



In the Versailles Barber Shop.

FOCH IS SIMPLICITY AND FORCE COMBINED

History will doubtless accord to Marshal Foch an even higher place in the hall of fame than his contemporaries accord him now. Meeting him inspires G. Ward Price, the well-known correspondent, with the feeling of drawing near a Doric temple. Simplicity is the foundation of his character. He is simple in his surroundings, simple in his person, simple in his thoughts. It is the simplicity of genius, the genius of simplicity. The impression he gives is of great strength combined with an absence of ornament, deliberate in its severity. Foch abhors non-essentials. He thinks in schedules. His talk itself is tabularized. He speaks in short, staccato sentences. "Bon!" he interjects after every clause in his argument—ticking it off as it were. And having finished what he has to say on a subject, he makes a short resume of it, which, if you took it down textually, would read exactly like lecture notes. Men who deal with vast subjects are obliged thus to discipline their thoughts. Otherwise essential outlines would be submerged in a sea of minor detail.

Even to France Foch is something of a mystery. He shows himself but little among his troops. His duty did not lie there, and he seeks no popularity. The simplicity of the man gives the public imagination. His fierce modesty cuts him off from all intercourse outside his work.

When the attack in the Amiens sector on August 8. That went well, too. The moment had arrived. I ordered General Humbert to attack in his turn. "No reserves! No matter. Allez-y! (Get on with it). I tell Marshal Foch to attack, too. He's short of men also. Attack all the same! There we are, advancing everywhere—the whole line! En avant! Hurrah!"

The marshal leant forward with his clenched hands moving to and fro like a jockey riding the finish of a race. Strength and Calm.

The marshal talked long and emphatically about the Rhine. I wish I could convey the feeling of energy and rugged strength that radiates from him. There is a toughness in his physical fibre that corresponds to the robust straightforwardness of his mind. These qualities, added to a frank simplicity of manner, surround him with an aura of calm and confidence. Involved questions disentangle themselves as he approaches them. Dangers appear less formidable. Strength increases. Hope revives.

Officers who served with the marshal through the war have told me how the mere fact of his arrival at the headquarters of a hard-pressed sector would sustain and restore harassed generals when all seemed going wrong. He would ask a few simple but essential questions, give some short words of counsel, and, by sheer tranquillity of manner and determination of character transform depression into optimism.

When the Germans got through Chat eau-Thierry his only comment was, "That's a bad rip. We shall need a fortnight to mend that."

It is on no lack of strength but on abundance of it, that this calm of Foch is founded. He has a bulldog face. Behind the curtain of the heavy drooping iron-grey moustache are two rows of strong teeth and a square jaw. His grey eyes flash when he talks and he clenches his fist, even to emphasize a point in conversation, with grim energy that tells of the reserves of force latent within him.

Like all great leaders of men he has a vitality which takes immediate grip of those who come in contact with him. You notice nothing else in his room while he is there, and when he speaks your whole attention is fixed at once upon the lined yet vigorous face and the words that come from those steel-trump laws. There is something about Marshal Foch that reminds one of the hot glow of a smouldering ember—warm and genial, yet capable of being fanned to a flame of fierceness.

He always gets to the heart of a question immediately, seizing with unflinching instinct upon the kernel of the matter. "The marshal ripped the inside out of me," said a high artillery officer after an interview of ten minutes, in which he had to report upon the dispositions taking for coming battle. "Such and such is to be the role of the heavy artillery; such and such of the light. Go away and do it."

ANNOUNCING A Price Reduction on Goodyear Automobile Tires and Tubes Effective June 2nd

The following is the new schedule of retail list prices on some of the popular sizes of Goodyear Automobile Tires and Tubes to apply on and after Monday, June 2nd, 1919.

Cut out and preserve this list

Table with 6 columns: SIZE, GOODYEAR FABRIC TIRES (Smooth Tread, All-Weather Tread), GOODYEAR CORD TIRES (All-Weather and Rib Tread), GOODYEAR TUBES (Regular, Heavy Tourist). Rows list various sizes from 30 x 3 1/2 to 37 x 5 with corresponding prices.

Additional information can be had from any Goodyear Service Station

How "Made-in-Canada" Saves You Money

Table comparing Goodyear imported tires vs. Made-in-Canada tires. Columns: Size, Price if Imported, Goodyear Price, Saving to Canadian Motorists. Rows list sizes 30 x 3 1/2, 34 x 4, 33 x 4 1/2, 34 x 4 1/2, 35 x 5.



Advertisement for Postum coffee. Text: 'TRY A CUP OF INSTANT POSTUM next time that tea or coffee disagrees. No loss of pleasure but a great gain in health if you are susceptible to harm from tea or coffee. "There's a Reason"'

A CHURCH AND REAL SOCIAL SERVICE

(Pittsburg Christian Advocate.) "I don't know about his theology, but I do know that he cured my hogs. I'm for him."

It was thus that a member of the Lakeville, Ohio, Methodist Episcopal church justified the theory that if the country church would do more for country people the people would respond and do more for the church. About five years ago Charles McConnell reached the place where, fresh from a theological school, when McConnell reached the place a cluster of houses and a railroad station near Woods, he found an enclaved church and an epidemic of hog cholera. He found also that the farmers were worrying little about the church giving up the ghost than they were about their hogs dying. So the young pastor began to preach a rather lively brand of religion. Then he sent to the state university for some hog serum. Both preaching and medicine began to take effect.

Two of the members met one day. They pulled up hub to hub to chat a bit about the preacher. One of them expressed some doubt as to his theology. It was then that the other made the above observation.

Five years now McConnell has worked here. The country is dotted with abandoned churches but Lakeville Methodist Episcopal church flourishes. It is the social, religious and instructional centre for the entire countryside. It boasts the only moving picture outfit within several miles. It has a community memorial hall, dedicated to the lady from Lakeville section who helped clean up the world in the great war. Hogs were only one of the things the farmers were losing money on from unfamiliarity with modern methods. So McConnell arranged with the state university for a series of farmers' institutes. They are held at the church. Since they were begun the farmers have better orchards, better cattle, better crops and prosperity is reflected in better health, better babies, better homes and barns—and a better church.

Progress seldom comes easy. McConnell, for instance, began to talk a new church almost as soon as he arrived. The more optimistic said he might raise as much as \$1,500 toward one. He started a campaign and got about \$400. Then he took the bull by the horns.

The Jews Marching For An Idea

Boston, May 31.—Down the straight street as far as eye can see, a dense, regularly moving line of people approaches the square, with the usual mounted police escort leading in orderly array. The Jews of Boston, from every country, of every shade of orthodoxy—of every age and condition and degree of mentality, of every diversity of form and feature, except that upon every countenance is traced, more or less legibly the stamp of their historic lineage. They commemorate their fellows massacred in countries of Europe these last months; they ask help for those still suffering; they say—and these are American citizens who carry the banner—they say to America: "We look to you." They say—and this banner is carried by Jewish youths in the United States uniform—"We fought for democracy. We ask freedom from persecution for the Jews." They wear sabbath badges with the words, "We protest against pogroms."

They float the American flag, and beside it the beautiful blue and white Hebrew flag with the Star of David in the center, with "Zion" for its only legend. These are all the insignia; there is no planned spectacle for the eye. This multitude is marching for an idea.

Aged men and women with the marks of oppression upon them; strong men and women whose eyes hold a story of other, less peaceful scenes; young men and women whose faces are touched with deep feeling; still others who are there because they are Jews, and must respond to the call of race and faith. Some of the men bear children in their arms; many a woman carries a baby while a toddler clings to her skirt. Boys and girls of every grade of nurture march heedlessly or gravely. A mingled cry you might say, if your eyes were hidden, a motley crowd. But a crowd with an idea.

And over and over the bands play—and they play nothing else—the aged old music of the Day of Atonement, solemn, sweet, and searching; the strain of mourning, of repentance, of consecration, which Hebrews in all lands know. The music expresses an idea.

So they throng on, in a seemingly never-ending line; a few to enter the hall of meeting, the rest—20,000, 30,000—to stand for hours in the street or in the Common, where they hear no word

W. S. FISHER'S SPEECH IN HALIFAX

(Halifax Chronicle.)

W. S. Fisher of St. John, president of the maritime branch of the Canadian Manufacturers Association, greeted the Halifax gentlemen for their cordial welcome and interesting words. Meetings of the association helped to break down such barriers of provincialism as might exist. He denied the reality of a rivalry between Halifax and St. John, saying that the people of St. John rejected in the evident prosperity of Halifax. The question of exportation affected every manufacturer, and the help and sympathy of the government and the individual were needed. The maritime provinces were handicapped by geographical position. It was necessary to be very vigorous to hold their own. Pressure should be brought to bear on the government of the day to remedy the question of railway transportation in the future. There should be co-operation to obtain fair treatment. As to exportation, Nova Scotia had many advantages, with raw materials, an intelligent population, and a favorable climate.

Mr. Fisher said next that 150 corporations in the maritime provinces were doing business abroad, or elsewhere in Canada. There was just as great a field for any other manufacturing concern. There was a vast opportunity for energetic men with vision.

Advertisement for Oriental Cream. Text: 'Beautiful Women of Society, during the past twenty years have relied upon it for their distinguished appearance. The soft, refined, pearly white complexion it renders instantly, is always the source of flattering comment. USE The Wand Ad Wax'