

MAGAZINES

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EDITH SELLERS, in the Nineteenth Century, gives a lucid account of how France is dealing with the bread problem. France has been doing extremely well. During the first two years of war the price of bread made absolutely no advance in France, owing to purchases made when wheat was low.

Since last October, says the writer, things have not gone so well with the Service as before; it has had much greater difficulties to contend against, with the result that its work has suffered. For one thing the French harvest was poor in 1915, and bad in 1916. Whereas in 1914-15 the shortage that had to be made good was only 1,460,000 tons; in 1915-16 it was 1,600,000 tons; and this year will probably be 2,500,000. Thus the Service has needed more ships, and ships are appallingly scarce, likely to become scarcer too. Besides, the price of wheat has risen higher and higher everywhere of late, and that entails a heavy expenditure. Moreover it has not quite the free hand that it used to have, to do its work in its own swift fashion. For France has now thrown in her lot with her Allies even in what concerns her wheat supply. And some of them did not realize, so soon as she did, the importance of finding a solution for the bread problem, and are now paying the penalty.

Still in spite of it all, so far France has not suffered very much. She had in her granaries last March, M. Viollette assured the Chambre des Deputes, enough wheat to provide her people with as much bread as they wished to buy, until the yield of the next harvest is brought in. And all this wheat was bought, as he stated emphatically, at considerably under the present market price. Thus already last March, France was secure of her bread for not far short of a year, even though never another wheat ship had reached one of her ports; and since then wheat ships have arrived, and are still arriving. She has to pay a high price for her supplies, it is true, so high a price that she is well advised in calling upon her people to show their patriotism by seeing that not a grain of them is wasted. Still, so far as an outsider can judge, there is no chance of their running short. If, therefore she takes to issuing bread tickets in the course of the next few months, it will not be because she must, but because she has Allies who must; and she deems it advisable to do as they do. France is the only country in which the price of bread has not risen since the War began.

This reason does not, it must be confessed, find favour in the eyes of everyone, even in France. All the doctrinaires are against it; all the folk who cannot understand that things must be done in war time that ought not to be done in peace. Then the farmers are against it, of course; in their eyes the fixing of the price of wheat, flour and bread is an abomination. It would be strange indeed were it otherwise; for some of them might have become miniature millionaires before this, had not the Service barred the way. Besides, to expect a farmer to rejoice at being forced to sell his wheat at 57s. 6d. the quarter and a bonus (and until March he had no bonus), when he might have sold it at 70s., 80s. or 90s. had he had a free hand, is really to expect too much of human nature. Still, as a class, the French farmers have adapted themselves to their trying circumstances in the most praiseworthy fashion, thus proving their sturdy common sense as well as their staunch patriotism.

IN the middle of the waste on the summit of Vimy Ridge, says Perry Robinson, telegraphing from British Headquarters in France, there is a little group of white-painted wooden crosses marking the graves of the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada, who fell in the capture of the ridge. These Canadian Seaforths were mostly British Columbians. A long,

France and Food

(Nineteenth Century.)

Political Science War

(Atlantic Monthly.)

Unexploited Millions

(The Outlook.)

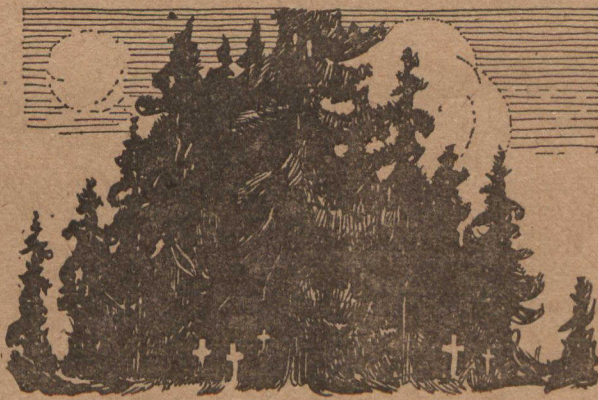
Uncle Sam's Aid

(From World's Work.)

Our Great Telescope

(World's Work.)

long way they came to die, these long-limbed sons of Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster and Nanaimo. Some came even farther, for they came from the far-off slopes and peaks of the mountains or upper waters of the Fraser River when they heard the call. Many other feet will tread the same journey after them, the feet of pilgrims, who, through generations yet to be born, will come here as to a shrine. The little graveyard will be as a flame of inspiration to Canada in the ages, for there was nothing finer done in the war than the achievement of those Western men on the ridge. . . . There is not a yard on all this tableland where man can find the original surface of the earth, but everywhere are shell-holes, hardly distinguishable from the remnants of the old German trenches, the thin covering of soil being all churned up with the white chalk below till all is greyish white. It is so the readers in Canada must think of the place where their sons rest. The hot sun beats down on it, shells sing over the place both ways, and overhead the aeroplanes drone in a circle. It is a hideous place, but there could be no prouder burial place for these men than this centre of the summit of the ridge they won so splendidly. . . . When I first knew British Columbia, Victoria was a little English country town embowered in a gar-



den, the sea on one side and woods on the other. The City of Vancouver was not. When I stop to look at these graves it is the old British Columbia that leaps to my mind with its great reaches and unbroken forest. If I had my way I would plant this Vimy Ridge with trees brought here from Canada, and let these men when the present wooden crosses are replaced by a noble and permanent monument, rest under the shadow of a grove of their own pines, firs and cedars.

In the midst of death we are in life—reversing the solemn phrase of the Prayer Book. A subsequent despatch from the same place says that the baseball season on the Western front is in full swing. Under the very shadow of Vimy Ridge a great game was

played yesterday afternoon before an all-khaki audience on a bit of the battlefield on which the shell holes had been filled in and a rough grandstand erected for the officers and other spectators, including Gen. Horne, commanding the First British Army, who has become an enthusiastic fan.

The game was between two teams representing two Canadian brigades. As a matter of fact all the



teams in what may be called the World-war League are now composed of representatives of the numerous Canadian bodies, and all the players are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the American forces to arrange for an inter-league series.

The Second Canadian Brigade beat the Third by the score of seven to one. The Second Brigade had a great left-handed pitcher, whose delivery the Third Brigade batters could not solve at all. The third Brigade team also had a good boxman, who formerly played with Ottawa in the Canadian League. The catcher was unable to hold his delivery well, and this fault accounted for many of the runs scored by the winners. The game was remarkably free from errors, considering the battlefield diamond on which it was played. All the equipment had been brought overseas, including the base bags.

As a side-show it was possible from the grandstand to see an occasional German shell dropping half a mile or so away. Airplanes were humming overhead, but assuming them to be friendly no one looked their way, except when a fly ball happened to be hit. There was typical rooting by the Canadians, and much wagering on the game. One subaltern bet enough, he said, to pay his expenses on a three weeks' leave in Paris, but he chose the wrong side and his leave was indefinitely postponed.

ANDRE CHERADAME in the Atlantic Monthly says that the Allies have been far too slow to grasp the fact that this war is not so much of armaments as of political science. The Germans long ago made this distinction; Pan-Germanism was the form the idea took in their system; they are now working out Pan-Germanism, have in fact worked a good deal of it out since the beginning of the war!

Since the beginning of hostilities there has been a formidable extension of Prussian militarism. At first, it held in its grasp only the sixty-eight million people of the German Empire. By April, 1915, it had extended and organized its influence among the thirty millions of Austro-Hungarians, who until that time had taken orders from their own independent military chiefs. After October-November, 1915—the date of Serbia's downfall—the Prussian system reached out to Bulgaria and Turkey. By taking account of these extensions and adding together the populations of the territories occupied by Germany, together with those of her infatuated allies, one finds that to-day—April, 1917—Prussian militarism no longer controls sixty-eight million souls, as in the