

WHEN THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF TORONTO DID THEIR BIT



One hundred and twenty automobiles brought the Red Cross collections of the school children to the City Hall, in Toronto, on the afternoon of Trafalgar Day. The scene, when a small band from each school handed its bag of coin to the Mayor, was one of the most thrilling ever enacted in that city. The children gave over eleven thousand dollars and the teachers over six thousand.

Ontario's Outburst

LAST week staid, respectable Ontario just about lost her head in finding the exact place and the size of her heart—or somewhere thereabouts. Up to the time of going to press the people of Ontario had contributed practically \$2,000,000 to the British Red Cross. The enthusiasm behind this superb amount of solid cash was never quite equalled in that Province before. It was the first plebiscite that had the dimensions of a Provincial Tag Day. The organized enthusiasm of people in general responded to the enthusiastic organization in the various centres of benevolence—some of these were so small that it would need a magnifying-glass to find the names on any ordinary map, but they all lined up with their donations.

Of course Toronto, the Capital of the Province, whose government was the intermediary agent in getting the money, was the busiest place of all. That city was never so beautifully busy. The overture began in the churches on Sunday, when to every church door a boy scout from headquarters wheeled or marched up with a message for the minister. Churchgoing Toronto got the idea of the big push first. On Monday evening, in Convocation Hall, came the first act in the drama with a great meeting of speeches and songs, with the Lieutenant-Governor in the chair. Tuesday morning the big push began in earnest, when 250 men, divided up into ten teams, under the direction of a general committee, went out in decorated automobiles, on street-cars, in horse rigs, on foot, into offices, factories and stores, up elevators and stairways, meeting for lunch at headquarters on King St., comparing notes, totting up aggregates. Wednesday was a crescendo. Thursday brought the climax, Trafalgar Day, when 40,000 school children went at the grand finale. Late in the afternoon a long procession of jubilant decorated motor-cars carrying money lined up at the City Hall, where speeches were delivered. In the evening, headquarters on King St. was busier than any political headquarters night of a general election.

The March of Brains

NOW is the season of pure mentality; the time of year when mind begins again its conquest over matter. For the past two or three months our pure intellects have been idly vacating in the vagabond woods, at indolent summer resorts, on invigorating farms with pitchforks, on steamboats comforted by scenery and summer magazines. The knowledge acquired or partly digested during the previous year has been simmering down to the quality of real thought. College men must have some time to think. The only time is during vacation. For the next few months our academic squirrels, whether in universities, high schools or the upper forms of the public schools will be gathering the nuts that they expect to eat next summer. Old Rufus Choate, the great American counsel, used to say that a busy lawyer's vacation is the time between the question he puts to a witness and the

answer he gets. The student's vacation comes between the last question he answered on an exam. paper and the first "come-all-ye" of the professor who looks over his class on the morning of college opening. There are in college halls this week not less than ten thousands students. Since they last jostled one another on the campus the world has considerably changed. But none of these changes disturb the thoughtless process of gathering the material of knowledge.

A Yeats Confession

By FREDERICK JAMES GREGG

EXTREME self-consciousness is the most striking peculiarity of writers nowadays. George Moore painted his own portrait in "Mike Fletcher," and, later on, in "Memories of My Dead Life" and "Hail and Farewell." Every one of Bernard Shaw's prefaces to his plays is a confession of some sort.



W. B. YEATS.

Their most distinguished contemporary among the poets, W. B. Yeats, is going the same way. The first part of an autobiography, "Reveries over Childhood and Youth," is to be the next book brought out a few weeks from now by the Cuala Press, the notable publishing house at Dundrum, in the County of Dublin.

Perhaps it is because he has had such a crowded life that Yeats sees nothing incongruous in taking the world into his confidence at such a comparatively early age. He began young. His first poems were printed in the Dublin University Review before he had left the high schools of Erasmus Smith, and his first volume appeared at a time when most boys are entirely occupied with college examinations. As far back as 1908 his "works" were brought out by Bullen in eight lordly volumes—with the well-known Sargent sketch and other portraits and a full bibliography.

Yeats has come at times under powerful individual influences, as in the case of William Morris, John O'Leary and John E. Taylor. But he has affected others more than others affected him. This dreamer of dreams and disciple of Blake and the mystics has been a wonderful doer of things, as well as a writer of things. He founded the Irish Theatre; discovered John M. Synge and persuaded him to turn dramatist; so influenced George Moore that he turned his back on Paris and London and joined the movement; got

Bernard Shaw to work on that fine play, "John Bull's Other Island"; persuaded Lady Gregory that she could write comedies; lured Dr. Douglas Hyde away from his politics for a time, and is largely responsible for theatrical experiments in various places like those of the Ulster and the Manchester Players. Indeed, the development of the small theatre in America and in Europe has been to a considerable extent a result of his efforts.

Not since the wild youth of Victor Hugo had a play caused a riot in a theatre until Yeats put on Synge's "Playboy of the Western World," and the struggle between prejudice and the other thing was repeated in New York.

Yeats has interested in a new form of the drama not only Irish and English work-people, but the wise men of Oxford, Cambridge and Harvard.

The Profit in Wheat

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Sir,—Wheat is a live question, not only to farmers, but also to city people. Your article in the issue of October 9th was, to some extent, forestalled in the Agricultural Year Book, under the heading, "Too Much Wheat?" Your article overlooks the aspect of patriotism and the fine contribution which the Western farmers are making to the Empire's need for food. Some Western agricultural papers appreciate this situation, particularly "The Saskatchewan Farmer," in its issues of September and October.

Let me present the situation in what may be to your readers a new aspect:

Value of Wheat Per Acre.			
	Average yield bush per acre.	Average price to farmer.	Value per acre.
1910	14.89	\$.75	\$11.17
1911	20.80	.64	13.31
1912	20.38	.62	12.64
1913	21.04	.67	14.10
1914	15.37	1.42	21.98
1915	25.89	.80	20.71

Some questions:

Is not the Canadian farmer getting this year about as much per acre for his wheat as he did last year?

Who is, this year, paying the ocean rates—the Canadian producer or the European consumer?

Keeping in mind that it costs about \$12 per acre to produce wheat, what is there in the present situation to make any one suggest that the farmer thinks that he has been "buncoed"?

In view of the above, is the farmer really going to stop trying to produce big grain crops?

C. C. JAMES.

Toronto, Oct. 22nd, 1915.

[Editor's Note.—Dr. James states interesting facts, but he overlooks the main issue. The farmer would make \$20.71 an acre, if he could sell his wheat. But can he sell it? An article on page 3 of this issue shows that at the present rate of shipment from Montreal it would take two years to get our wheat out, and Montreal itself will close up in a few weeks. Who will buy our wheat when navigation closes?]