

so that the children in each section may be taught according to the very method by which they are best able to learn."

"The fact of special arrangements being made under the Copenhagen system for the markedly stupid child, on the one hand, and the markedly clever, on the other, is almost as great an advantage to the average child as to the stupid and the clever. It is even more for his benefit, indeed, than for theirs, that these arrangements are made; for it would be impossible to secure for him, and he, of course, represents the many, the precise teaching he needs, if, in his class, there were children very superior to him in intelligence, or very inferior. The great majority of the boys and girls who go to the Copenhagen schools, as to other schools, are of course of average ability, neither stupid nor yet clever; and they have nothing whatever to do with Hjaelpe or Vaerne classes, or with Middle Schools. They remain the whole time they are at school in the ordinary classes, where the teaching is just what they require, being carefully adapted to the average intelligence. The teachers—they have only 29 pupils each to deal with, it must be noted—are not tempted to soar above their heads as they might be, were there a few very clever children among them; nor are they tempted to make the lessons too easy, as they would be, were there among them some who were very dull. The result is, all the children are able to learn and do learn."

HOW does an air-raider view the havoc wrought by the rain of death he releases when he pulls the lever which slips the bombs above his objective? Does he feel any compunction for strewing terror and horrible death amongst a multitude

of helpless women and children? Does he concern himself about aiming destruction at military objectives only? A German aviator who commanded one of the machines in the squadron which

carried out a daylight raid over London last July has, unconsciously, answered these questions in a story he has written of the raid which appears in Current History.

As he tells it, the dreadful affair was, to him, just an ordinary part of the day's work. He had slight respect for the efficiency of the anti-aircraft guns used in London's aerial defence. He is "highly enthusiastic" scudding through the sky above Sheerness. "And now the first British shots reach our altitude," he says, and adds with significant indifference, "but that does not matter much." Clouds bother him more than the cotton-ball puffs from the bursting of shells fired from below. "Damn it all, shall our game be spoiled this time!" he exclaimed when a cloud crept between his machine and the environs of the metropolis over which he was flying at the time. "I write my fears on a piece of paper and hand it to my pilot, and I see his fist coming down broadside with an oath," he adds in his comment on the cloud.

Five minutes of anxious suspense followed and he looked about for the other raiders. "They are still following in close formation. Then we pass that cloudbank and London's sea of houses stretches in vast expanse far below us.

"We now discover the first of the English chasing fliers, but for the present they do not concern us. Suddenly there stand, as if by magic here and there in our course, little clouds of cotton, the greetings of enemy guns. They multiply with astonishing rapidity. We fly through them and leave the suburbs behind us. It is the heart of London that must be hit.

"We see the bridges, the Tower of London, Liverpool St. station, the Bank of England, the Admiralty's palace—everything sharply outlined in the glaring sunlight. There are ships on the Thames that look like toys. With my glasses in one hand I signal with the other to my pilot. Slowly long rows of streets pass through the small orbit of the glasses.

"At last it is time to stop, I give a signal, and in less time than it takes to tell I have pushed the levers and anxiously follow the flight of the released

bombs. With a tremendous crash they strike the heart of England. It is a magnificently terrific spectacle seen from midair. Projectiles from hostile batteries are sputtering and exploding beneath and all around us, while below the earth seems rocking and houses are disappearing in craters and conflagrations, in the light of the glaring sun.

"In a few moments all is over and the squadron turns. One last look at the panic-stricken metropolis and we are off on our home course. I nod to my pilot, indicating that everything is all right. He answers 'likewise.' We have gotten somewhat behind the squadron, but soon make up the distance."

From his preamble and general description it is evident that he was one of the raiders who were above London on the morning of July 7th who were aided in their manoeuvres by clouds and a thick summer haze, and the defending squadrons were unable to detect and attack the raiders before they had strewn their bombs and started homewards. The German finishes his story by telling of being attacked by a British air fighter just as he reached the coast.

"By his tactics I recognized him as one of these astute English fliers we encountered at the Somme. Perhaps we had met there. For a short time we fly almost parallel, both preparing to attack. Suddenly he turns sharply to the left and there he is not twenty meters distant. Our machine guns pour lead into each other. Just twenty seconds of fighting and all is over, old friend of last summer!"

THERE has been a lot of talk in Canada lately about war councils, executives and big men coalitions; and quite a few new-fangled notions have been put forward as "war measures," and calculated to change the old order of managing our administrative affairs. We seem to have lost sight for a while of the importance of parliament. According to Thomas Lough, who writes of the British Parliament in The Contemporary Review, "Whatever criticism may appear in the press, or however the abilities of individual statesmen may be advertised or exaggerated for a moment, in the minds of the people Parliament is the indispensable machine without which order could not be maintained or Government carried on. The impatience displayed in these days when even a few weeks pass without the House being in session, illustrates the feelings entertained as to the necessity of its existence and continuous activity. The ideal of self-government is inbred in the people: they imagine that their member ought to be able to remove every injustice and procure them every benefit which existing conditions place

within their reach. They know nothing of encroachment on the sovereignty of Parliament, and nothing is more remote from their ideal than that it has not full control over finance, military matters, and every sphere of the national activity. It must also be admitted that their view of the situation is the true one, and that Parliament is the guardian of liberty and often the only protector of the oppressed. Every restriction on its power or authority arises exclusively from the shortcomings, want of spirit or dignity of the House itself at some particular moment. The most serious restraints are merely embodied in resolutions or Standing Orders which could be swept away in a day. It is often said that the claims of every institution must be weighed by the single predominant consideration of the war, and its efficiency summed up by asking one question, Will it help us to win? No organization or institution can respond satisfactorily to this searching test with the same truth as Parliament. It has placed all the national resources unhesitatingly at the disposal of the executive; its constancy, steadfastness, and unity have been reflected and supported throughout the whole Empire. It alone can provide the necessary effort to bring the contest to a victorious conclusion. It is hardly too much to say that if sufficient respect had been given to the efforts and views of Parliaments in all countries, there would have been no war. During the last quarter of a century, an International Parliamentary Union has existed, which included a majority of the members in the great belligerent as well as neutral states, and this body was unanimously in favour of putting into operation an arrangement available for all nations by which this dreadful recourse to bloodshed might have been avoided. But its voice was not listened to, and so the inevitable punishment has fallen upon Europe. It is only the unfettered representatives of the people

in the various countries concerned that can make a satisfactory or stable peace, and the discussion, within reasonable limits, of the principles on which this might be attained should no longer be

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repressed or deprecated."

ONCE more, now that Russia has broken her bonds and uttered the cry, "Freedom!" Lithuania is destined to loom very big in the world's history," writes S. Frederick Lees in the Contemporary Review. "There is a Lithuanian Question which, like that of the Ukraine, has been agitated ever since the beginning of the war, and will inevitably come up for discussion at the time of the great settlement, when, as we have been promised, 'the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe' will be 'placed upon an unassailable basis,' when 'the smaller states of Europe' will be given their 'charter of independence.'"

"The Lithuanians, conscious of their existence as a separate nationality, aspire, in short, to their complete independence upon a racial basis, in order that they may satisfy their aspirations. It cannot be denied that they base their claims on a firm scientific foundation. The Lithuanians, with their brothers, the Letts, who inhabit Courland and Livonia, form a nation of about five millions. To these figures should be added the million Lithuanian emigrants in the United States, and the eight to ten thousand who have found refuge in the United Kingdom, the colonies here, in the order of their importance, being in Glasgow, London, Liverpool, and Manchester. These two allied nations form a race apart, quite distinct from either the Russians or the Poles—a race, according to Elisee Reclus, 'composed of highly intelligent people, full of imagination and poetry,' and, in the words of Kant, who was of Lithuanian origin, 'of loyal men, strong in the knowledge of their personal dignity.'"

"The Lithuanian nation, plunged into poverty, homeless, partly exiled from its native soil, and deprived of all its institutions, cannot be born again from its ruins unless, eventually, it is granted complete liberty," declares Mr. Lees. "They cannot heal their present wounds unless you grant full rights to their National organizations."



Democritus the Junk Man: "Any old crowns to-day any old crowns?"