

## The Laws of the Navy

The following "Jingle" is very popular just now in the British Navy and has been written out for the "Courier" by a Canadian officer in the service.

**N**OW these are the laws of the Navy, unwritten and varied they be;  
And he that is wise will observe them, going down in his ship to the sea.  
As naught may outrun the destroyer, even so with the Law and its grip,  
For the strength of the ship is the Service, and the strength of the Service the ship.  
Take heed what ye say of your rulers, be your words spoken softly or plain,  
Lest a bird of the air tell the matter and so shall ye hear it again.  
If ye labour from morn until even, and meet with reproof for your toil,  
It is well—that the gun must be humbled, the compressor must check the recoil.

On the strength of one link in the cable dependeth the might of the chain.  
Who knows when thou mayest be tested? So live that thou bearest the strain.  
When the ship that is tired returneth with the signs of the sea showing plain;  
Men place her in dock for a season, and her speed she reneweth again;  
So shalt thou, lest perchance thou grow weary in the uttermost parts of the sea,  
Pray for leave—for the good of the Service—as much and as oft as may be.  
Count not upon certain promotion, but rather to earn it aspire,  
Though the sight line shall end on the target, there cometh perchance, a missfire.

Canst follow the track of the dolphin, or tell where the sea swallows roam?  
Where Leviathan taketh his pastime? What ocean he calleth his home?  
Even so with the words of thy rulers, and the orders those words shall convey;  
Every law is as naught beside this one, "Thou shalt not criticise, but obey!"  
Saith the wise "How may I know their purpose" then acts without wherefore or why;  
Stays the fool but one moment to question, and the chance of his life passeth by.

If ye win through an African jungle, unmentioned at home through the press,  
Heed it not, no man seeth the piston, but it driveth the ship none the less.  
Do they growl? It is well. Be thou silent, so that work goeth forward amain;  
Lo! the gun throws her shot to a hairsbreadth and shouteth, yet none shall complain.  
Do they growl and the work be retarded? It is ill, be whatever their rank,  
The half loaded gun also shouteth, but can she pierce armour with blank?

Doth the paintwork make war with the funnels? Do the decks to the cannon complain?  
Nay, they know that some soap or a scraper unites them as brothers again.  
So ye, being Heads of Departments, do your growl with a smile on your lips  
Lest ye strive, and in anger be parted, and lessen the might of your ship.  
Dost deem that thy ship needeth gilding, and the Dockyard forbear to supply?  
Put thy hand in thy pocket and gild her, there are those who have risen thereby.

Dost think, in a moment of anger, 'Tis well with thy seniors to fight?  
They prosper, who burn in the morning the letters they wrote overnight.  
For some there be, shelved and forgotten, with nothing to thank for their fate  
• But that, on a mere sheet of foolscap, a fool had "the honour to state."

If the fairway be crowded with shipping, beating homeward the harbour to win,  
It is meet that, lest any should suffer, that steamers pass cautiously in.

So thou, when thou nearest promotion, and the peak that is gilded is nigh,  
Give heed to thy words and thine actions, lest others be wearied thereby;  
It is ill for the winners to worry, take thy fate as it comes with a smile,  
And when thou art safe in the harbour, they will envy, but may not revile.  
Uncharted the rocks that surround thee, take heed that the channels thou learn,  
Lest thy name serve to buoy for another, that shoal, the Court-Martial Return.  
Though a Harveyised belt may protect her, the ship bears the scar on her side,  
It is well if the Court shall acquit thee, 'twere best hadst thou never been tried.

As the wave rises up to the hawse pipe, washes aft and is lost in the wake,  
So shall ye drop astern all unheeded, such times as these laws ye forsake.

## Solemn Nonsense

**U**NDER the above heading, the Vancouver "World" comments editorially on a lecture recently given in a Western city by Mr. Elbert Hubbard, a long-haired writer of erotic essays who takes himself, or rather his poses, with great seriousness. His home is in East Aurora, New York, where he dispenses sweetness and light at a substantial sum per lump or ray. He calls himself "Fra Elbertus" and has (or had) quite a considerable Canadian following. Some of his disciples from this fair Dominion actually go all the way to East Aurora to bask in the genial warmth of his Roycroft smile. He really does the Chief Spell-Binder act rather well and people who do not know how to draw are deeply impressed by his illustrated editions of certain literary achievements.

However, Mr. Hubbard in the course of a disquisition on marriage (of which he has a poor opinion) declared that though he hesitated to use the word "affinity" he believed that "for the man who invents a synonym for this word, so as to express the mental mating of a man and woman, a laurel awaits."

The editor of the Vancouver "World" adds judiciously: "We should like to know who is holding that laurel in the meantime. Not the affinities themselves, for the man and woman who have settled down into happy married life never trouble themselves as to whether they are affinities or not. . . . By the time a few years of self-sacrifice and devotion have been accomplished on both sides, an 'affinity' has been established which is to any pre-nuptial 'affinity' as the sunshine to—moonshine."

The Vancouver editor writes a cool, sensible criticism—such as might be inspired by a good dinner, followed by a better cigar. This "affinity" rubbish is nauseating to all decent citizens and even in certain New York communities the public has shown its distaste for the affinity specialist. Canadian societies, to say nothing of churches, will be decidedly hard-up this year if they will find it necessary to call on this East Aurora "Fra" to come over and talk "affinities" to them. We have good native talent which can discourse on edifying subjects. In the measure of the ancient rhyme:

Fra Elbert Hubbard  
He went to the cupboard  
To mix the dear public some hash.  
But when he got there  
The cupboard was bare  
And so the poor public got trash.

J. G.

## African Travel

**O**NE may now enter a train of palace cars at Cape Town and travel 2,000 miles straight to the great Zambesi River that divides the Dark Continent in two. Not even the mighty falls stay the transcontinental road. It is carried across the gorge 400 feet deep by a steel bridge, and a little beyond the traveller is amazed to find the magnificent five-storied Grand Hotel, with a hundred bedrooms, electric lights and elevators and fans dumped down amid savage scenery. From the windows of this strangest of hotels one may shoot rhinoceros and giraffe, lion and leopard and hippo, not to mention twenty different kinds of antelope, from the immense kudu down to the little hartebeest and impala.