

The Toronto World

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FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 24.

Empire Day.

Empire Day, like the Canadian Clubs, was started in Hamilton. It was on June 16, 1896, at the meeting of the Wentworth Historical Society, that Mrs. Clementina Fessenden, widow of the late actor of Ancester, first got the idea when her six-year-old granddaughter, Kathleen Trenham Fessenden, was made an honorary member of the society and had the maple leaf badge pinned on her frock. After some correspondence and agitation the first celebration took place in 1899, and the following year it became general. Queen Victoria, endowed the plan, and after her death through the empire her birthday is being observed as Empire Day. At the Empire Club yesterday a resolution was adopted seeking to have the Canadian celebration conform to the imperial observance.

The Victorian era undoubtedly contributed to the expansion and unifying of the empire, although Mr. Chesterton affirms in his recently published "Short History" that the most important thing that happened in Victorian times was that nothing happened. Probably this impression is the result of the boredom suffered by the new Georgians who have to listen to the recitals by the survivors of the Victorian era of the glorious things which took place in their time. Those of us who read Thackeray, and the number is not large, and who see the Victorian period through his eyes, remembering that he died in 1896, are apt to think that nothing happened since. The kind of things that interested the early Victorians may not have happened since, but a great many other things which they never dreamed of have happened. The late William de Morgan, who wrote the memorable "Joseph Vance" came to a late literary blooming just after the new century started, as unexpectedly as strawberries in November, and he proved that it was possible to see the present age with Victorian eyes. But he proved none the less that the Victorian age was numbered with the Augustan age, and the Elizabethan age, and all the earlier ages that underlie our Georgian foundations.

The empire goes back to Alfred, who built ships, and William I, who had ships, and Edward I, and Edward III, who had ships, and Elizabeth, who had ships, and Cromwell, who had ships, and the sailor men all down the 1,000 years or so, who sailed the ships out over the ocean, and round the world and made the empire what it is. And now here we are, ships and all, facing what have faced every century or two with stout hearts and fearless minds, and we need to be stout and fearless as they, and perhaps even a little stouter and more fearless in face of a mightier foe, a more dastardly and craven one, and one more bent on our destruction than any enemy in the past.

The world is moving to new ideals and more humanitarian aims. The war makes no doubt of this. It has divided the sheep from the goats in a veritable day of judgment as mankind will see. Our empire is being weighed in the balance of that comprehensive and judicial "Inasmuch."

We quote elsewhere from The Winnipeg Voice, the organ of labor interests in the west, some pregnant remarks on the principles and the aims which must underlie our social reformation and reconstruction if the empire is to be the kind of success that is worth while. It is not how big, but how good, that we must seek to measure. It is not how eminent any one, but how honorable are all. The communal spirit and the spirit of sacrifice are being poured out in the great war, and the empire is being nourished on such precious and potent elements. But unless the masses who are being fought for and who remain at home in comparative ease and comfort, imbibe something of the same sacramental life with which the men in the field are inspired, it is only a dead husk that will remain when the war is over. The germ of life is in the active, sacrificing, unselfish units who toll on and die in need.

These are not days to boast of empire. They are days to work for it and its highest ideals. What have you done for the empire? How much better is it that you have lived? Is anyone sorry or ashamed that you belong to it? These are the searching questions to be faced. If they can be answered worthily the empire in days to come will be more than ever a thing of glory and goodness and mercy will follow us all the days of our lives.

Hon. Dr. Cady.

There will be uncommon unanimity of approval for the new appointment

to the portfolio of education. Archdeacon Cady is the type of man who would dignify and honor any office he occupied, but he would do much more. He would dignify it by use and honor it by activity. The department of education has been practically lying fallow for some time, and there is an exceeding need, as we have frequently urged, for new policies and the realization of the new world ahead in dealing with our young people and in re-organizing our educational system.

The whole educational world of Ontario has need of being made over and made different, as Mrs. Poyer remarked of another matter. There are gaps to be bridged and blind alleys to be opened up, and main highways to be made smooth and straight which have all too long been difficulties for the student. Our educational facilities have been treated as they were by the privilege instead of rights, and instead of making education of every kind easy for those who want it the barriers are raised in one direction, and set up to herd pupils into useless by-paths in others.

All these things afford scope for great activity and progress on the part of the new minister, and the public will be disappointed if the whole scheme of instruction from the kindergarten to the university does not receive modernization and development. We are losing money on obsolete methods. We take it that the present superintendent will be superannuated and a new superintendent or commissioner appointed. Great things are possible.

The Winnipeg Strike.

The Winnipeg Voice, the organ of trade unionism and the laboring classes in the west, has the following editorial in its issue of 17th inst.: "Winnipeg is now in the throes of a strike which bids fair to stand as one of the most momentous in the annals of organized labor. The Voice has already declared its belief that in this strike the action of the unions was too precipitate. The Voice believes that there is a time to strike, but that time is after all efforts of conciliation and arbitration have failed. The strike is, properly, the last resort to be used when the fundamental rights of labor can be preserved in no other way."

The world is, or should be, tending toward a community life, a brotherhood from which inequalities and injustices will have been removed. Organized labor should play a prominent part in that movement thru united devotion to basic principles of public ownership, toleration between man and man, liberty of thought and speech, and close fealty to the common weal.

It seems to us that these cardinal principles have been lost sight of in the strike launched by employees of the City of Winnipeg who operate our public and communal utilities. The treatment received by workers from the ruling and moneyed classes in the long, hard past, has been most provocative, it is true, and the temptation to demonstrate the great power of organized labor was doubtless great. But two wrongs never make a right.

The Voice can only hope that when the strike is over, the time will come when the more precious still—that shadow may not be snatched while the solid substance which might soon have been grasped is lost, at least in part.

The force which will lead in the new era now at our door is a force of communal confidence and trust. No force which wields a bludgeon can do that. The great force which will mould the future of the world will be one that leads, not one that drives with a knotted lash. Organized labor, properly led and directed, can be that force if it has leadership it does not need, and public sympathy and consideration. What the word of command goes forth to take forward the guns, it is a team of horses that drags them on. Time is precious, speed is life, away they go. It is not the slow movement of the delivery wagon, but the furious charge as in the chariot race of the ancient Roman Empire. One horse after another is broken limb. In a few seconds it is cut, left to die, and the pace is stepped up to its suffering. The pace of victory is won, and at nightfall all that remains of the magnificent team is the husk of the horse, the front is a shattered, broken, remnant. Not only the horse, but the dog takes his place in the defence of the line. In the trenches, ahead of the ranks with reconnoitering parties, the dog is upholding his reputation as the friend of man. Under cover of darkness he has snatched here or there, helping to feel out the way. With an instinct that is the marvel of the universe, with a sense of hearing which detects the least novelty of sound, with a sense of smell that helps to seek out friend from foe, the wonderful dog of war has nightly done his duty on the outskirts of "No Man's Land." Or the faithful animal keeps watch in the dark hours of night with a heart that his eyes cannot see, hears what his ears cannot hear, senses as the cannot sense, and warns and saves. Or as the sun goes down in the west, hiding from the light of day the horrors of the battlefield, the Red Cross dogs go forth with the ambulance parties. Somehow, no one knows how, they discern the living from the dead, the wounded from the dead, the face of some poor, wounded soldier, some mother's son, they seek with a warm tongue that seems to be life itself. As Barry and other great dogs of the past days saved men in the snowbound Alps, the Red Cross dogs uphold the traditions of the breed, and to the wounded soldier guide the human hand that never fails. As Senator Vest, in his immortal eulogy says: "The one absolutely unselfish friend a man may have in this selfish world is the dog, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is the dog." This year more than all others people should feel a profound sense of sympathy with their animal friends, and should be ready to respond to any appeal on their behalf. Such an appeal is to be made on the last day of a tag day to be held by the Vancouver Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, when everyone will be asked to contribute a small sum to help to carry on the splendid work of the society.

ST. LAWRENCE POWER DAM.

Joint Commission Has Extended Hearing on U. S. Application.

New York, May 23.—Upon application of the Canadian Government, the United States and Canadian Commission, now in session here, has extended for sixty days its hearing on the petition of the New York and Ontario Power Company for permission to construct a power dam on the St. Lawrence River at Waddington, N.Y., according to a statement issued today by former Congressman James A. Tawney of Minnesota, a member of the commission. When the hearing is resumed, probably at Ottawa, the Dominion Government will present its answer to the petition.

The power house which it is proposed to erect at the dam would have a capacity of 300,000 horsepower, it is said, and would supply both American and Canadian territory.

WOODSTOCK AVIATOR DIES.

Camp Borden, May 23.—Second Lieutenant Gordon Frank Birchard, son of Mrs. C. H. Birchard, 463 Bloor street, Woodstock, Ont., died this morning in the field hospital here from the serious injuries sustained on the 17th instant, in an airplane accident here.

CANADIAN CASUALTIES

INFANTRY.

Killed in action—Lieut. E. M. Martyn, North Bay, Ont.; Lieut. M. S. Kelly, Portage la Prairie, Man.; W. B. Turner, England; J. Downie, Scotland; L. G. Coatsworth, Ont.; R. R. Lowrie, 17 Admiral road, Toronto; William Stone, 1035 Borden street, Toronto.
Died of wounds—Martin Crowe, Brookline, Mass.
Died—Albert Johnson, Rosham, S.D.; L. E. Luke, Dayton, Wyoming; J. L. Lance-Corp. A. J. Crabb, Scotland; Frank Youson, Victoria, B.C.; R. R. Housington, Detroit, Mich.; L. J. Gloson, Kingston, Ont.; Donald Munro, Sarnia, Ont.; L. C. Brennan, Coleman, Alta.; W. E. England.
Wounded—Lieut. R. A. Major, Halifax; Lieut. (acting captain) C. S. Burrows, 1000 Avenue, Toronto; G. R. Melton, Peterboro; David Jones, Ontario; G. E. Kerner, Cornwall; A. J. Gaurin, Montreal; N. B. A. Burdick, Hamilton; J. I. Sheaffer, York, Pa.; A. B. Brewer, Burlington, N.B.; G. P. Wood, Brantford, Ont.; George Brownell, Trent River, Ont.; Alfred Carpenter, Sarnia; G. P. Mason, Hamilton, Ont.; Samuel Brennan, St. Catharines, Ont.; Prisoner of war—E. H. Cox, England.

ARTILLERY.

Wounded—M. Fitzgerald, England; A. Donaldson, Corp. Ont.; G. W. Wilson, Scotland; Capt. C. R. McCort, Bolton, Ont.
Wounded, returned to duty—Sergeant. G. S. Donaldson, 146 Collier street, Toronto.

CAVALRY.

Accidentally killed—Capt. George Robinson, Winnipeg.
Reported missing—W. T. Kent, 375 Indian road, Toronto.
Wounded—A. G. Macle, Scotland.

RAILWAY TROOPS.

Wounded—A. D. Heffernan, Guelph, Ont.
Wounded, returned to duty—C. A. Liversidge, England.
Repaired—Lieut. E. D. Siker, Kingston.
Prisoner of war—Lieut. Bernard E. McBarry, Barrie, Ont.

SERVICES.

Killed in action—Capt. R. H. Martin, Benito, Alta.
Ill—William Crouch, England; Richard F. W. England.

MEDICAL SERVICES.

Wounded—Major H. E. McDermott, Montreal.

MACHINE GUN COMPANY.

Wounded—Lieut. J. A. McCulloch, England.

ALL MEN MUST WORK OR JOIN U. S. ARMY

Washington, May 23.—Every man of draft age must work or fight after May 1, under a drastic amendment to the selective training act, regulations announced today by Provost Marshal General Crowder.

Not only idlers, but all draft registrants who are held to be non-useful occupations are to be held before local boards and given the choice of a new job or the army.

Shop attendants, race track and bucket head the list, but those who will be reached by the new regulation also include waiters and bartenders, elevator operators and other attendants of clubs, hotels, stores, etc., domestics and clerks in stores.

Humane Society Tag on Saturday.

Vancouver World: In defence of the empire, in defence of humanity, in defence of liberty animals are mutually playing their part. With no prospect of a share in the spoils of victory, with every chance of being blown to pieces by a shell or wounded by the bullets of an enemy which is not theirs, possibly being out of their life blood on the field of battle, the animals this year of all years deserve sympathy and consideration. What the word of command goes forth to take forward the guns, it is a team of horses that drags them on. Time is precious, speed is life, away they go. It is not the slow movement of the delivery wagon, but the furious charge as in the chariot race of the ancient Roman Empire. One horse after another is broken limb. In a few seconds it is cut, left to die, and the pace is stepped up to its suffering. The pace of victory is won, and at nightfall all that remains of the magnificent team is the husk of the horse, the front is a shattered, broken, remnant. Not only the horse, but the dog takes his place in the defence of the line. In the trenches, ahead of the ranks with reconnoitering parties, the dog is upholding his reputation as the friend of man. Under cover of darkness he has snatched here or there, helping to feel out the way. With an instinct that is the marvel of the universe, with a sense of hearing which detects the least novelty of sound, with a sense of smell that helps to seek out friend from foe, the wonderful dog of war has nightly done his duty on the outskirts of "No Man's Land." Or the faithful animal keeps watch in the dark hours of night with a heart that his eyes cannot see, hears what his ears cannot hear, senses as the cannot sense, and warns and saves. Or as the sun goes down in the west, hiding from the light of day the horrors of the battlefield, the Red Cross dogs go forth with the ambulance parties. Somehow, no one knows how, they discern the living from the dead, the wounded from the dead, the face of some poor, wounded soldier, some mother's son, they seek with a warm tongue that seems to be life itself. As Barry and other great dogs of the past days saved men in the snowbound Alps, the Red Cross dogs uphold the traditions of the breed, and to the wounded soldier guide the human hand that never fails. As Senator Vest, in his immortal eulogy says: "The one absolutely unselfish friend a man may have in this selfish world is the dog, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is the dog." This year more than all others people should feel a profound sense of sympathy with their animal friends, and should be ready to respond to any appeal on their behalf. Such an appeal is to be made on the last day of a tag day to be held by the Vancouver Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, when everyone will be asked to contribute a small sum to help to carry on the splendid work of the society.

Decrease in Inland Revenue Mainly Due to Prohibition

Ottawa, May 23.—The statement of inland revenue department collections for April shows a total revenue of \$1,975,521 for the month, as compared with \$2,043,523 for the same month last year. The falling off is due to the decreased collections on spirits and liquors owing to the coming into force of war-time prohibition. The war tax for the month collected by the department amounted to \$91,766.

A SECOND COURT-MARTIAL

Winnipeg, May 23.—At the request of Lieut.-Col. A. C. Gray, formerly acting adjutant-general of military district No. 10, a district court-martial convened today to review the findings of a recent court-martial which deprived Col. Gray of his post. The court-martial is formed principally of military officers from eastern Canada and is presided over by Brig.-Gen. McDougall of Calgary.

SEIZES GILL NETS.

Brookville, May 23.—Fish and Game Overseer Toner in the last trip over this territory in this section of the St. Lawrence River made a seizure of half a dozen gill nets and half a mile of line.

BRITISH HOSPITALS BOMBED BY ENEMY

Germans Kill or Wound Several Nurses in Night Air Attack.

With the British Army in France, May 23.—German airmen again have bombed heavily British hospitals in the area behind the lines, and this time have killed and wounded some hundreds among the personnel and patients of many different hospitals in the group.

Recorded in the casualty list are the names of several airmen who, with their posts thrust a terrific deluge of explosives.

This latest horror was perpetrated Sunday night, apparently by four squadrons of enemy planes, which appear to have comprised more than a score of machines.

A three-seated airplane was brought down by gunfire while flying at a low altitude, and the occupants were made prisoners. The enemy machine and the pilot sustained comparatively light shrapnel wounds, while the observer was not hurt. When questioned why he had directed his men against hospitals the captain explained that he did not see the Red Cross sign. He said he was seeking military objectives and had no desire to molest hospitals.

With a shrug of his shoulders the German captain added that if the British choose to build their hospitals near railways they must expect to get them bombed.

Sunday night's raid was divided into two phases, the first of which began shortly after ten o'clock and lasted until eleven o'clock. Not satisfied with this the enemy returned at eleven forty o'clock and heavily bombed hospitals filled with wounded men.

In one building which was damaged most seriously all the patients were suffering from compound fractures, which made necessary their limbs being strapped in the air.

Not a woman deserted her ward, but through the terrible bombing each one kept her post, her duty, and guiding the unfortunate men, who might easily have done themselves lasting harm by springing from their beds.

One nurse, who was seriously injured while she was administering to the soldiers' wants, and another was so seriously hurt that she died shortly afterward. Still another was dying today.

A SLIGHT DECREASE IN COST OF FOODS

Ottawa, May 23.—A slight decrease in the average cost of a budget of staple foods for a family of five is noted for the month of April as compared with March in the monthly report of the department of labor. The report states that at the middle of the month, the average cost of such a budget was \$12.57 as compared with \$12.66 in the preceding month; \$10.77 in April, 1917, and \$7.51 in April, 1914. The index number of wholesale prices for many of the principal commodities was unchanged for April as compared with the previous month. In prices, decreases in grains, dairy products, fruits and vegetables, metals and implements, drugs and chemicals, were offset by increases in animals and meats, in building materials, and by slight increases in many of the other commodities.

In retail food prices, eggs and potatoes show considerable decreases, while meats and several other articles were slightly higher.

SHORT TO LAY FACTS BEFORE GOVERNMENT

London, May 23.—Evidence concerning the German plot in Ireland will be submitted to the British Cabinet today by Edward Short, chief secretary for Ireland. Press Association despatch from Dublin reports. It is thought that any part of the evidence should be published, compatible with the public interest, will be done, says the despatch, which adds:

"It can be stated on the best authority that the evidence of the plot exists in the shape of a memorandum, but it is a question affecting not merely the welfare of the prisoners, but the well-being of the empire."

NO FROST DAMAGE DONE IN ALBERTA

Edmonton, May 23.—No serious damage to the wheat crop from recent frost in the province, news from the department of agriculture, whose officials have made an examination in the mountain region.

In the trenches, ahead of the ranks with reconnoitering parties, the dog is upholding his reputation as the friend of man. Under cover of darkness he has snatched here or there, helping to feel out the way. With an instinct that is the marvel of the universe, with a sense of hearing which detects the least novelty of sound, with a sense of smell that helps to seek out friend from foe, the wonderful dog of war has nightly done his duty on the outskirts of "No Man's Land." Or the faithful animal keeps watch in the dark hours of night with a heart that his eyes cannot see, hears what his ears cannot hear, senses as the cannot sense, and warns and saves. Or as the sun goes down in the west, hiding from the light of day the horrors of the battlefield, the Red Cross dogs go forth with the ambulance parties. Somehow, no one knows how, they discern the living from the dead, the wounded from the dead, the face of some poor, wounded soldier, some mother's son, they seek with a warm tongue that seems to be life itself. As Barry and other great dogs of the past days saved men in the snowbound Alps, the Red Cross dogs uphold the traditions of the breed, and to the wounded soldier guide the human hand that never fails. As Senator Vest, in his immortal eulogy says: "The one absolutely unselfish friend a man may have in this selfish world is the dog, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is the dog." This year more than all others people should feel a profound sense of sympathy with their animal friends, and should be ready to respond to any appeal on their behalf. Such an appeal is to be made on the last day of a tag day to be held by the Vancouver Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, when everyone will be asked to contribute a small sum to help to carry on the splendid work of the society.

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IN THE HANDS OF A SPECIALIST



THE WOMAN WHO CHANGED

BY JANE PHELPS

No Time for Thought.

CHAPTER LXXXIX

"The days fairly flew by. Night after night we danced at the casino. I became quite popular (due to my wardrobe, I thought). George was pleased. I had become a reserved, hard-hearted, deceitful, and often utterly wretched woman. If only he would change back into what he was, or seemed to be, when we were married."

"Shall we move on?" George asked me one night. "Have you had enough of this?"

"Oh, yes! Let us go tomorrow."

"I made a laughing excuse, but the truth was that I wanted to get away from Julia Collins. I did not try to deceive myself. I was intensely jealous of her jealous of her influence over George. Then, too, Clark Huntington had begun to annoy me. Whenever he saw George with Julia, he would at once seek me out, and his half-veiled remarks about their friendship caused me much unhappiness."

I should be glad when we left for Newport. I should miss the gaiety of Narragansett—the free and easy sort of atmosphere—but I should gain more than I missed, in having George to myself.

We were to leave the next day but one. That last night I had a violent headache, and went to bed early. George went over to the casino, as usual. I lay thinking over all that had happened since I married George. My nerves were on edge. I commenced to cry. I felt that my husband didn't really love me, and that I never could have children to comfort me. Need I go on with it? Had I not the right to live a happier life than that I was leading?

Of course I exaggerated, as young, immature women are apt to do. In thinking of the unhappy things in my married life, I neglected to weigh me in the balance with all that

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French Headquarters, May 23.

Brilliant days and moonlight nights have evoked an amazing outburst of aerial activity. While our fighting planes carry out hundreds of patrols of the enemy lines and seek combats with enemy machines, our observation planes are busy snapping and photographing the German defenses and directing fire for the gunners.

Further afield the bombardment squadrons scatter bombs by the hundred, while nighty other squadrons drop scores of tons of explosives on railway stations, depots and cantonments, especially airdromes.

From May 15 to 18 French fighting planes carried out 551 patrols, engaged in 105 duels, destroyed 27 German airplanes, forced 80 more to land, damaged 100 more, and burned six balloons. In the same period our observation planes escorted over 1000 flights, including long distance reconnaissance as far as the Ardennes and Friedrichshafen, while bombardment squadrons dropped 100 tons of bombs on military establishments, especially airdromes.

At times, I felt that if George were consistently neglectful and cruel to me, I could soon learn to bear it; but I was not so sure.

Two Wrongs Never Make a Right.

Often, at this time, when I felt that I could not go on—that all joy was being crushed from my life—I would think of what mother used to say.

"Two wrongs never make one right," she would say, when we argued with her. "There is always duty to perform." To mother, duty meant much. Had it not been for her teachings, I surely would have given up when my misery seemed too heavy for me to bear.

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but, every now and then, he would be so kind, so thoughtful, that my hopes would rise and I would have a brief period of happiness. Always, I was either in the depths, or floating on the clouds. There seemed no middle path.

I called me about one o'clock and was so solicitous, so tender that I fairly cried to throw myself into his arms and tell him to love me—beg him to take me away from all these people he used to know, and to whom he compared me to my disadvantages. But, instead, I dressed quickly, and braced myself to say good-bye to Mrs. Collins and the others I had met. We should see them often, he said, only a lark to go over to Newport."

Clark Huntington said. But when George and I were announced in our charming party gowns, and I knew we had left some of the causes of our unhappiness even a little way behind, I said to him: "I shall be very happy here, alone with you, George."

"We shan't be alone! I know almost everyone in Newport. I want you to remain tonight. Tomorrow I shall introduce you to some of my friends."

"It is no use," I said to myself, as he left me to smoke.

It may seem strange that all this gaiety did not appeal more strongly to me so young as I. Had I been I should have been happy. But I blamed all my unhappiness upon the life George led before we were married—upon the friends he held up to me as patterns.

Tomorrow—Merton Gray Arrives.

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