

## SURGERY HELPS TO SAVE GERMANY

WONDERS OF WAR-BORN MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Country Would Break Down Much Sooner if Surgeons Didn't Restore Thousands of Wounded.

Medical science, advanced by the war, operates to prolong it. But in the long run the benefit to humanity from this war time advancement of medicine and surgery will abundantly make up for the prolongation.

These are the opinions of Dr. F. H. Albee, Major in the United States Medical Reserve Corps.

"Germany," he explained, "appears to be breaking down. But she would break down much faster if her surgeons were unable to rehabilitate so many wounded men and send them back to the front in shape to fight. Of course our allies and ourselves are doing the same thing, and it is safe to say, doing it fully as well as the enemy, if not better."

"The point is, however, that as Germany's man power dwindles with our own increasing against her, she can continue to put up an effective defence a great deal longer than she would have been able to if both sides had suffered proportionately the natural wastage of man power that occurred in the older wars."

Army Diseases Eliminated. "Let me remind you, in the first place, that the diseases which used to ravage armies had been very largely eliminated when this war began. Typhus ('jail' or 'spotted' fever), the dysentery and 'hospital' gangrene are cases in point—three dreadful scourges which no longer exist in the armies of the great scientific nations in the field."

"Then certain ailments and injuries peculiar to this war, and formidable at first, have now been pretty effectually met. Trench foot, for instance, is met by improved drainage of the trenches, so that the soldier does not stand for considerable stretches of time in ice water any more, as he had to do three years ago—and by providing him with plenty of proper footwear, especially changes of thick woolen stockings, and opportunity to wash them."

"Then gassed patients have become comparatively few, in spite of the fact that the Germans use gases of subtler and deadlier kinds. This is because of the evolution of the gas mask and the perfection of the warning signals. Thanks to the chemists and to signals, the men in the trenches generally know what kind of gas is coming in time to get their masks on and to use the particular cell of the mask which will neutralize that poison."

Majority Surgical Cases.

"It follows that a preponderance of the cases are now surgical, and of these, thanks to our constantly increasing skill at reconstructive surgery, more and more are being rehabilitated. Of 1,350 men in an English hospital lately, a thousand were able after convalescing to go back to the trenches and fight. One reason is the large percentage of the bone and joint and similar minor but disabling injuries. For such, the modern, orthopedic surgeon, by bone grafts and other operations, can often do a great deal. Eighty per cent of the surgical cases invalided home to Canada were bone and joint injuries."

"But not only can many of them fight again; many more, disabled permanently from fighting, can be prepared to work and earn a livelihood—incidentally to release for military service whole and sound men previously engaged in necessary tasks at home. This kind of rehabilitation of the maimed is mercy and a blessing, but it has unquestionably assisted Germany to eke out the numbers of her fighting effectiveness."

"The morale, the spirits and courage of a soldier who has been wounded, rehabilitated and sent back to stand up to the enemy, is often quite as good as it ever was. Again and again we see them in the hospitals, restlessly impatient to get back and have another crack at the enemy and go on bearing their part in the job with the boys they had to leave."

The Curative Workshop.

"One of the great improvements in the work of rehabilitation after the wound has healed is the curative workshop. When a man has left with a stiffened joint, and nerves and muscles to re-educate, we used to give him a course of passive exercise—massage, the manipulations of the Zander apparatus, and so on. Now we put him in the workshop and give him a task of a kind appropriate to his case."

"This has three advantages. It occupies his mind and gives him interest and hope, thus getting his mind off his injury, which is so very important; the passive exercise simply kept his attention fixed upon it. It lets him work out the stiffness himself, and as he grows absorbed in his work and eager to master it, he uses the stiff joint unthinkingly, without flinching from the discomfort. And it trains him to take his place in the world again; while getting the injured limb in condition he is learning a job."

"I feel sure that the German surgeons are by no means superior at this reconstructive operating in spite

of all that has been said of the wonderful things they do. Probably they are now handicapped by shortage of supplies. But they saw the light earlier than the surgeons of the Allies. "But unquestionably, mankind in the long run will so greatly benefit by the strides made in medical and surgical science during the war that this prolongation of the war will have been worth all it will have cost. The people will recuperate in a century, let us say; the effects of this new knowledge will be felt for a thousand years. Think of its application, for example, to the industrial accidents so common in modern life."

THE 'NEGLECT' OF OUR ROADS.

Maintenance of Canada's Highways is a Necessary War Measure.

At a meeting of the American Association of Highway Officials a number of resolutions were passed all urging the building and proper maintenance of highways as a necessary war measure; the association maintaining that the highways must be regarded as part of the country's transportation system, particularly for freight (if less than car load lots) and for short haul freight. We in Canada, with the exception of one province, have taken an entirely different view and looked upon our highways and streets as a luxury to be dispensed with during the war, says the Canadian Municipal Journal. The consequence has been that for the last three years practically all highway and street improvements have been stopped—even maintenance has been neglected—with lamentable results. While it is true to say that every dollar is required for the one purpose of winning the war, it is also true to say that our highways, roads and streets are just as much an economic necessity to us as those of the south of the line are to the people of the United States, and the least the Canadian authorities can do is to see that they are kept in proper repair. For the last three years less money has been spent on our public thoroughfares than in any one year for the decade preceding the outbreak of war. While it was necessary to curtail some of the ambitious road improvement schemes that were ready to be carried out during the spring and summer of 1915 it was quite another thing to do to the other extreme of not only giving up altogether the improvement schemes, but actually neglecting to maintain those roads and streets already built. We believe that the provincial and local authorities would be well advised in voting certain sums of money to put their public thoroughfares in proper repair, and even in certain localities to go in for modified schemes of improvement during the coming season. Had a more aggressive prosecution of road building taken place before the war came upon us, and a better maintenance since, much of our present difficulty of transportation would have been met, with great benefit to the citizens in the lessened cost of food-stuffs and fuel.

WHY JAPAN IS CROWDED.

A Great Part of the Country's Small Area is Mountainous.

When we grasp the smallness of Japan and the size of its population we readily understand why the land is so crowded. Japan proper is a narrow and diminutive country. Its area of roughly 150,000 square miles is somewhat smaller than that of California, while its population is twenty times as great. Moreover, like Italy, Japan is chiefly a country of mountains and its arable land under cultivation amounts to only some 25,000 square miles, a farm area less than half that of the single State of Iowa. It follows that Japan is the classic land of intensive agriculture. Its dwarf farms are not really farms at all in our sense of the word, but gardens. There are no pastures, no barnyards, but merely little squares of land, now covered with water, now filled with mud drying in the sun, and now vividly green with the beautiful rice plants. These little patches of terraced and irrigated land have nothing in common with our 100-acre farms. In Japan the average agricultural family (and there are 5,500,000 of them) occupy only two and three-quarter acres each. Only one family in ten has as much as five acres (two cho), and over one-third of all rural families have farms of less than one and one-quarter acres. It is more completely carried to a tragic absurdity.

PEANUTS UP A PEG.

A Valuable Food Endorsed by Food Controller.

Until recently the peanut was regarded as a casual—one might almost say sportive—article of provender. It has been looked upon as appropriate to the small boy and the circus. The "peanut gallery," though but a memory to the present generation, is a not-forgotten term for the cheap seats at the top of a theatre. But now it is different. The long-despised peanut is coming into its own. It has the emphatic endorsement of the Food Controller. Our people are advised to eat peanuts.

You see, the peanut is not a nut at all, properly speaking. It is a kind of pea; and, like other legumes, it is rich in tissue-making stuff. A paper bag of peanuts (even nowadays, when somewhat reduced in size) affords a fairly square meal.

The peanut, however, may be utilized to advantage in cookery—for soup, for "peanut loaf," and in other ways.

## SOME ASPECTS OF THE BIG WAR

AS SEEN BY A WOMAN CORRESPONDENT IN LONDON.

"It is War," Say the French in Making Light of Their Sufferings and Losses.

The philosophic spirit of the French, no matter where I meet them, frankly amazes me, writes Ellen Adair from London.

To my table at the American Hut, where I am serving as a waitress, comes regularly a trio of cultured French "poilus." In private life they are gentlemen in the best sense of that much-misused word. They have all undergone endless hardships since war began, including many wounds, much suffering, personal loss and big financial reverses.

But they are invariably cheerful, smiling and reconciled.

"Que voulez vous, man'selle?" they say with a philosophic shrug of their expressive blue-clad shoulders. "C'est la Guerre!"

One of them has endured physical dismemberment, the complete smashing up of his excellent business in Paris, the loss of his wife and child—a loss which might have been prevented had he had the money to send them to a suitable sanatorium—and the loss of his two brothers.

Tears spring to his dark eyes when he speaks of his wife and child. But he speaks with a philosophic shrug of his expressive blue-clad shoulders. "C'est la Guerre!" he repeats, as though the words held comfort. A brave and enduring race, the French.

Mistaken for a "Baby Killer."

In London we must guard our exact age on our sugar cards. And the cantankerous people who will not state their ages will get no sugar!

Hence there are many lively and heated complications. No act of Parliament says that they must state their ages. But no act of Parliament gives them sugar if they won't! The ages are needed for the system of checking.

This concealment of age is nothing but out-of-date snobbery. The person of fifty who looks forty should boast about it, not hide it, no matter to which sex he or she belongs.

An amusing scene occurred the other day at a London railroad station. A British officer (of the famous Guards) was wearing his long gray overcoat which looks so much like the German service coat. At the same time a large number of German prisoners were arriving at the station, sent from France.

A dear old lady had arrived also at the station, hoping to see the German prisoners. The moment she saw the Guards officer she rushed at him, hit him violently on the head with her umbrella, and shouted loudly, "Baby Killer!"

Luckily the British Guardsman had a sense of the ridiculous and could take a joke, even though a somewhat strained one. But I think he will feel more disposed for the future to wear the khaki garment known as a "British warm" than the overcoat which has a German aspect.

The "American" Language.

The picturesque of the American language—"good United States, as she is spoke"—is arousing immense delight and interest in Londoners. Endless examples of "delightful and expressive American slang" are quoted to me by Brits who, for the first time in their lives, have met and talked with American officers.

The other day, for instance, an aviator from the other side of the Atlantic, now in England, flew his machine into a British aerodrome, and, marching into the commanding officer's hut, remarked airily:

"Say! Are you the big noise in this constituency? Guess you are. Well, will it interfere with your habits if I leave my gasoline kite in your pasture?"

I understand that the C.O. sent for an interpreter at once.

"Anglophobia," or intense hatred of the English race, is a marked feature of most German newspapers these days. Beacons of hate flashed through them all, like fireworks, and such phrases as "False-hearted Albion," "British Scum" and "the vile English," mingled with other gems of persiflage, adorn the principal pages of the Kaiser's newspapers.

"A Beacon of Hate."

The Deutsche Kurier, a Berlin paper, is particularly bitter. In a recent copy of it I read the following: "In the heart of every German man, woman and child there must be erected a beacon of hate, the flames of which must be so tremendous that they reach England in her vitals!"

"We have again and again attempted to placate our bitterest foe. . . . Well, then, Germans, let us cease dragging our national dignity in the mire for the greater glory of Albion, the false-hearted. Let us proceed with our hearts aflame, with hatred so intense and consecrated that, like a psychic force of divine mystery, it shall co-operate with our good sword and sweep this vile power which has set the whole world against us, from our path to greatness and glory!"

"Let all of us remember we have no enemy but England; none of the others could equal to the value of a flea-bite!"

Attitude of Norway.

A well-known Norwegian editor, Audun H. Telnæs, is now paying a visit to London. He has very pleasant impressions of the city and says:

"Apart from seeing soldiers everywhere in England, I find it difficult to think there is a great war on. I mean there is no aspect of suffering or misery. The people you meet in the streets have cheerful faces. Every one is smiling. They look confident."

"The impression I have gained from talking to people is that you did not go to war willingly—you did not want to go to war, but felt you had no other course—but that being at war, you are going through with it until you secure a peace worth having."

"I read of the food shortage in England, but do not seem to notice it. Apart from the fact that my supply of sugar is limited, I can find nothing to complain about. Moreover, I have been down to the docks, and I do not think there is much danger yet awhile of England being starved by the U-boats."

"I think the English people should eat more fish. In Norway we have four or five meatless days already. We nearly live on fish. Then why should the English worry about food, when the North Sea is full of fish?"

"All you need there up no men, no boats to collect those fish."

"There is one thing I should like to say about Norway. We have done everything we can, while remaining neutral, to help the Allies, and we have suffered much. Our ships have been sunk and our seamen drowned. The U-boats have not only sunk our ships, but they have fired on our men while in boats or while in the water. It will be a very long time before the people of Norway forget—or forgive the Germans for that."

ARTISTRY IN WOODEN HELMETS.

Haida Indians Carve Most Remarkable Designs.

Now that helmets have "come back," it is interesting to note that the most remarkable ones in the world are carved out of wood by the Haida Indians of Queen Charlotte Islands, off the coast of British Columbia.

These islands are a considerable group, forming a nearly continuous strip of land. The Haidas are chiefly remarkable through the fact that, of all aborigines on this continent, they are by far the cleverest artists. In fact, their sculpture work in wood and slate is art of a very high order, much of it being devoted to the representation of characters in the Haida mythology.

Chief among these characters is the raven, called Yeti, who was the creator of all things. He gave to mankind fire, water, fish and game. The sun and stars he stole from boxes in which they had been hidden by a wicked demon.

Fire was fetched by Yeti from an island far out in the sea. The journey was so long that nearly all of the piece of burning wood he brought back was consumed, so that his beak was scorched black—as the raven's bill remains to this day.

He let the brand drop and sparks flew in all directions. Whence it comes about that wood and stone today contain fire, which can be obtained from the latter by striking it and from the former by rubbing.

Yeti was victor in a frightful combat with a giant spider. He threw the monster into fire, where it shriveled and shrank, finally escaping as a mosquito, carrying a tiny coal in its proboscis. Since then it has been able to suck only a little blood, but leaves a coal of fire in the bite.

The helmets above mentioned are in some cases portraits of important members of the tribe, but more often they represent ancestral "totems," or heraldic crests, of the various clans—for example, the beaver, the bear, the duck and the frog.

The Bridge of Ships.

Now build a bridge of ships to France Across the ocean's broad expanse, And let it swiftly forward leap Till it shall span the outraged deep.

The millions of the free shall march Across the vast and far flung arch; The powers of a continent be sent Across its mighty stretch be sent.

The Hun shall look on it with fear And see his final fate appear, For spilling doom before his eyes It shall become his Bridge of Sighs.

—McLaurin Wilson.

A Little Red Cross Helper.

The soldier men in France; I means to make them lots of things If once I get a chance.

I've made already one face cloth, And knitted it myself; But Daddy used it by mistake— 'Twas lying on the shelf.

And I started on a sweater— I would have got it done, But Ethel May showed me her scarf, And then I started one.

It's brown and very warm and nice; I'm proud as I can be. My auntie came to see us, And she finished it for me.

I've started wristlets and a cap, Some woolen stockings, too— I think it's very interesting To start off things—don't you?

—Maude McGehee Hankins.

Bits of ham, creamed and served on toast, will prove a savory breakfast dish.

FIRST CONCRETE SHIP.

Trial of Full-Powered Vessel of New Type of Good Omen.

The Namsenfjords recently ran her trial trip. She is the first reinforced concrete full-powered vessel to be completed. She has a length of 84 feet by 20 feet by 11 feet 6 inches draught, on which she carries 200 tons of cargo, and with her 80-horsepower Bollinger engine develops a speed of about 7½ knots, says the London Shipping World. It was found on trial that vibration was practically nonexistent, which speaks well for the method and material of construction.

While on trial the vessel's sea-going qualities were thoroughly tested and she behaved excellently. A large hold is arranged for, and a maximum-sized hatch will facilitate the loading and discharging of bulky packages. The cargo will be dealt with by a powerful motor winch. The crew's quarters are forward, and the captain, mate and engineers will be berthed aft on deck.

Reinforced concrete vessels should prove valuable assets to those countries which have lost vessels during the war. If steel and wood were plentiful and could be released for commercial work, there is every probability that concrete construction for marine purposes would not have been studied to the extent that it has been.

This development will no doubt prove to be one of the benefits the allies will gain through the war. There is a limit to the output of steel and properly seasoned timber, but practically none to the production of cement.

There are, of course, drawbacks to every new industry, but so far as can be determined, advocates of the reinforced concrete vessels believe they have only one, viz., heavier hulls than if steel or timber were employed. But against this, it is pointed out, there are advantages, such as increased capacity, cost of upkeep practically nil, and reduced cost of repairs in the event of damage.

For quite a considerable period tug owners have been anxious to employ tugs fitted with oil engines in preference to steam engines, on account of the reduced cost of running, but so far there has been a slight drawback—the reduced weight of machinery. With a cargo vessel this reduced weight is naturally of considerable benefit to owners, but with a tug weight is essential. A reinforced concrete tug, fitted with an oil engine, would have a somewhat similar displacement to a steel vessel fitted with steam machinery. As a consequence, provided the experimental vessels now under construction in this country approve a success, tug owners may be expected to consider the oil engine concrete tug proposition on really serious lines.

VACANT LOT CULTIVATION.

There Should Be No Waste Land in Canadian Towns This Spring.

The Port Arthur Garden Club, which was organized last year by the City Council, is to be congratulated on the splendid success of its first season's efforts. According to a report of the President of the local Board of Trade the products of the gardens amounted in value to \$26,527; surely a record in vacant lot cultivation worth aiming for in every municipality. During last year Canada saw the possibilities of vacant lot cultivation. Many thousands of lots throughout the urban centres were turned into vegetable gardens, and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of produce taken from them, says the Canadian Municipal Journal. But this does not nearly represent what can be done in vacant lot cultivation if taken up seriously and systematically. Within the boundaries of every urban municipality in Canada are thousands of vacant lots waiting for cultivation this coming season, and given the opportunity and proper encouragement there is no reason to doubt but what every cultivable lot will be a means of food production. But there must be a real co-operation between the local garden lot societies and the council—the council must bear the expense of ploughing and, if necessary, find the seed, if not free, at a low price. The citizens must be educated to do their part in actual cultivation. They must be made to see that every hour given to attending their lots is so much more food produced for the boys at the front.

One of the results of last year's cultivation of vacant lots was the lowering of prices for garden produce. If this garden cultivation is increased twenty fold, or even ten fold, a much better guarantee will be given, not only in the keeping down of prices of vegetables, but of all perishable foods.

Move the Penny.

This is an indoor game that will always find great favor with the company of young people. The whole amusement is afforded by two balls about the size of billiard balls, and a penny. It is necessary to mark out on the tablecloth, with chalk or pencil, a circle about three inches in diameter, and a straight line about two feet from the circle.

Put one ball in the centre of the circle and on its top balance a penny. The trick is to bowl from the line with the remaining ball and try to knock the penny out of the ring. Simple as it may seem, it takes a great deal of practice, for nine times out of ten the penny will drop within the circle. The best way to accomplish this is to bowl very slowly, and by knocking the ball very lightly the penny will roll out on the top of the other ball.

## TWO OF CANADA'S V. C. HEROES

THRILLING TALE OF COURAGE AND RESOURCE.

Win Battles by Doing the Unexpected Thing at the Right Moment.

Sergeant George Harry Mullin of the Canadian infantry peeped over the top of the shell hole where he lay and eyed the "pill box" dubiously. All around him men were cursing or groaning as they sought refuge from the machine gun fire which ripped the dirt about them. The "pill box" had stopped the British attack, taking many lives, and was now being bombarded heavily by the English guns, while the attackers waited their chance. Sergeant Mullin watched the shells bursting vainly on the little fortress and made up his mind that something had to be done. By sniping his head he could perceive a sniper's hollow a few yards in front of the "pill box" and a machine gun stationed close to the cement wall on the outside.

Captured Ten Germans.

Mullin slid out of the shell hole unnoticed, worming his way toward the enemy, and carrying only a bag of bombs and a revolver. When within a few feet of the sniper's post he found shelter from the machine gun fire in another shell hole, from which he leisurely threw bombs among the snipers until their fire ceased. How to attack the "pill box" and the machine gun on the outside was another matter. But action was Mullin's characteristic, and an athletic sprint and bound, made while the external machine gun was changing ammunition belts, brought him suddenly to the top of the "pill box." Like a cat he scrambled across it and with his revolver killed the two men at their machine gun. Down to the back entrance of the fortress he clambered, jerking open the iron gate and thrusting his revolver inside. "Kamerad," the occupants yelled and issued forth, ten of them, to march ahead of the proud Mullin to the British lines.

Another Daring Canadian.

Private James Peter Robertson of the Canadian infantry had a "big day" during the recent struggle at Cambrai. He was in a company ordered to attack a Hun trench, but who were unable to do so owing to an uncut stretch of barbed wire before them and a murderous machine gun which killed all men who went out to cut the wire. Private Robertson was not beaten, however. Standing up, he perceived far on the right flank an opening in the wire. He ran for it, squirmed through, escaping the heavy fire; threw himself on the ground, and by fits and starts, leaping from shell hole to shell hole, worked his way toward the machine gun company that was spraying his companions.

"Inflicted Casualties."

When within a few feet of them he leaped to a knob, emptied his rifle among them, and followed it up by casting himself like a demon upon them. Though they numbered a dozen they could not overcome him, for his agility with the bayonet ripped and demoralized them in the tumbling hurry-burly and confusion he created. So the Huns, not understanding it and seeing four of their comrades die, dropped their machine gun and took out for their second line with great speed.

Robertson, waving his hand to his comrades as a signal to "come on," swung the machine gun about and "inflicted many more casualties," as the official report says, upon the enemy. No sooner were his fellows caught up with him than further ambition seized Robertson and, shouldering the machine gun and laughing from sheer glee, he led the men in the chase of the astounded Huns.

The panic of the dispersed Germans spread to their comrades with whom they had sought shelter from the "madman," when Robertson and his screaming followers descended upon them. They fled down the trench for dear life. Robertson placed his machine gun on the trench top in full view of strong German positions and turned the fire on the Huns, who fled, sprawling, through the ditch.

Saved Two Comrades.

A wide sector was cleared and under Robertson's direction the Canadians consolidated it. Snipers, however, took heavy toll of them until Robertson, mounting the trench top again with his beloved machine gun, cleared them out, laughing and cursing amiably the while in a manner which heartened his comrades to carry the fight still further. Two of them, slipping out, proceeded to "snipe" impudently at the Huns, in the midst of whom they were located. When a moment later both were badly wounded Robertson dashed forward and his screaming followers descended upon them. They fled down the trench for dear life. Robertson placed his machine gun on the trench top in full view of strong German positions and turned the fire on the Huns, who fled, sprawling, through the ditch.

Was Done.

## LAW CLERK LED 6 BOMBING ATTACKS

"WITH UTMOST GALLANTRY," SAYS REPORT.

Victoria Cross is Reward of the Superb Courage of 22-Year-Old Student.

English lads who enlist in the service of Great Britain do so to fight the Kaiser. But deep down in their hearts they cherish another feeling. It is one of mingled ambition and sentiment. After they have been in the service for a while and have tasted of front line trench action, or for that matter, any other branch of English service, the feeling grows upon them. They dream of the day when they too may have the medal pinned to their breasts by King George. The Victoria Cross—that is one of the incentives for a Tommy to fight hard, and you can't blame Tommy for envying his brother soldier who possesses one.

Brave English Lad.

The Victoria Cross is the highest mark of esteem which can be awarded to a Briton for conspicuous bravery. Back of each award are stories as different as men are. Let us read about Second Lieutenant Leonard Haine, whose parents live in Richmond, Surrey. He is twenty-two years old and before the war was employed in a lawyer's office. He was a good natured, quiet chap and then attracted national attention by winning the Victoria Cross, and he received from the Mayor of his township at a formal ceremony an illuminated address. The affair took place in his old school, the city officials being garbed in crimson and sable. Lieutenant Haine's mother and father heard the Mayor say: "He knows how to fight like an Englishman."

Bashful Mr. Haine stood on the platform while this was read:

"For most conspicuous bravery and determination when our troops occupying a pronounced salient were repeatedly counter attacked. There was an ever present danger that if the enemy attack succeeded the garrison of the salient would be surrounded. Second Lieutenant Haine organized and led with utmost gallantry six bombing attacks against a strong point which dangerously threatened our communication, capturing the position, together with fifty prisoners and two machine guns. The enemy then counter attacked with a battery of the guard and succeeded in regaining his position, and the situation appeared critical. Second Lieutenant Haine at once formed a block in his trench and for the whole of the following night maintained his position against repeated and determined attacks. Reorganizing his men on the following morning, he again attacked and captured the strong point, pressing the enemy back for several hundred yards, and thus relieving the situation. Throughout these operations this officer's superb courage, quick decision and sound judgment were beyond praise, and it was his splendid personal example which inspired his men to continue their efforts during more than thirty hours of continuous fighting."

A Modest Hero.

Outside the gates of the school were more than a thousand persons, the street cars were blocked and every body was anxious to at least look at the hero. They waited for an hour, and then saw Lieutenant Haine's father, who wore a silk hat, passing the front door of the school, the son not daring to brave the throng. The father hastened home and put on an official report says, upon the enemy. No sooner were his fellows caught up with him than further ambition seized Robertson and, shouldering the machine gun and laughing from sheer glee, he led the men in the chase of the astounded Huns.

Long Flights by Birds.

A thrush was caught at Southport, England, recently, with a ring on its leg marked "Inform Witherby, High Holborn, London." Mr. H. F. Witherby, who is the editor of "British Birds," has, since 1910, had 75,000 birds so marked in the hope of learning something about their travels. A swallow ringed in Lancashire was found seven months later at Grahams-town, South Africa, 6,800 miles away. A lesser black-backed gull, ringed at the Farne Islands, off Northumberland, was found eight months later at St. Louis, Senegal, and a blackbird, ringed at London, was found in Moscow a few weeks afterwards. It would seem that birds are greater travellers than most of us imagine.

"In all your dealings remember that to-day is your opportunity; tomorrow some other fellow's."

The poultry business comes about as near to furnishing an all-the-year income as any branch of farming. There is plenty of sport at the top, because those who get there are the few who started early to avoid the rush.