taking the average result over the past four years there has been a clear revenue of over \$20,000 each year.

The hand which produces such results was originally acquired to provide an outlet for the city refuse which could not otherwise be readily disposed of, and under skilful development it now not only furnishes food and fodder for the stud of horses owned by the Cleansing Department, but supplies crops which gives a handsome return towards keeping down the cost of the department to the community. Last year the principal crops grown were, hay, 850 tons; grass, 124 tons; turnips, 513 tons; potatoes, 350 tons; straw, 418 tons; oats, 7,000 bushels; wheat, 1,800 bushels, and barley, 600 bushels.



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GREAT PAINTING OF WORLD WAR

Panoramic Masterpiece in Paris Compared to Eiffel Tower in Fame.

Paris, (by mail).—The idea of two well known Paris artists, Pierre Carrier-Belleuse and Auguste-François Gorguet, conceived in 1914 and at once put into effect, has resulted in a gallery of battle panoramas and war portraits, which, though a private enterprise, is likely to become as famous to tourists as the Eiffel Tower.

Portraits are still being added, but the present collection of six thousand in the foyer is said to fill the original plan. The gallery is called the Pantheon de la Guerre. It occupies a special building, which was begun in 1914. The building is octagonal, but looks like nothing so much as a great oil tank covered with stucco and having a square foyer in front with a classic entrance portico supported by Greek pillars. It stands near the Esplanade of the Invalides, on the rue de l'Universite.

In The Entrance.

In the foyer is the great collection of war portraits, all of uniform size and a bit monotonous, although the predominance of the French horizon blue and the splashes of khaki make a pleasing mass color effect. These portraits include all of the French generals, admirals, heroes like Guynemer, statesmen, allied kings and queens (excepting the British, who have not yet been able to

pose in Paris), the allied ambassadors and General Pershing. Most of the American portraits here are of women relief workers, but they are not identifiable excepting by acquaintances as the catalogue gives only the last names.

These portraits are to the right of the entrance. On the left is a group of preliminary sketches of the great panorama which one must climb dark steps to see. There is also an entrance to a little studio with a sign informing visitors to enter and make appointment for portrait painting by M. Gorguet. By the way, seventeen other French artists helped the two founders to complete the institution. It has been described by Rene Basin of the French academy as a prodigious work of art, well composed, well painted, and destined to last.

Deceives the Eye.

After stumbling up the dark steps you find yourself on a sort of pedestal in the centre of the circular building with 375 feet of canvas, fifty feet high, stretched all around. A wire fence keeps you on the pedestal and here you are the victim of an illusion. Such is the triumph in realism of the artists that every figure, every object stands out as if modeled in material.

The foreground is worked out in minute detail; this is a sort of marble platform with steps leading up to it, and all the allied leaders and their flags painted most photographically on the platform or on the steps, with a wall as a background. Then beyond this wall is the great continuous field of battle, from the Yser and Ypres to Alsace, said to be geographically correct. To an eye taking in mass color, there is an embroidery of horizon blue on every section of the front.

Quickly, at first sight, you see Rheims cathedral burning, and the wreckage of Verdun which is above the American group. You see mountains and rivers, clumsy tanks in fields, motor lorries, and long winding roads lined with ambulances—everywhere little groups of

the Dead, a very solemn and impressive design. Five steps lead up to it from all sides. In the front a large wreath lies on the steps to the right. The base is like a plain centopod, in front of which the black-robed figure of a woman kneels. Above are bronzed pillars supporting a coffin draped with a French flag, including standard. The figures hold the coffin high, at arm's length.

CONSTANTINOPLE AS IT IS.

Constantinople now combines all the frenzy of a new mining camp and a world seaport. It's "the end of the trail" for all the Balkan States and everything west of Suez on the Mediterranean. Caucasian oil men, Donetz Basin miners, Anatolian sheep and cattle kings, Greek war millionaires and Syrian merchants rush to Constantinople to pop champagne in proof of their success.

Under allied occupation the city has become a wilder place than it was under the Turks. There are no civil courts. None of the Allies desires to assume responsibility for reforms other than are necessary to safeguard life. Italian, French and British troops co-operate with the Turkish gendarmerie in keeping order. But everybody's job is nobody's job. Consequently Constantinople is a very wide-open town. Midnight closing is enforced pretty generally, but until that hour there is little interference with dance halls, gambling dives and red light districts unless murder is committed.

Half a dozen Summer gardens offer vaudeville programmes which attract thousands of persons every night who seem to have far more interest in the drinks and restless crowds than in the Russian prima donnas and bare-legged dancers, whose art is usually as meagre as their attire. Turks, Arabs, Bedouins, Egyptians and Assyrians, gorgeously clad in native costumes, elbow their way among Cossacks and Georgians whose uniforms are far more brilliant than their recent military achievements.

Coal-black French Colonials, resplendent in red fezzes and green khaki, mingle with Sikhs and Punjabi, whose long hair and many-colored head-dresses are wrapped in sombre brown. Civilians, soldiers and sailors from all parts of the world are hopelessly jammed together in Constantinople.

A SON OF MARS

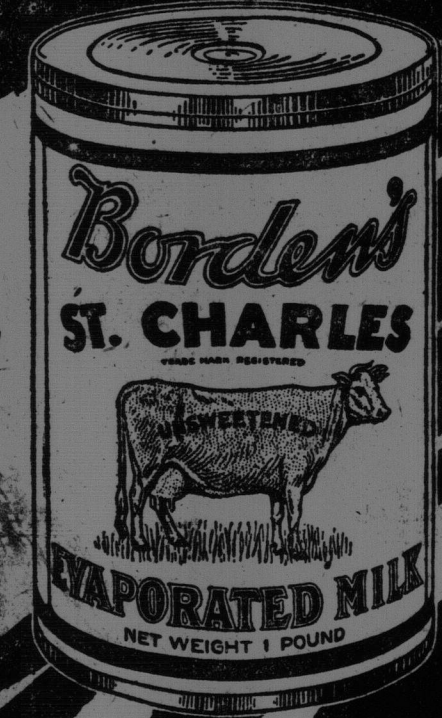
(Wall Street Journal.)

An interesting case is that of a member of the London Stock Exchange—a regular London dandy—who, when the war broke out, gained a lieutenant's commission in October, 1914, by virtue of his work with the Territorials. This man spent some time at the front in France, saw the Dardanelles through, coming out of that show a captain. He then campaigned with Allenby's army from Cairo to Jerusalem. He was put on the retired list on being brought back to England, in March of this year, after over five years of war.

He then spent exactly five months on the Exchange, and told his friends that the life was too slow. He asked the War Department to be placed on the active list again, and is now en route for Mesopotamia, where he hopes the Turks and Russians will make it lively enough to make life worth while.

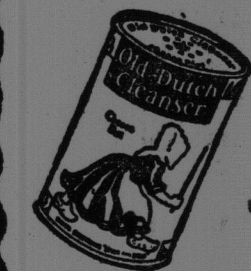
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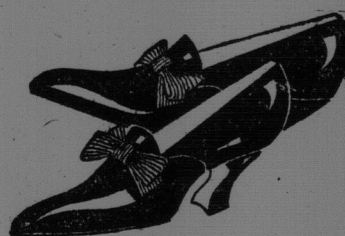
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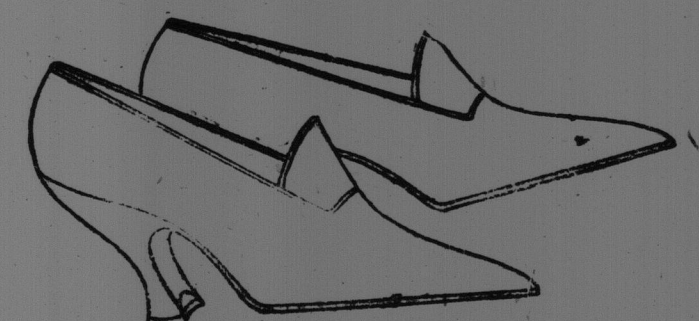
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