

"It's tough on him," muttered Bruce, aloud, "dashed tough."

He had been so absorbed in feeling sorry for his father that he neglected to keep watch. The result was that a hand reached over his head and Pantomimic Art was lifted out of his guilty fingers.

"What's this putrid trash?" demanded the Old Man. "Is this the way you read up a case? Tough? I should say so! Now, young man, out with it! What ails you?"

A very bad half hour for the Archers, senior and junior, ensued. And, just a few blocks away the head of the office was treating stenographer number forty-three to a dissertation on mistakes that stung like a swarm of outraged wasps.

But even disagreeable things have their uses. Bruce got his confession over and Merrie definitely made up her mind.

She was going to hie herself to California, where the darling movies are made, and when she got there she'd apply for a place, and she'd work hard and be successful and go up the ladder three rungs at a time and get to be a star and have a cinnamon-coloured automotorbile and her pictures in all the magazines.

While Merrie was pinning on her last year's hat, made over, Bruce was trying to forget the verbal drubbing he had got.

Son polished the nails of his right hand upon the palm of his left to show himself that he wasn't angry, no, not even disturbed. Then he put on his hat and went to a twenty-five cent movie.

Sunday, Merrie spent largely in ratifying her determination about California, and in trying to evolve ways and means of getting there, which was no kindergarten problem.

In the evening she went to church. On the way her thoughts strayed to worldly matters.

"Merrie, dreams are cheap, but tickets to California cost money. It can't be begged, borrowed nor stolen. Neither is it likely to be picked off a park bush. You'll have to use your wits as other people do. Oh, for an inspiration turnable into cash."

On Monday morning, Bruce was still polishing his

finger-nails. He was up early and he determined henceforth to be the first one at the office and the last one to leave until he—well, until—. How long would he have to wait for a case absolutely his own? Where could he find one? How was he to show the Governor?

And then it happened. Two street cars and a beer waggon had been trying to expedite their individual affairs by rushing each other. People were scattered about like clothespins in a basket, but no one was hurt except an old plasterer who had been rather badly cut by glass, and a young lady who had fainted.

Young Archer knelt on the floor beside her and began to administer first aid of his own invention with one hand, while he fished a card out of his pocket and gave it to the plasterer with the other.

"I'm a lawyer," said the junior partner of Archer, Featherstone and Archer, "you have got a very good case against the Company. Come to see me and I'll look after your interests."

The plasterer grinned craftily. "Watch for me," said he, and held his streaming hand over the seat next to him while he fumbled for his bandanna.

Merrie did not open her eyes the moment she regained her senses, which rarely left her, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. Her ears were always open. As she let her eyelids flutter apart she thought she recognized her longed-for inspiration.

"Get his name and some witnesses," she advised her rescuer in a weak whisper; "I'm all right here for a minute."

She remained where she had been flung in the aisle and her head drooped until her cheek was resting on the seat beside the man with the bandanna.

The lawyer used his pencil freely among the crowd. In no time he had the back of an envelope full of names and addresses and had cautioned his humble client against claim agents and company doctors. Then he hastened back to Merrie.

"Here is an ambulance coming," he said to her. "I think you ought to go to a hospital."

"I prefer my own doctor. I want to go home."

"Sure she does," interposed an enterprising taxicab driver, "don't send her to none of them butcher shops, Mister, take her home in my taxi."

"Perhaps I had better call to see you about the business end of this lamentable affair after you have had a little rest," suggested Archer after he had made her as comfortable as he could at her home.

"I don't feel exactly well," she answered, in a weak voice, "but I can listen anyway. Please go on."

So Bruce outlined his plan of action, finishing, "Now, if I don't get you at least five hundred dollars damages I'm not—" he laughed, "well, I'm not a man with my mind made up."

"Oh! Mr. Archer! Please do! That much would be—" She broke off suddenly and then continued, "would be little enough. The shock I've suffered. I'm lame and—"

"Good!" applauded Bruce. "You have the idea."

Merrie flushed. "I don't understand what you mean by that, sir, but I have the evidence."

In due course of time the Street Car Company's beaten and despairing claim agent recommended that the case of Merrie Holt be settled out of court with her lawyer.

On the day following receipt of her blood money, as she called it, Merrie departed for sunny California and the case of the injured plasterer came to trial, Bruce Archer, attorney, with the old and respected firm of Archer, Featherstone and Archer, bitterly gnashing its teeth. Oh, dismal disgrace!

Miss Holt decided that nothing was too good for a future star of picturedom, and she did herself well. She travelled luxuriously, and she did not stint herself en route. She enjoyed herself prodigiously in spite of the voice within her which told her that a girl who faked ought to be killed in a real accident just to pay her. Each night, when she snapped down her berth light, she told herself that she didn't deserve to wake up alive in the morning. A joyful refrain echoed through her dreams, nevertheless, "For I'm to be Queen of the Movies, Merrie; I'm to be Queen of the Films."

Early on the fifth day Merrie's train came to a
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The Folly of Discussing Peace Terms As Seen Through a Monocle

THERE always will be men, I imagine, who will not recognize that the existence of a state of war changes the conditions which obtain in peace times. They seem ever to be saying: "We do business thus-and-so in peacetime. Why not do it the same way in war-time?" These are the people who to-day want the British Government to declare "what it is fighting for"—in other words, to state in detail on what terms it will make peace. They have the logical notion that, if both groups of belligerents would only put in writing right now the conditions on which they would be willing to stop the war and make peace, we should all find that the differences between us were not really worth the continued slaughter of hundreds of thousands of our best men, and that we would easily agree upon a compromise peace settlement. We could do that in peace time. We do do it in compromising law suits. Why not do it now?—they ingenuously enquire.

OF course, the first answer is: "We are not fighting for peace-terms. We never have been fighting for peace-terms. We are fighting for victory." Peace-terms are largely a matter of commercial or territorial arrangement; and there is no commercial or territorial justification for war at all. There is no nation involved in this present war which could have said before the war in cold blood: "Give me so much territory; and I will line up one million of my finest sons against a river bank and shoot them dead." Yet such a proposal must be not only possible, but acceptable to our ordinary moral sense, if we can now think of the war in terms simply of territory or finance or commerce. When we compromise a law suit, we do it on conditions which would be quite thinkable before we went to law. But we could not compromise a murder trial in that way. A priceless element has been injected into the calculation. A million-multiplication of this priceless element has been injected into the terrible arbitrament of war.

Here lay one of the many mistakes of our young friend, Norman Angell. He was under the im-

pression that the objects of war could be stated in terms of territorial or commercial advantage. With that as the basis of his thesis, he was quite easily able to show that some wars at all events did not "pay." If he had waited for this frightful super-war, he could have made his case even more convincing to the real estate and cash-down school of publicists; for it would be simply impossible to imagine any gain in land or trade which would be worth what this war has cost either side already—and the end is not yet in sight. But what price shall a man set on his soul—on his liberty—on his ideals? What could Germany give to France that would be regarded as a fair quid pro quo for the permanent occupation of her northern provinces down to the present German battle-front? What would Belgium take and let the Germans stay where they are? What would Russia ask for the row of fine provinces from Courland to Volhynia?

EVEN if Germany were quite willing to evacuate all these ravished and dominated provinces, but to do so under conditions which made it look like a gratuitous concession on her part to our weakness—a movement of pity of which she might repent to-morrow—a gift which she might re-take to-morrow—could we accept that as a satisfactory peace? Most assuredly not. The truth undoubtedly is that we should have to drive a much harder bargain with Germany in the mere matter of mechanical peace terms if we made peace with her to-day than would be necessary if we postponed the writing of peace terms until after we had conspicuously and admittedly smashed her military power. To-day we must insist on peace terms so abject and crushing on her side as to leave no doubt that she regards her complete defeat as ultimately certain. But when our soldiers shall have inflicted that defeat in the eyes of the whole world, then we can afford to write peace terms which will consider the future only and are not compelled to look back on an unsatisfactory war.

THERE is absolutely nothing to be gained and much to be lost by discussing peace terms to-day. For instance, other nations may yet enter the war. If they do so, they will change conditions in a way to affect the peace terms. Again, it is not to be expected that every proposal which every Allied nation could put forward in a tentative outline of its extremest demands in case of victory, would be perfectly agreeable to every neutral nation. That could only happen in heaven. So if the Allies were to formulate their peace terms, they might poison the friendly feeling for their cause in some neutral Capitals, and so play the German game. The enemy are very careful on this point. Their peace terms are most vague.

THE peace terms will be written with bayonets—not with pens. Strength will be served. They will grow out of the military conditions that obtain on the various fronts when the war closes. They will not be bargained for—they will be battled for. The only gain to be made by publishing possible peace terms to-day is to neutralize Teuton attempts to sow discord between the Allies and to inspire fighting peoples to supreme efforts. Thus it was prudent for the Allies to wait upon King Albert during a period of Prussian lying and insinuation and pledge themselves to entirely restore his Kingdom before laying down arms. Again, it is good business for the Western Allies to assure the Russians that they intend to help them obtain full control of the Dardanelles. These are tactical parries of German sword thrusts. But it would be quite a different thing to lay down complete terms of peace with the hope of being able to trade and compromise with the enemy and so bring a speedy end to the slaughter of war.

THERE is no short cut to peace. The only path to it leads by the dazzling highway of victory. We must disarm our enemy before we disengage our swords. If we leave him under the impression that he can soon renew the conflict with good hopes of reversing the verdict, he will infallibly do it. What we have to do is not so much to dismember his country or try to dictate his form of government as to convince him that war cannot pay him. This means keeping up the Entente, and keeping it armed to the teeth. Let no pacifist dream of beating swords into ploughshares after this pseudo-Armageddon.

THE MONOCLE MAN.